

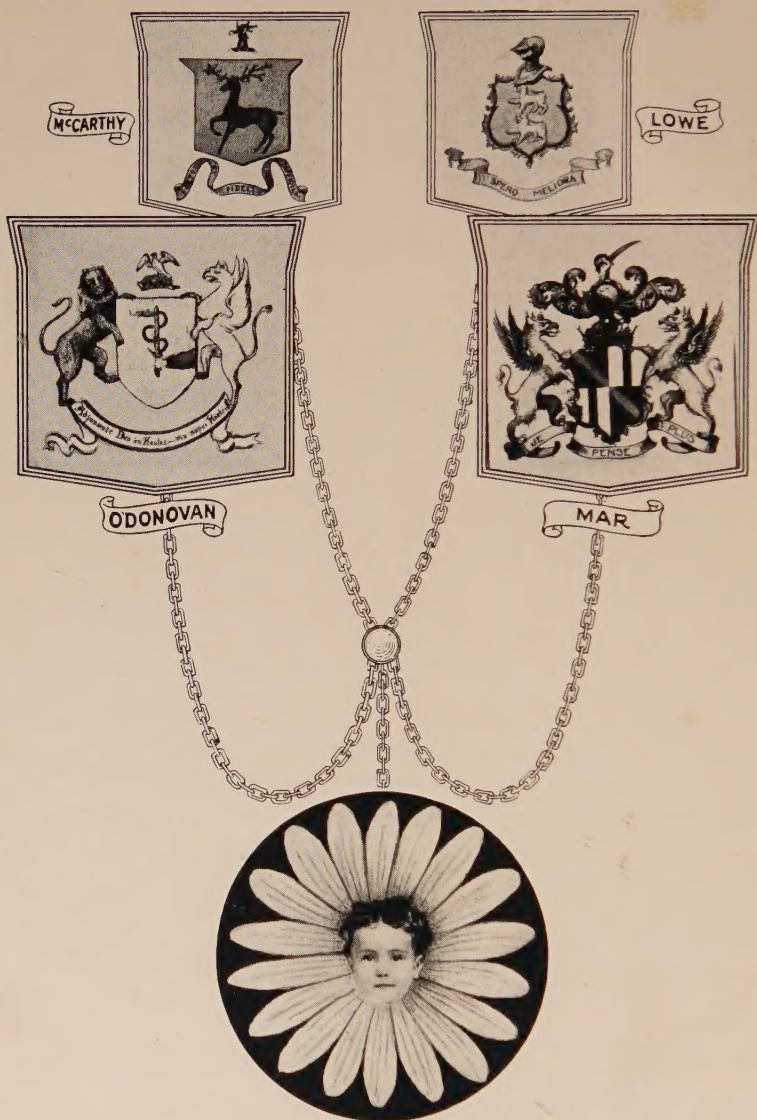


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THE LITTLE DAISY DONOVAN (O'DONOVAN) "D. D."
In her First Incarnation

The Autobiography of a Chameleon

BY

DAISY BREAUX

(Cornelia Donovan O'Donovan Calhoun)



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I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO
CLARENCE CRITTENDEN CALHOUN
MY HUSBAND
WHO HAS BEEN BOTH ITS INSPIRATION AND ITS INCENTIVE
AND TO
MRS. CLARENCE M. BUSCH—BONNIE BUSCH
MY FRIEND
WHO SUGGESTED ITS FORM OF
PRESENTATION.

JUNE 24 1959

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PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

A useful lesson you may con
My child, from the chameleon.
He has the gift, extremely rare
In animals, of *savoir faire*;
And if the secret you would guess
Of the chameleon's success,
Adapt yourself with *greatest care*
To your surroundings everywhere,
Then, if your sex does not prevent.
Some day you may be President!

—*Oliver Herford.*

IT IS my belief that the true secret of success does lie in adapting one's self "with greatest care to one's surroundings everywhere." Inspired by the ironical humor of Herford's lines, I have determined to call these memoirs, long simmering in my brain, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHAMELEON.

Unlike its animal prototype, the human chameleon need not reflect or partake of the color of his surroundings as he finds them. He can cast his own reflection over them—a distinct advantage if his own coloring is tinged with a cheerful philosophy and a dauntless courage.

My friends have been asking me for years to write my reminiscences of American Society. Some have suggested that I take up the story where Ward McAllister left off. That would not be, for me, however, an easy task, as Mr. McAllister wrote almost exclusively of New York's Four Hundred, whereas my own life has been lived largely in the South with the advantage of an unusually wide acquaintance there and throughout the North, East and West, as well as in foreign lands. So I shall only deal with certain phases of

American Society and with its notable members at large with whom I have come into close personal contact.

My friends have urged me to write, I believe, because they thought I would be both frank and fearless. It is said that only a brave person or a fool will write the truth as he sees it concerning persons still living and dare to have it printed while the writer is yet alive. I presume that I have a combination of both qualities, of bravery and folly—foolhardiness is a better term—if one writes the truth about one's self as one sees it, one is likely to be called colossally conceited, or, what is worse, to offend the canons of good taste, while to write of one's friends, even in a kindly spirit, is not always regarded by them in the same way.

Memoirs of people in contemporary history, giving new sidelights or interesting personal anecdotes, always attract attention, while an autobiography should, at least, be about a person sufficiently known to the general public as to make his private life a matter of interest.

As Rosalind says in her plea for "As You Like It"—

"What a case am *I* in then
That am neither a good epilogue
Nor cannot insinuate with you
In the behalf of a good play?
My way is to conjure you and I'll begin with the women,
I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men
To like as much of this play as please you
And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,
(As I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them)
That between you and the women the play may please."

In order to please you, therefore, it might be well to give you a menu of the meal to be spread before you in the form of a resumé. You may choose your own courses, selecting the celebrities which most appeal to you and pass by the auto-

biography, yet autobiography it must be, as I can only relate my life's events in chronological order.

Each complete change in my own career, with its romances, sorrows, disappointments, successes, triumphs and mistakes will be dealt with as a separate period or *incarnation*, for the psychological effect it had in developing character.

The complicated genealogical records are for my posterity as part of a composite photograph of a woman without illusions, but with an unspoiled zest for life as it is today. Understanding people and the motives that actuate them, possessing an easy tolerance for the foibles of mankind, I fain would hope that they may view my own with the same humorous indulgence which I have grown to feel for every individual of this diversified human family, of which we are each an integral part.

The only people for whom I have no real sympathy are those who have too much pity for themselves. I feel that the Whiner and the Drone should be drummed out of the busy hive of humanity. With these two classes I, at any rate, have nothing in common. Busy all my life, most certainly I have never been a Drone nor a Whiner. For though fortune faded and friends—so-called—failed me, under all and every circumstance of life, my motto has been "Cheerful Courage."

I maintain that a human document detailing the evolution of one born with the creative urge of achievement, who has dreamed a dream or planted a seed worthy of fruition, or who has done any worth while thing for the world, is in itself a benefit to posterity.

In my own case, I know that I have at least dreamed a dream and have planted a seed that will grow. Moreover, wherever I have been I have been enabled to leave beauty spots along my pathway. In the last one, Rossdhu, embodying my husband's ideas, but planned like all my other homes, by myself, we are assured that we have "builded better than

we knew," and that the structure is an influence for beauty that will last, for, as a friend has written of it,

"Naught can priest or poet state
That is true or worthy to be stated
Save the duty to create
For the beauty of the thing created."

We hope to make Rossdhu, with its Scottish atmosphere and treasures, a lasting thing by having it preserved as a shrine for the Scottish archives of this country when we shall have passed, in our next incarnation, to another sphere.

Scotland has a Highland Club, in Aberdeen, and we wish Rossdhu may eventually become a Scottish Club of America to be called the Capital Caledonian Club, as a center at the Nation's Capital for those who are descended from Scotland's real royalty, the Chieftains of its Clans. Here might be kept not only the annals of Scottish Americans, but here they might also foregather for the Scottish games given as nearly as possible like those given in Scotland each autumn.

Having at last reached, at Rossdhu, a plateau of comparative quiet where I can review my life and the world events and people who have influenced the destiny of this nation and have come within the scope of my experience, I feel impelled to fulfill the promise made to certain of my friends and to write both an autobiography and memoirs before my memory is dulled by time.

The curtain will here be lifted for a few moments on the procession of some of the personages who will pass before you in this narrative. You may have known some or all of them, but you will now see them, perhaps, from a new angle. You may also find among the lists of my friends some of your own friends or acquaintances, with bits of their history or anecdotes new to you.

Among the notables you will recognize a figure that has left

an impress upon the political history of this country, a figure which has never faded, but whose colors, like those of the best Old Masters, have grown richer and more striking with the passage of time. I refer to the Honorable Samuel J. Randall, who was my godfather and who inspired my father's political career.

You will see also among the notables the strong personality of former President Grover Cleveland who, with Commodore Benedict, was our frequent guest at the Santee Club in South Carolina and on our yacht, the *Diana*.

You will meet again Theodore Roosevelt, another of our Presidents, on the occasion of his coming to Charleston during the Cotton States Exposition. Then I had the pleasure of entertaining him and his party for a week as his official hostess. You may read about the "Crum" incident and of the incident at West Point where, in spite of my friendship for the President, I felt I had to take a stand against him in behalf of General Nelson A. Miles. This great soldier first rode into the range of my vision as a gallant figure on his magnificent steed, in Russia, during the last glorious days in the reign of the late Czar. It was through Mr. Clifton Breckenridge, our then Minister to Russia, who was so hospitable to me, that I met General Miles. My friendship for the General continued from that time until the day of his death.

You will also meet Woodrow Wilson when he was president of Princeton University, and I lived at Princeton. You may read in my memoirs of his beautiful home life and some personal recollections which may throw a new light on his character.

You may catch a glimpse of Chief Justice Taft when he was president of the Red Cross and came to Charleston with his wife and Miss Mabel Boardman. At the time I predicted to him that he would be the next President of the United States, although he was not then a candidate for that office.

You will find amusing sidelights on the late Chauncey Depew, three times my guest in Charleston, and who attended my "Baby Party" in costume.

Admiral Dewey was frequently our guest. I had the privilege of standing by him on the reviewing stand in New York when, after his return from his victories in Manila Bay, he received the greatest ovation ever given to one of our national heroes.

You will see the well remembered figure of Admiral Schley, whom I entertained on several occasions during and after the Spanish-American War and while the controversy raged of "Who Looped the Loop."

Other heroes of the Army and Navy you will meet, also Ambassadors and Ministers in Foreign Lands, Government officials in this country and abroad; famous writers and artists, my house guests here and elsewhere.

And now, dear gossips—lend me your ears! For my autobiography will contain an accurate account of a much discussed and lengthy cruise, with the personnel of the distinguished guests, on board the yacht *Lysistrata*, when James Gordon Bennett was the host.

You will find in my fifth incarnation how I entertained the Prince of Wales in 1919 on his first visit to the United States.

The romantic story will be told of the way in which the sword of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was presented to me by my kinsman, Lord Garioch, only son of the Earl of Mar, premier Earl of Scotland, with photostats of his letters of presentation.

You will read why the Queen of Roumania lent her patronage and her presence to an entertainment which I gave in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House, under the auspices of the Woman's Universal Alliance. Through this entertainment, on account of the widely circulated, but then

to me, unknown objections to Loie Fuller's part in the program, I became the storm center of intrigue.

I shall also tell the whole truth as I know it about the part that Loie Fuller and the Roumanians played in that affair and what a privilege I esteemed it to have been brought into contact with the personality of the Queen of Roumania with her splendid courage, her sense of loyalty and her sportsmanship—qualities most highly esteemed by Americans.

Glimpses will be given also of the gay social life of New Orleans when I was a girl; of the sacred inner circle of Charleston; of the intellectual insularism of Princeton as a University town; of social and historic episodes in other cities and in Europe and, lastly, a description of Washington and its society as I have found it through the last three administrations. I shall write of my own personal experiences through these years in the social world as well as in civic and philanthropic work and, of course, of the movements I have founded. In no sense will this be a *chronique scandaleuse*. I have nothing in my heart of animosity towards even those who destroyed one great vision through lack of insight and understanding and who thereby were the means of making a greater good grow from a lesser, and a National movement expand into an International one for Universal Understanding and World Wide Service. The growth and advancement of this latter movement will be clearly developed in the course of the narrative.

I hope to demonstrate that each evolution in my life really has marked a fresh *incarnation*, each clearly developing a new phase of character.

In the first phase of the baby chameleon, Daisy Donovan (O'Donovan) was born, uniting in her small person the strength of two ancient Scottish and Celtic lines. Being an only child, she is the sole exponent of this particular combination, the contrasting elements of which arouse a continual con-

flict between the two sides of the dual nature; the impetuous urge of the Irish which moves her to action, halted by Scotch caution which, alas, frequently speaks too late.

In the second phase of the chameleon, as Daisy Breaux (which name was given her at the wish of her stepfather), she took on more or less of the French characteristics and coloring of the New Orleans environment. In this phase was commenced the mental evolution and education of the second incarnation.

In her early marriage with Andrew Simonds, Jr., of Charleston, South Carolina, she was again transplanted, this time to a most conservative English community, differing in every essential from the French atmosphere of New Orleans. She had once more to take on an entirely new complexion. In this third incarnation of the chameleon, character and fortitude were developed. After the death of Andrew Simonds she slipped from the "lap of luxury" onto her own feet where she found she had to make an independent stand. This brought out initiative and the practice of expediency.

Upon entering her fourth incarnation, by marrying Barker Gummeré, known as the "Warwick of New Jersey," the heart of the woman was at last thoroughly awakened and the heights of happiness were reached. Later, when death called him, the depths of supreme grief were sounded. But

"The heart can have no rainbow
If the eyes see not through tears."

After four years of widowhood the chameleon met Clarence Crittenden Calhoun of Kentucky and Washington. She caught his wide vision for the unselfish service of humanity, became his wife and passed into her fifth incarnation where the wine-press of life was to bring out its fullest flavor. It is of this phase, amid the complex environment of Washington, that I shall write most fully.

Here in the Forest of Braemar, surrounded by my lofty,
age-old trees, with their protecting arms spread about and
above me,

“Their leafy palms upturned in the air
To pray me a myriad prayer.”

I feel safe in the kindly breast of nature. So, in the strong-
hold of Rossdhu—

“Whose walls are builded far from thin
To keep foes out and hold friends in ”

I shall look out over the world, review my life, and, serenely
secure, gaily swing into the measure of its recital.



FIRST INCARNATION

INTRODUCING DAISY DONOVAN O'DONOVAN

FIRST INCARNATION

INTRODUCING DAISY DONOVAN O'DONOVAN

CHAPTER I

The Paternal or Irish Line

I HAVE always been considered and have considered myself a Southern woman, owing to my upbringing and sympathies. As a matter of fact I was born north of the Mason and Dixon line. I will not say how many years ago, as I detest dates as fruits, and even more as figures, fatal markers of life's milestones!

My father, when he first came to this country, was an Irish officer with the long name of Captain Cornelius McCarthy-Moore Donovan O'Donovan, and my mother was Julia Josephine Marr, daughter of the Reverend Joseph Marr of Milton, Pennsylvania, of Scotch descent.

While my father and mother were en route to pay a visit to my aunt, Mrs. David McCormick, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, they stopped off in Philadelphia to see the Honorable Samuel J. Randall, a great friend, of whom my father was a political protégé and to whom he owed the launching of his career as a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

During what was intended by my parents to be a brief stay in Philadelphia, as unexpectedly as I do most things, I made my advent upon the scene and Mr. Randall became my godfather. This honor I now highly appreciate, not only because of his great distinction, but for his friendship and influence with my father in inducing him some years previously to become an American citizen. In giving up the high standing

my father enjoyed in his own country, he must have been influenced largely by romance.

This romance commenced in Canada where he met my mother while she was quite a young girl. She was on a visit to Montreal during one of the Ice Carnivals. There she saw for the first time the man she was to marry—a dashing young Irishman and a Catholic.

My mother felt that her Presbyterian preacher father would frown upon such an acquaintance. Therefore, Captain O'Donovan was not asked to "Woodbourne," the family homestead at Port Dover, Canada, where my mother had been born and was then living.

The young Captain saw my mother every day while she was in Montreal. When she left he sent her flowers with a verse:

To the beautiful, radiant Josephine,
The fairest girl that ever was seen,
I send these flowers and yet I ween
She thinks it would herself demean
To become an Irish's scamp's colleen

* * * * *

But I'm at y'er feet, dear Josephine.

She kept the flowers and the doggerel, thanked him for them and a desultory correspondence followed in due course. Later, the young Irish suitor, having followed the fair Josephine's flight from afar, took strategic steps to win her. Through his friendship with Mr. Randall he had established his residence in Pennsylvania and shortly thereafter was elected to the State Legislature. This took him to Harrisburg, where my mother was a constant visitor at the home of her half-sister, Mrs. David McCormick. Her immediate family, shortly after the meeting with the Irish Captain, had removed from Canada back to Milton, Pennsylvania.

The Civil War was then in progress and the South was

battling against heavy odds. The love of adventure in Captain O'Donovan's Irish nature was aroused to take the side, as always, of the under dog. He became a strong Southern sympathizer.

My mother's family were then about to transfer their home to Carondelet, the French part of St. Louis, named after the French Governor of Louisiana, le Baron de Carondelet. My grandfather would have none of the Irish-Catholic Captain. So the young couple were secretly married—and by a priest! Immediately after the wedding they told my grandfather. The result was a terrible outburst of temper, almost amounting to apoplexy. His daughter, the wife of a Catholic, and married by a priest! Intolerable!

My grandfather did not consider it a regular marriage and carried the bride off to Missouri, forbidding the young bridegroom to follow her, which, of course, he did.

The bride was shut up in her room. But she escaped through the window and came in at the front door with her Irish firebrand, demanding that her father marry them himself if he did not approve of the former rites. There was nothing to do under the circumstances but to yield. A home wedding followed, with my mother's youngest sister, Angeline, and Miss Susie Blow of Carondelet as bridesmaids.

Finally, a few years later, as I have related, I made my sudden arrival in Philadelphia. According to the European custom, I was given a string of names long enough to hang me: Margaret Rose Anthony (my patron saints) Julia Josephine Catherine Cornelia, for grandmothers, aunts, father and mother.

My mother rebelled at so long a name for such a small object and forthwith dubbed me "Daisy." And so little Daisy Donovan began her first incarnation.

My father in keeping with American simplicity now signed himself simply "C. M. Donovan." Yet for the sake of

his posterity he should have kept his full name, however troublesome to write and, as he thought, regarded in the New World as an affectation.

An elaborate family tree sent to me by my aunts in Ireland, after my visit to them with my first husband, shows that my father was in direct descent from the O'Donovan "Sept," which is one of the most ancient of Ireland. They held the "Cantred of Hy Dunobhan" (Donovan) near the town of Bantry, County Cork, and this family ranks as one of the eight families of royal descent in Munster. Their chief residence was Castle Donovan.

They first held the Barony of "Coshma" and there built the famous castle of Crom in Limerick. They also held the Castles of Banduff and Rahine.

Arms: "Argent, from sinister side of dexter arm, vested gules, cuff azure, holding old Irish sword entwined with serpent."

Mottoes: "*Ad juvante Deo in hostes and viz super hostem.*"

On his mother's side my father was descended from the McCarthys', who trace their ancestry to Milesius King of Spain, whose eldest son was Heber, ancestor of Oiloll Olium, King of Munster, Ireland, in the third century A. D. Olium was the forefather of Cartagh (MacCarty) and of Diarmod M'Carty-More (The Great Chief), King of Cork (1100 A. D.).

One of the family, Lord Muskerry, built Blarney Castle in 1494. Sir Dermot McCarthy, Lord of Muskerry and of Blarney, was knighted in 1567.

Arms: "Argent, a stag gules."

Motto: "*Forti et fidei nil difficile.*"

I have the coats of arms and the family tree in my house at Rosdhu, profusely punctuated with the names of Irish kings

and spattered with castles. I remember hearing of my father's hearty laughter at the number of "Kings" of Ireland, saying they were as thick as blackberries there. I suppose the term "King" was used instead of "Chieftain," as in Scotland. Each county in Ireland seems to have had a king of its own, thus adding interest to their history. There appears to have been no race suicide, however, as nearly every Irishman claims to have been descended from one of them. Ireland, being such a small country, lines of the gentry in unbroken succession easily have been kept.

The name "Cornelius Donovan O'Donovan" has descended from father to son since 1684. I now use as one of my many baptismal names its feminine form, "Cornelia."

My father, after becoming a citizen of this country, lived a very strenuous life, engrossed in politics, the stock market and speech making. He was in great demand at public gatherings and banquets.

The tradition lingers in Harrisburg that he filled the galleries of the House there whenever he was to make a speech, so replete was he with the humor and wit of his race. His method was to annihilate his opponents with ridicule. He could improvise verse as readily as he could speak fluent prose. There is one tale of a toast he made at a banquet in honor of Byron and Scott. He had not expected to be called upon, but when he was he sprang instantly to his feet and, without a moment's hesitation, said in what Mrs. "Tay Pay" O'Connor, one of his earliest friends in this country, called his "enchanted touch of Irish brogue":

"Gintlemen! While all of ye drink to Byron and Scott,
Be the praise of my own native bard not forgot,
Gintlemen! Fill up y'er glasses with wine that is pure
And drink to the health of me own Tommy Moore."

Every one drank to his toast and he was forgiven on the spot

for his deflection from the poets in whose honor the banquet had been given.

On another occasion my father was induced to give a banquet for several members of the United States Congress when Mr. Randall wished to prevent having a quorum present to vote upon an important issue. My father so entertained his guests with songs and stories that they forgot both time and their official duties. The affair ended as had been hoped without a quorum being obtained.

Often my father accompanied his own mellow tenor on his guitar. When Mrs. O'Connor visited me, years afterward at Princeton, she sang in her silvery soprano an Irish serenade he had written especially for her.

Prior to this Princeton visit, Mrs. O'Connor first met me in Washington, at a luncheon, and heard that I had been Daisy Breaux of New Orleans. She told me, after the luncheon, that she would have known me anywhere for a French girl.

"Not so very French," I replied, "my real name happens to be—" and then I gave her the string of them.

She gasped and said, "You cannot be the daughter of my old friend, Captain O'Donovan?"

I said, "My mother has always led me to believe that I am."

She turned quite pink with pleasure and said, "By that same token I know that you are." And from that moment we were friends.

My father, whom I but dimly remember, has been described to me as tall and slender, with bronze hair, laughing gray eyes, shaded by long curling black lashes, a straight nose and a roguish smile. He was admired by both men and women, I am told.

No wonder he was such a figure of romance to me! I particularly reveled in the stories of his fights, especially one with a fellow State Senator from whom he demanded an

instant apology for a fancied insult on the Senate floor. The offender said he would see him in the corridor after the close of the session. "No," said my father, "the retraction must be made where the insult was given," adding that he, otherwise, would deal with him in his own way.

The man refused to make the retraction. My father gave him until noon, the following day, to think it over. By noon the apology was not forthcoming. At the recess of the Senate, surrounded by a circle of his friends in the corridor, my father proceeded to "deal with him in his own way." He flayed the man with a little rattan cane until it was worn to ribbons and his detractor was on his knees begging for mercy. Evidently the onlookers must have felt the punishment deserved, as they did not offer to protect the Senator.

One of my father's admirers in Harrisburg has preserved the remnants of the frayed cane.

Of course, the man so drastically dealt with had his assailant tried for assault and battery. The Judge was a Republican, so was the complainant, and my father was a Democrat. He was sentenced to the severest penalty of the law and the heaviest fine that could be imposed. My father listened to the sentence with head bowed, then arose with a smile and drew from his pocket a complete pardon signed by the Democratic Governor for what was called a "just chastisement of an unpardonable affront."

Once more Captain O'Donovan's constituents had the pleasure of carrying him on their shoulders in triumph from the court room. That night there was a great feast at the old Harrisburg Hotel.

My father was reputed to be equally skilled with sword and pistol. Dueling was against the law in Pennsylvania, and as fisticuffs was not a gentleman's game, he used a little rattan cane most effectively on many occasions. On one such occasion, when a gentleman paid my mother rather too ful-

some a compliment, my father nearly flayed the man alive. They say his strokes were like hail and lightning in their velocity and force.

While my father was still in the Pennsylvania Legislature his health commenced to fail. Through the influence of Mr. Randall he was sent on an important political and diplomatic mission to Mexico and Texas. It was thought the trip and the milder climate might be beneficial. But he died in Texas, at Austin, while I was still a very young child, and he, at the outset of a most promising political career.

In later life I learned that Mr. Randall had considered my father his ablest understudy and was training him to carry on his own policies in the Congress of the United States, where he felt his protégé's natural leadership would doubtless have made him an outstanding figure. My father's early death was therefore a great personal loss to Mr. Randall who, himself, continued to carry on against all odds until his own death in 1890.

Senator Quay of Pennsylvania, from the Republican point of view, described Mr. Randall as "the soul of the Democratic Party and the leader of a forlorn hope," and told how "he differed from the prevailing sentiment in his own ranks and saw some of those whom he had created turn like Frankenstein's to be his torturers; in the end even the friends of a lifetime fell away from him as the leaves from the dying oak." This is an experience common to many leaders.

The Republican Senator paid a touching tribute to Mr. Randall at his death. "I came here," he said, "to cast myrtle on his grave, not as a close associate and friend, but as a representative of the great State he served so long and loved so well, bearing to his memory what is his due. We found him always as the rock of our *offense*, yet so true, so honest, so courageous, so absolutely chivalrous was he, that there is

no one of us standing beside his casket who does not realize the words of Scott's legend:

" 'I'd give the lands of Deloraine
Dark Musgrave were alive again.' "

Republicans and Democrats alike were loud in their praises of the former Speaker of the House, when he was no longer there to withstand them.

To have been chosen as one of the standard bearers for such a mighty man, I regard as a high compliment for any one.

I am proud of the fact that, with all his recklessness and liberality, my father did not leave a debt behind him when he died. He did not, however, leave much worldly wealth, except a generous insurance for my mother and for me.

A buoyant vitality, a sense of humor which has helped me in my darkest hours, and, above all, what is called "an Irish heart," are part of my heritage from him which I prize far more than any earthly legacy.

At an early age my mother taught me the meaning of the ancient Latin motto beneath my paternal coat of arms: *Ad juvante Deo in hostes—viz super hostem*, which, she told me, according to its promise, should enable me to sit by and let God deal with my enemies. I have found this to be a good plan. Whenever I have tried to deal with them myself, I have made hideous and lamentable mistakes.

My mother further taught me the motto of her own arms, that of the Marrs, "*je puis plus*"—"I can do more."

"Never," she counselled, "think that you have done enough for any worth while cause. Always feel that you can do more and you will be enabled to do it."

CHAPTER II

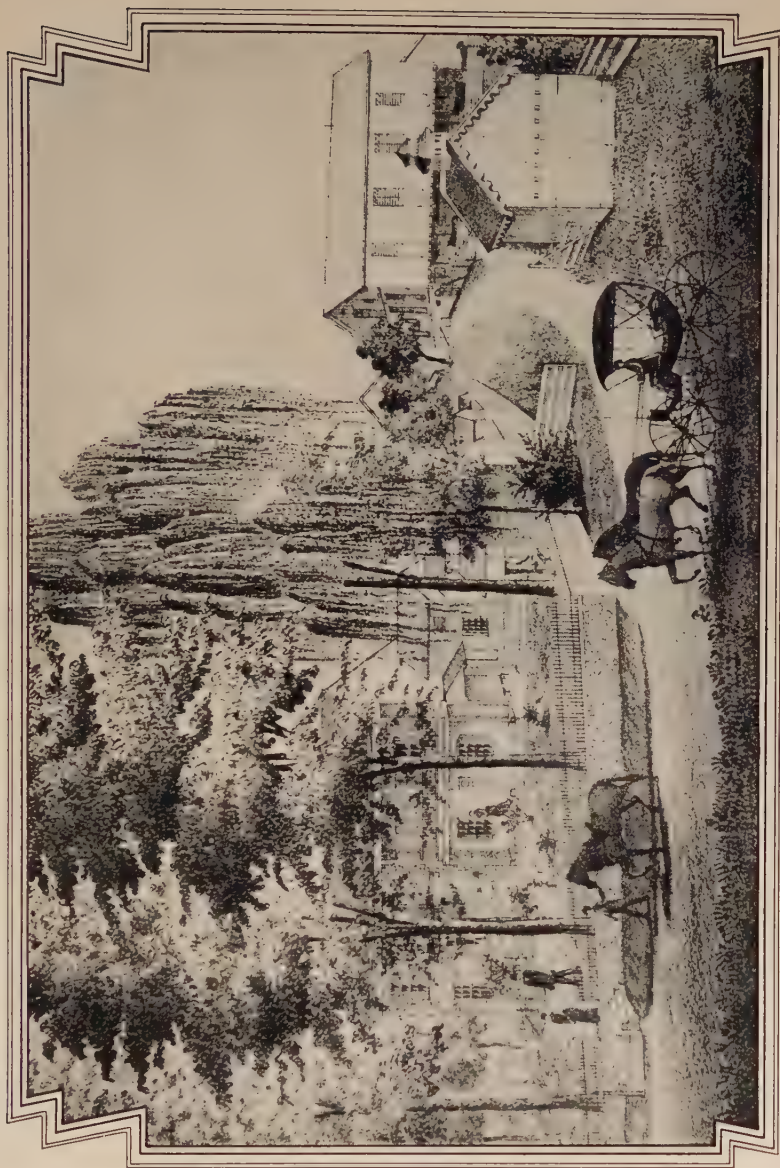
The Maternal or Scotch Line

MY MOTHER, Julia Josephine Marr, was the daughter of the Reverend Joseph Marr by his third wife, Mrs. Cornelius Van Slyke of New York, whose maiden name was Julia Catherine Matthews Lowe, a daughter of a distinguished New York lawyer, William Lowe.

Joseph Marr was one of the six sons of William Marr of Milton, Pennsylvania, a Tory family of Scotch descent, who believed that gentlemen could follow only the professions. So my grandfather's brothers were all lawyers or clergymen, except one, David, who inherited the old Marr homestead and farmed its broad acres. This old homestead, an original grant from William Penn, only recently passed out of the family, together with a subsequent homestead and farm house. This was sold by my cousin, Mrs. Jeanette Marr Heaton, daughter of my great uncle, David Marr. The latter homestead has now become the Milton Golf Club. Mrs. Heaton, however, still lives in Milton, at 343 North Front Street. Mr. Calhoun and I recently paid her a visit with my aunt, Mrs. Harry W. Knight, and my cousin, Mrs. Wareham Strong Baldwin. On this occasion we visited both the old homesteads and the family burying ground.

My grandfather finished his education at the Theological Seminary of Princeton University. In my later life I spent many happy years in Princeton and often attended the church in which he preached his first sermon.

While living there I learned something of my grandfather's career at the University through Mr. Moses Taylor Pyne, justly called the "Prince of Princeton" because of his liberal benefactions to that institution.



THE OLD MARR HOMESTEAD AT MILTON, PENNSYLVANIA

From an ancient wood cut. Sold a few years ago by Mrs. Jeannette Marr Heaton, daughter of David Marr, my grandfather's brother, now used as the Milton Golf Club. (An original grant from William Penn.)

Mr. Pyne read my grandfather's record at the Theological Seminary from a book in his library to me one evening when I was dining at his home. One of the phrases sounded to me like "The Reverend Joseph Marr furnished *stable supplies* for a certain period."

I made no comment, but went home very indignant. There I reproached my dear mother with her "mistake" in telling me that none of the Marrs had ever been in trade. I had heard Mr. Pyne read that evening. I told her that my grandfather had furnished "stable supplies."

My mother laughed heartily and said, "You little goose, he meant 'stated supply,' the clerical phrase for a minister who takes another minister's place." So my pride in the record of the Marrs was not lessened. Today I think all good trades are honorable and wish members of my family had been clever enough to amass fortunes in anyone of them.

Our Lord Himself showed His regard for honorable trade by coming on earth as the son of a carpenter and by following that trade He taught to us all humility and disregard for worldly goods—"Humility, the child of wisdom."

I am writing of my family simply as a matter of historical and traditional record, without any vain-glory or pride of birth whatever. I hold that the only justifiable pride of birth is in what we have made of our own lives by the proper use of our heritage. I have found that people who are inordinately proud of their ancestors have, as a rule, no special reason for pride in themselves. They cannot, like Napoleon, feel that they have a right to be their own ancestors. In fact, some of the greatest men and women in the world today are sprung from those the world deems of lowly origin, but who must have had sturdy virtues and strength of character to have produced such distinguished descendants.

Members of our family in every generation have been students or on the faculty of Princeton since it was founded

by William Tennent and Catherine Kennedy. I am proud to state I am descended from them, as shown on page 77 of the *Kennedy Family Book*, where my name appears as Daisy Donovan. This book may be found today in the family of Mr. Henry Duffield, the treasurer of Princeton University. From it I quote:

"We are led to believe that the founders of the (Kennedy) family in America were influenced in their choice of a location by a desire to enjoy the society of their cousin, Mrs. Catherine Kennedy Tennent, the wife of the Reverend William Tennent, who founded Princeton University as the Log Cabin College, first established in Bucks County."

The Kennedy Family Book recounts that Robert and William Kennedy, two brothers, came from the North of Ireland to this country and settled in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1732. This is supplemented by an historical note which states that "Robert and William Kennedy, who came to America, were descendants of Colonel Gilbert Kennedy, believed to be own brother of John Kennedy, sixth Earl of Cassillas."

In a letter written to me by the Earl of Mar-and-Kellie, from 29 Great Cumberland Place, London, July 1, 1906, he says that he thinks I am probably descended from the Kennedy-Erskines, the head of the family being the Marquis of Ailsa, and related to the Mar family through the Erskine-Kennedy line, members of which family went to America in the 17th and 18th centuries.

This is interesting from the fact that it would make me doubly related to the House of Mar; through my mother's maternal as well as her paternal line. The double relationships between the Scots of that period are not surprising. Groups of kindred in those early days settled in the same place, as was the case with the Kennedy family and also with

that of the Marrs (or Mars) as family records and inscriptions on tombstones show.

Though, for several centuries, the title of the Earls of Mar has been spelled with a single "r," the original spelling of the name was "Marr." This spelling is followed in the ancient Peerage sent me by my kinsman, Lord Garioch, only son of the premier Earl of Mar. This Peerage was compiled by Robert Douglass, Esq., in 1764, and belonged to George Burnett, Esq., "Lyon King at Arms." It is quoted as having brought at a private sale the large price of one hundred and five pounds (\$525). It is a priceless book and a most valued gift, containing the arms of every noble house of Scotland. It is bound in tree-calf and bears Lord Garioch's private book-plate with his superscription to me.

Other gifts and honors have been bestowed upon me by this same kinsman, who has the family history at his fingertips. Among them are two volumes of *The Earldom of Mar Through Sunshine and Shadow for Six Hundred Years*, describing particularly the controversy between the Premier Earl of Scotland and the Earl of Mar and Kellie, and naming all the illustrious peers who supported the Earl of Mar, Lord Garioch's father.

The Douglass Peerage not only shows that the original family name was Marr, but that even when the title descended through the Erskine or female line it was still spelled with the double "r," Lord Garioch says in a letter to me: "If the heir in the female line had married one Smith—the family name would now be Smith. *If I had a direct heir I should go back to the original name of Marr.*"

Two brothers who came overseas to America early in 1700 and settled in Pennsylvania were of the Erskine-Marrs, as proved by various records and relics and upheld by traditions. They retained the earliest spelling of the nomenclature

or title of their family; thus our family name has been handed down in America as Marr and not as Erskine.

After the battle of Culloden other members of this family joined their kindred in Pennsylvania. Later I shall tell of the extraordinary gift which I received from Lord Garioch in 1920. The incident is not in order here, but is mentioned because the letter of presentation has a bearing upon my lineage:

"To Julia Cornelia (Daisy) Calhoun, one of the Descendants on her Mother's side of the House of Mar, I, The Lord Garioch,* only son of the Twenty-third Earl of Mar, Premier Earl of Scotland, present this Claymore which once belonged to 'Prince Charlie,' in view of the fact that it was for their loyalty and adherence to the Stuart Cause that the Earls of Mar suffered so greatly in their estates and fortunes, that some of the Family in Exile sought refuge in America, where they have ever maintained those High Standards of Honor, for which their forebears were so justly famed.

Garioch—1920."

When the estates of the Earls of Mar were in Chancery, one of my great-grandfathers was urged to put in his claim for the title as a direct descendant through the male line. He found, however, that it would take many years and much money to establish the claim. Being a Presbyterian clergyman, he felt that he had neither the time nor the fortune to devote to the cause. Since that time the American branch of the family has rested content in the knowledge of their right to the family name with all its historic associations. However, the Marrs are justly proud, not only of their Scotch ancestry, but of their history in this country.

My grandfather, shortly after his third marriage, took my grandmother to Canada and acquired a place which they called "Woodbourne Farm," near Port Dover. At this spot

*Lord Garioch counts the numbers of succession from the Douglass peerage rather than from Burke's.

he established his church and there my mother, her sisters, Elizabeth and Angeline, and her brother, James (later a Colonel in the United States Army), were born.

My grandmother had a true master-mind, and was a poet as well. Her poems were published in various magazines and periodicals and were finally collected in an exquisite volume, published in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1869, under the title "Stray Leaflets." With all her culture, she naturally had ambitious ideas for the education of her children. She had three sets of them to rear—those by her first husband, those of her marriage with my grandfather, who was her second husband, and those of my grandfather's last previous marriage. The only child not under her care was a daughter of my grandfather by his first marriage, my half-aunt, Harriet, who was brought up by her mother's sister, Miss Strawbridge. Harriet married General Robert Irwin Gregg of the United States Army and is buried by his side at Arlington.

In order to give all her children what she deemed a proper education, my grandmother had a schoolroom added to the house at Woodbourne and installed therein governesses and tutors from England.

My mother's description of her early life at Woodbourne has always reminded me of Maria Edgeworth's tales. I delighted in hearing her reminiscences. She told how she and her sister never *sat down*, but always *sat up*; how they walked across the schoolroom floor with their arms hooked around back-boards to make their shoulder-blades lie flat, balancing books on their heads the while to give them "that erect and elegant carriage so necessary for a lady!"

The system worked, for to her last day my mother always *sat up*. Her graceful and dignified bearing left me, her lounging daughter, in a state of abject admiration and regret that I had not been brought up in the same severe schooling.

My mother said that she, her sisters and her brother, before they were grown, always addressed their parents as "Sir" and "Ma'am" and stood in their presence until asked to be seated. Nevertheless, they adored their parents, and when I, as a child, visited those same austere beings as my grandparents, I was spoiled and over-indulged until my mother said there was no doing anything with me. I remember my grandmother laughing and saying, "*autres temps, autres moeurs*," which she translated to me as "other times, other customs." This inspired me with a desire to learn French, the rudiments of which she taught me at her knee.

One of the troubles my mother had with me when my mind was beginning to unfold was my aptitude for learning anything and everything, and particularly was she troubled over the vividness of my imagination. She used to try to punish me for exaggerating. I can remember, young as I was, my dear grandfather with his spectacles on the point of his nose looking at me over them and saying, "Most astonishing!"

But to my mother he would say, "Allow her to astonish us, it is not untruthfulness but imagination. She sees more than we do, it is our own fault if we cannot follow her flights of fancy." He knew whereof he spoke, for he, too, was gifted to a considerable degree with that insight and vision so often possessed by those of Scotch descent. He had a great sympathy for me, dear old gentleman that he was! He used to tell me that all the fairies had been present at my birth, which I firmly believed, and so made mental pictures of them. I would go walking with him, holding his hand and spinning yarns which were so mingled with facts and fancies the one could not be disassociated from the other without spoiling the whole fabric.

In looking back over my life I do not know from whom I inherit most. I would be pleased to be like my grandmother, with her poetic strain of mind, and like my father, with his

Irish characteristics, but I would rather be like my mother and my grandfather than any two people I have ever known. They were both so quiet, so learned and so steady that I fear I do not resemble either of them in the slightest degree except in the matter of physical sight.

My grandfather had the same myopic outward vision as well as the same insight which he thought I possessed. It is told of him that one evening when he and my grandmother were walking along a country lane, he gravely took off his hat at the approach of a figure which he thought was one of his parishioners, and said, "Good evening, Madam, I hope you and your family are all well."

He was shocked to hear my grandmother's hysteric laughter at his side as she pointed out to him that the slowly approaching figure was none other than a cow!

I, myself, could speak quite as readily to cows or horses as to people, for, at a short distance, they all look alike to me.

I have learned that this has been a failing of the family for many generations, so much so that in Scotland many members of the family are called "the blind Marrs." In the olden days, for that reason, they were called "short range fighters."

Another trouble my mother had with me in my early childhood was in my habit of running away "to find new worlds to conquer." I do not personally recall the first occasions, but they have been recounted to me in detail. Once, when my nurse was dressing me and had turned her back for a moment, I escaped, clad only in a little flannel petticoat, to join some children who were dancing around an Italian organ grinder in the street. The organ grinder sat me on his organ with his monkey and vanished with me around the corner before the nurse discovered my absence.

An alarm was sent out and through my father's influence the fire bells were rung and policemen sent scurrying all over the city; but not until late that night was I discovered, con-

tentedly asleep in the straw with the monkey, in a basement where the organ grinder lived. They were so glad to recover me that I was not punished, and so I tried the experiment again.

This time, watching my opportunity, I joined a regiment of soldiers who were passing by the house. I marched with them into camp, or, rather, like my father in his political campaigns, I was picked up and carried "on the shoulders of my constituents." There, in camp I spent the day with the soldiers, faring most royally, while my mother nearly had nervous prostration and my father was distracted.

This delightful experience I tried to repeat on several occasions, but I was so carefully watched I did not again have the opportunity until the scene of my life carried me to Louisiana where, as an older girl, whenever the family bored me, without warning I would ride off to one of the neighboring plantations, until realizing the distress I was causing my mother, I finally behaved more considerately.

The spirit of adventure has remained with me all my life. Though I frequently wish that I had the steadfastness of my grandfather, nevertheless I am glad that certain Scotch traits have been softened with the Irish strain, for my grandfather, like all of his forbears, was high tempered and imperious, and on one occasion lost his temper and nearly killed his best friend with whom he had been having an argument. He felt the pricks of conscience so keenly that he resigned from his pulpit, telling his congregation the reason. For, he said, no man had the right to preach the Gospel of Peace who could not practice it through self-control. And nothing would ever induce him to preach again.

The family sold Woodbourne and moved back to Milton, Pennsylvania, where, as the younger children had still to finish their education and my grandfather's sole occupation of bookworm was not remunerative, my grandmother added

to her income by opening, among her husband's people, the Milton Seminary for Young Ladies, which was said to have established a line of demarcation between those who had enjoyed its advantages and those who had not.

When my youngest aunt finished school the family removed to Carondelet, which is now a part of St. Louis, Missouri, in order to be near my grandmother's sister, Anne Perry, the widow of Samuel Perry, who was one of the early Governors of Missouri. Anne Perry, my great-aunt, was a wealthy woman whose fortune had come from the mines of Leadville, Colorado. Her daughter, Angeline, had married Mr. Edward Burdell, one of the prominent lawyers of St. Louis, and they had a stately home covering a square, opposite Lafayette Park. Their adopted daughter, Mina, now living at the St. Regis apartments in St. Louis, is surrounded by portraits of our family, which I fear I covet whenever I see them.

Living in Carondelet when my grandparents went there was the family of Henry T. Blow, between whom and my mother a life-long intimacy was established. Nellie Blow was afterwards the Countess de Smirnoff of Russia, and Susie, the elder sister, who was one of the dearest friends of my mother's youth and a bridesmaid at her wedding to my father, was the one who brought into this country the Froebel system of child-rearing and established the first kindergartens in America.

Aunt Angeline, the other bridesmaid, is now Mrs. Harry W. Knight and is living with her daughter, Mrs. Josephine Knight Baldwin in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. She is the last surviving member of my mother's immediate family and is now 86 years of age. She is a most remarkable woman; young and buoyant in spirit, full of vitality and interest in everything in life and abreast with the affairs and the literature of the day, with a mind, like her eyes, clear and bright

as crystal. She spent the past year in Europe with her son, crossing the ocean both ways alone and quite unafraid.

It is partly to her as well as to the carefully compiled records of the family which have always been kept that I owe the information contained in this and the following chapter.



CHAPTER III

My Rightful Pride in the Stars and Stripes

I AM PROUD of my Scotch and Irish ancestry, but I am more proud that I am an American, born in this great country, and that on my mother's maternal side my forbears fought and died for its freedom. Through these lines I am a member of various patriotic societies.

The genealogy of my mother's maternal grandmother (my great-grandmother), who was a Matthews and a descendant of Elder John Strong of Massachusetts, is given in the two volumes compiled by Professor Dwight of Yale University, who so clearly presents the records of the Strong family from England down to the preceding generation.

History records the fact that the Strong family has given to this country generals and patriots in every war since the first Indian wars. I have often heard my grandmother say that all of her immediate family "died with their boots on" for the cause of American liberty. Notably, in the War of 1812, there were fourteen officers, brothers and cousins of hers. Seven of them died for their country, among them all of her brothers, leaving her with only one sister, Aunt Anne Perry.

Through the Matthews and Strong lines I am directly connected with a very large number of old New York families, while collaterally I am connected with the great hero, Nathan Hale, and through the marriage of a great aunt, with Ethan Allen, whose sword is one of our cherished family possessions.

The sword of Ethan Allen was brought by my cousin Ethan Allen Hopkins, down to our plantation home in Louisiana (during my second incarnation) for an anniversary dinner my mother gave for the Hopkins family. I remember with what awe I looked at the shining blade, realizing that Ethan

Allen had drawn it when he asked for the surrender of the British, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

I had quite a setback, though, about Nathan Hale. Before I became especially interested in genealogy as a serious study, I had fancied he was a lineal instead of a collateral ancestor. Once, when I was in Washington and Admiral Schley was giving me a box party to see Nat Goodwin's portrayal of the character of Nathan Hale, I was preening my feathers as a descendant of a man who, as he was about to be executed, said: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Admiral Schley leaned forward in the box with a merry twinkle in his eye and said, "A pity, Miss Daisy, that your Colonial ancestor was hanged before he was married!"

So I was brought to a keen realization that I could only claim the hero collaterally and that it behooved me to supplement the information and tradition handed down to me in childhood days and to refresh my memory by acquiring accurate historical knowledge concerning my forbears. This I did, with the aid of trained historians, able legal minds and scientific genealogists.

To preserve this information for my posterity I had Mr. Claudian B. Northrup of Charleston, South Carolina, now of Washington, D. C., prepare a very clear and concise record containing genealogical data which has been carefully verified. This data is published in a brochure which I have placed in the D. A. R. Library and also in the Genealogical section of the Congressional Library.

The family of my Grandfather Marr is also inter-allied with the people who helped to make the early history of this country, particularly in Pennsylvania. Among the most notable that I recall are the Framptons, who came over with William Penn, the Chamberlins, the Greers of Milton, and the Barbers of Lewisburg.



MY MOTHER, JOSEPHINE MARR BREAU'X

At the time of the anniversary of her silver wedding to Col. G. A. Breau'x, of New Orleans. Upper Medallion, Cornelius McC. M. D. O'Donovan, of Ireland, presumably at the age of 20. Lower Medallion, Gustave A. Breau'x, of New Orleans, La.

Although the paternal ancestors of my mother were Scotch Tories, they have been in this country for ten generations and have contributed much toward its upbuilding, while my father, though a naturalized citizen, became a whole-hearted American when he dropped all the hyphenated family names and even the "Mac" and "O" prefixes.

So I feel that I am really a true daughter of the Stars and Stripes, and I never see my flag waving in the breeze without a thrill of patriotism.

* * * * *

After my father's death in Texas, on our way back North, my mother became so fatigued with her grief and sorrowful experiences that we stopped in New Orleans to rest. While there my mother, in looking over her papers, found that the time for making application for the payment of insurance under the policy carried by my father had expired. In answer to her inquiry for a responsible lawyer, she was recommended to the firm of Breaux, Fenner and Hall. Thus, for the first time, she met Colonel Gustave A. Breaux.

For a time after my father's death my mother and my aunt kept house together in St. Louis and then returned to Harrisburg. My mother must have had an unusually lasting charm for, like my own father, Colonel Breaux also did not forget her. Two years later he went to Harrisburg, where he wooed and won her, and they were married at the home of her half-sister, Mrs. David McCormick, on the banks of the Susquehanna River, or Front Street, as it is now called.

The marriage of my mother with Colonel Breaux marked the close of my first incarnation and my life as a child of the North. With my mother's change of residence to a permanent home in Louisiana, my whole background was definitely changed.



DAISY BREAU

As sub-deb and debutante in her Second Incarnation in New Orleans, Louisiana

SECOND INCARNATION

INTRODUCING DAISY BREAUX OF NEW ORLEANS

SECOND INCARNATION

INTRODUCING DAISY BREAUX OF NEW ORLEANS

CHAPTER IV

School Days

MY mother, after her marriage to Colonel Breaux, did the only thing for which I have ever blamed her. Because of his devotion to her and to me, as part of her, and because it pleased my stepfather, she allowed me to be called by his surname. Thus the beautiful historic name of my father was eventually sacrificed.

It was an injustice to all concerned for me not to have grown up under my own name. Undoubtedly, this action gave rise to some of the silly stories later started through jealousy, which have cropped up every now and then in my pathway.

In New Orleans I was placed in a child's school kept by Madame Carnatz, a French lady. When some little girl taunted me with the fact that Daisy Breaux was not my real name, I slapped her soundly and wrote my full name on the blackboard, which it nearly filled.

When Madam Carnatz entered the room and saw, in my scrawling hand, "Margaret Rose Anthony Julia Josephine Catherine Cornelia Donovan O'Donovan," she exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu, qu'est ce que ca?*" ("My Lord, what is that?")

I answered, as I remember, quite fiercely, "That is my name and I don't want any one to forget it. If any one does, I'll slap her face."

In spite of this the custom of referring to me as "Daisy Breaux," gave my stepfather so much pleasure, it was con-

tinued. My mother justified herself in permitting this by saying that had I been a boy, she would not have consented—(I should think not, indeed, for in that case I would eventually have been "*The O'Donovan*") but, being a girl my mother felt that I naturally would change my name. Poor dear, she could not have known how many times!

Colonel Breaux represented the best traditions of the old French stock of Louisiana. He was head of his firm and one of his partners was on the Supreme Bench of the State. Any honor that the Bar Association or the people of the State of Louisiana could give to Colonel Breaux was bestowed on him. He was president of various clubs of the city. For thirty years he was president of the New Orleans Jockey Club, when it was a gentleman's association and the most fashionable racing organization in the country.

By his first marriage with Miss Emilie Locke of New Orleans, he had three children. Mina, the eldest, a daughter, a handsome, gifted girl and a brilliant pianist, married Charles T. Ballard of Louisville, Kentucky, who from the point of view of birth, brains and wealth, was one of the prominent men of the place. Mina Breaux Ballard today justly is considered a leading figure in Louisville and is universally beloved.

There were two sons, Locke and Gustave. Locke is a man of influence in his native city, formerly head of the Rice Exchange, and interested in everything touching the commercial life and welfare of New Orleans. The younger son, his father's namesake, went to Louisville to be near his sister Mina, and lives there at the present time.

Locke was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute. In his gray uniform with its bright buttons and the gleaming buckle of his belt which held in his small waist and made his broad shoulders look broader, he seemed, to my childish eyes, a magnificent figure—so much so that my

mother thought my youthful imagination might lead me into a romantic episode.

Added to this, a group of my boy friends had organized a hook and ladder company which they named "The Daisy Breaux," and this name was embroidered in white letters across the front of their red flannel shirts. There were nearly twenty lads in the company now men of prominence. When my mother found that I was expected to honor their procession by riding through the streets of New Orleans sitting on top of the hook and ladder, I was summarily snatched away from these too early honors, and shut up in a convent in Lafayette. When I was thirteen, I was sent to the convent of the Visitation in Georgetown, D. C., and studiously kept away from the allurements of Louisiana until the last year of my school life.

At the Georgetown Convent of The Visitation I was permitted to follow the natural bent of my mind for poetry, history and dramatic art. Mrs. Victoria Siddons, sometimes confused with her aunt Mrs. Sarah Siddons of the previous century, was a great dramatic teacher. Under her tutelage, I learned all the feminine Shakespearean roles and acted them with such abandonment of self in the parts that Mrs. Siddons begged my mother, with tearful entreaties, to permit me to make the stage my career, even offering to chaperone me herself.

My mother, with all her Presbyterian prejudice, replied that she would rather see me dead than on the stage. I think at the time she really meant it. She learned later to regret her decision, as the stage has been my foremost taste all my life. Having been diverted from acting, I have since written plays which have been produced non-professionally for worthy purposes. Whenever possible I have taken part in them myself. During my subsequent life in Charleston I commenced writing and producing a play each year for

charity, a custom I have since continued intermittently. I have determined, now that I am mistress of my own life, to put one play at least on the professional boards before I close the final chapter of my career.

While at the Georgetown Convent I had my first view of Washington life, through monthly holidays in the home of an Ex-Secretary of the Navy, Mr. William H. Hunt. He was a great friend of my stepfather's and being allowed to go to his and Mrs. Hunt's dinners, young girl as I was, I met many of the celebrities of the hour, notably "Sunset" Cox former Minister to Constantinople, and Attorney General Brewster, the latter having been in love with my mother as a girl. For awhile I kept up a school-girl correspondence with both of these gentlemen. I wish I had kept some of their letters to add to the interest of these memoirs.

I remember on one occasion at a dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Hunt's trying to manage a recalcitrant salad leaf with a fork. As it reached my mouth the rebellious vegetable suddenly opened and besmeared my young countenance from chin to forehead with a thick coating of mayonnaise. I was sitting next to Mr. Cox, who could not refrain from laughing as the tears mingled with the golden mask upon my face. To cover my embarrassment and dismay, Mrs. Hunt led me from the room to make myself again presentable. I shall never forget it! The next day Mr. Cox sent me a beautiful basket of pink blush-roses covered with yellow tulle, accompanied by a poem about rosebuds seen through a golden mist. This consoled me for the stinging embarrassment of my first *contretemps* at a Washington dinner party.

Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays, while at Georgetown, always found me in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. My Aunt Angeline, (Mrs. Harry W. Knight) was then living there. As Louisiana was at so great a distance her husband, Uncle Harry, would come and fetch me from the Convent to

Harrisburg for those happy occasions. Thus the social setting of my early girlhood was in Harrisburg rather than in New Orleans. They had all known me there as little Daisy Donovan but they adopted me quite naturally as Daisy Breaux.

In the set of girls I knew best there was Helen Markely, a girl Junoesque in type, who married Simon Cameron, son of the Simon Cameron who was the Secretary of State under Lincoln. My particular chum was Bessie Sargent and I thought there could not be a prettier girl. We used to sing duets to our own great personal satisfaction. She married a Mr. Dixon, a high official of the Pennsylvania Railroad and they had a handsome home in St. David's, one of the finest suburbs of Philadelphia. Louise Sargent, her sister, was also my friend. She later married Mr. John C. Kunkle, one of the financial magnates of Harrisburg.

Then there were Nan Etter and Julia Snyder, cousins of each other, for whom I have a warm spot in my heart; Mary Esby, who married Mr. William Galbraith; Lila Robinson, who became Mrs. George Fleming, both of them close friends of those days; my cousin Nellie, daughter of my Uncle David and Aunt Kate McCormick, a vivid figure with her flashing black eyes, flaming cheeks and dark curls; Mary and Regina Calder, who lived in a white marble "Little Palace" on the river front now owned by Vance McCormick and his wife, who had been the widow of another old friend. Mary Calder married George Preston Mains and Regina married Mr. Ehrman Mitchell.

Others of the group were Bonnie Joe Porter, who married Mr. William Hammond; Helen Boas, who married John Riley of Fort Hunter (a most beautiful place directly on the Susquehanna); Elizabeth Riley, acknowledged to be one of Pennsylvania's fairest daughters and still a real beauty. She married Edward Bailey whose brother, Will Bailey,

lives in the old homestead of the Silers on the river front, one of the show places of Harrisburg. The Siler sisters, Martha and Sue, whom I knew less well than the other girls but whom I admired extravagantly, were also among my friends.

My very first sweetheart that I can remember was Ross Reno, son of General Reno of Fort Leavenworth fame. Ross was an ugly, little freckle-faced boy but he was my hero. I have always liked boys who were considered plain, they are likely not to be conceited and try so much harder to be agreeable than do the merely handsome ones!

Among my group of boy friends there was dear Will Hilrup, so gentle and so shy. He used to take me driving behind his fine horses. Subsequently he made millions in war supplies. He married a lovely woman, Florence Hauck of Carlisle, who survives him.

Then there were Will and George Fleming, Dan and Casper Dull, also Will Robinson, brother of Lila and son of the Reverend William Robinson. Will went to Germany for his education. On his first holiday he brought home and presented to me his steins and matriculation cap. We corresponded for years and I still have the steins.

There were also the Lamberton boys; John Boyd, whose son wrote *Drums*; and Marlin E. Olmstead, older than the other boys but who entertained delightfully, and who later represented Pennsylvania in the United States Congress. Marlin Olmstead gave me one of my first cotillions at White Sulphur Springs. Shortly after my own marriage, he met there the radiant Southern girl who subsequently became his bride and who, some years after his death, married Vance McCormick.

Beautiful Rose Keeling, afterwards Mrs. Stilson Hutchins of Washington, and her talented brother Robert who is internationally known as a miniature painter, were among my earliest playmates and companions.

It is no wonder my holidays in Harrisburg were so enjoyable, with such a set of young people available as friends. The Susquehanna River was frozen over, its picturesque banks were packed with snow and the jingle of the sleighbells made a wonderful contrast to the tropical pleasures of Louisiana. There is no more beautiful river in the world than the Susquehanna. The recent civic improvements of the river bank bordering the city's side, the continuous flight of masonry steps set at intervals with classic lights make it look at night like some of the paintings of early Rome or Carthage. Indeed, the river bank at Harrisburg, as it is today, has been pronounced by well known authorities to be the most artistic water front in the world.



CHAPTER V

Life in Louisiana

AFTER my school days at Georgetown were over I returned to Louisiana. Too young to make my debut I was kept on the plantation for a winter. Mrs. William Haynes was employed as my chaperone and Monsieur Edouard Rhule as my tutor, as my parents stayed for the most part in New Orleans.

At "Oakbourne" I commenced my real education. Papa Breaux had a remarkable French library. Under the tutelage of M. Rhule I dipped deeply into "the Pierian Spring." The best French authors and poets became my intimate friends during that period. Papa Breaux had one volume that was out of print. I surmise that very few were originally printed. It was supposed to be the authentic diary of Madam de Pompadour and it was later the theme of a play I wrote, called *The Favorite*.

The literature of every foreign language, when acquired, is like a new window into the mind, letting in the light of another world. I shall never forget the joy of that winter of hard reading and hard riding. Papa Breaux, at that time, had a stable of blooded horses which I used as freely as I did his books.

In the mornings of those days, old "Aunt Jinny," with her *tignon*, the head handkerchief of gaily colored plaid tied in a spreading fan, when it was time for me to wake up would waddle into the room with a tiny cup of delicious black coffee and "*callas tout chaud*," (a little rice cake, a delicious morsel with one's early coffee.) The wood fire would be started on the hearth. Between the curtains of my bed I would see "Aunt Jinny" filling my "hat" tub in front of it and warming the



"BELLES DEMOISELLES" PLANTATION HOUSE
A type of the old homes on sugar plantations throughout Louisiana

towels for my bath. From that hour on, the day was a series of intellectual and physical delights.

On Sunday mornings the *callas* were alternated with delicious French *brioques*, which, with the week-end churning of fresh sweet butter from the cream of our Jersey cows, made a delightful Sunday morning feast. This was all we had before we went to church. On our return we had *dejeuner a la fourchette*.

One week-end during my busy winter at Oakbourne, when my mother and Papa Breaux came to the plantation to see how I was getting on, I borrowed my mother's engagement ring with which to write my name on a pane of glass. The glass was old and soft. Instead of writing only my name I wrote this whole verse which is on the library window today:

"In gazing through this pane of glass
That I've so oft looked through
I notice that its tone, alas,
With age is slightly blue.
Now I, who am a cheerful lass,
Prefer the sunshine's hue
And golden gleams herein may pass
If my girlhood dream comes true;
For, writing with my mother's ring,
The thought to me occurs
That some day I'll have a diamond
With the significance of hers!"

Was I thinking of Locke? I wonder!

My father's Irish gift for versification seemed to have fallen to me. At subsequent dinner parties in New Orleans I was always pressed into service to write the place cards in verse, bringing out some peculiarity of each guest.

Papa Breaux, like all Frenchmen, was a great *gourmet* and his taste in rare food combinations was unerring. On one occasion when Mrs. Haynes had taken me to New Orleans to spend the week-end and attend the opera, I found my mother,

who had been doing too much socially, was quite run down and had lost her appetite. I saw Papa Breaux sitting in his library utterly oblivious to his surroundings, as if thoughtfully pondering a deep case. Suddenly he arose saying, "I have it, I know just the thing." Turning to me he said, "Come with me, *filette*, we will go down to the French market."

It was Saturday morning and, sending for the carriage, we drove from Prytania Street down across old Canal into the French part of the city on an excursion to the French market. The market presented such a colorful pageant. The gray old buildings with their masonry pillars overhung with the slate roofs with the huge flag stones of the pavements or *banquettes* were always being scoured. Picturesqueness was added by the garb of the Indian basket weavers, squatted on their blankets selling powdered sassafras for the *gumbo filet*, a favorite dish of the Creoles; hand-polished rice, medicinal and edible herbs, beautiful basketry or other Indian specialties. The old negro mammies were not to be outdone either, with their various wares, herbs and potions for magic. At that time Voodooism was an acknowledged thing in New Orleans and there were certain old colored women who sold antidotes to the sorceries of the Voodoo Queen. They also had their trays of pralines (little cakes of sugar and pecans), one of the specialties of New Orleans. Then there were the stalls of the Gascony butchers who wore roses over their ears and smelled of garlic. Other stalls were piled high with exotic fruits and draped from the roof of the market were bunches of bananas, plantains, ripe pomegranates on branches, while the Spanish and West Indian booths were attractive with their guava jellies, tamarinds, and so forth, and the French cheeses of which the very best came to New Orleans, especially the Roquefort, the Neufchatel and the Gruyère.

The air was filled with the *patois*, the rolling rapidity of

real French, the slurring tones of the Spaniards, and the whole surroundings always filled me with a sort of ecstatic delight.

The French Market was one of the spectacles of New Orleans. It was the fashion to take strangers, as a part of the Carnival activities, down to Old Madam Begué's nearby for breakfast. We often arranged special parties. Madame Begué's place was up one flight of stairs always reddened with brick dust. There you found the most fashionable New Yorkers sitting at the long tables, intermingled with what would be called the French or Spanish peasantry and with the butchers and the rest of the regular patrons. Here they would sip Madame Begué's marvelous black coffee, eat the river shrimp with the famous sauce she prepared to accompany them, over hot rice; her *omelettes a la Begué* and the various other *plats du jour*.

After breakfast, we would all return to the French market and do our Sunday morning shopping, the foreigners buying flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs like the sweet olive and gardenia, pine-apple shrub and, in the Spring, orange blossoms and beautiful roses, all a part of the general fragrance of New Orleans.

On this particular Saturday morning pilgrimage with Papa Breaux we purchased two large French artichokes, two plump partridges, some Russian caviar, a little fresh Taragon vinegar, a box of luscious ripe strawberries and a large bunch of marvelous Brabant roses.

"Now," said Papa Breaux, "we will go home and prepare a dinner that will make Josie's eyes sparkle." So, not waiting for any further purchases, we drove back to the Prytania Street house and went straight to old "Aunt Jinny" in the kitchen. As was the custom in New Orleans, the kitchen was adjacent to the house as a separate building in the side garden. Its porch was covered with vines and fitted with rocking

chairs. There Papa Breaux and I sat down while he gave "Aunt Jinny" specific instructions, the while I listened.

The artichokes were both to be boiled until they were as tender as marrow, then the hearts were to be plucked of their leaves and the choke. The leaves of both artichokes were to have the soft marrow-like ends pressed from them; this and the heart of one of the artichokes, were to be mashed together like *purée*, flavored with Taragon vinegar, salted and peppered and mixed with the caviar. This filling or *fondue* was to be moulded in the heart of the remaining artichoke and over it was to be poured a generous quantity of melted butter. This was the first course and my mother was to eat in this way two artichokes while she thought she was eating one.

The partridges were to go through a somewhat similar process. The cooked livers of both birds were to be spread on pieces of crisp toast. All of the juices and essence of one of the birds was to be expressed before it was cooked and added to the other which was then to be delicately browned and surrounded with water cress and *escarole* and served with *julienne* potatoes. Then the meal was rounded off with a few of the largest and ripest of the strawberries.

This method of preparing food to make one particular fowl have the sustenance of two, an old trick of French cooks learned from the menus at the Tour d' Argent in Paris, reminds me of a custom during my girlhood days.

There was an old Charlestonian, Mr. Julius Pringle, living in Louisiana, who was famous for his snipe shooting. Every year he sent my father a snipe pie the replica, I thought, of the "four and twenty blackbirds baked into a pie." There were one hundred boned snipe in this huge pasty with the juice and essence of one hundred more squeezed over them. This was supplemented with truffles and button mushrooms before the final pasty top was added. It was jellied and eaten

cold with salads and was looked forward to by Papa Breaux as the feast of the shooting season in Louisiana. The arrival of the snipe pie was always the signal for a big dinner party at which Mr. Pringle was present, whenever possible. He was a grandee throughout the South and is remembered as well in Louisiana as in South Carolina. He was a frequent visitor at our box in the opera. Although quite elderly, when I was a girl, he was so young and springy in his gait that on one occasion Papa Breaux asked him the secret of his perpetual youth. He replied, "It is very simple, Colonel, I wear flowers of sulphur in my socks. I never have rheumatism, gout or any of the maladies that you old fellows suffer from, and I never expect to have them." He never did, but remained youthful and springy until the end of his career. I have often wondered if it could really have been due to the flowers of sulphur in his socks. I give the recipe for what it is worth. The theory is that the pores of the feet absorb the sulphur which permeates the blood and purifies it. Mr. John Hamilton, another old gentleman in Louisiana, who spent most of his time at Avery Island and who was originally from Charleston, also a great beau and gallant to the end of his days, used the same recipe with the same result. It must have had some virtue, therefore.

These reflections on Mr. Pringle and Mr. Hamilton bring me back once more to the appetising spread which Papa Breaux had planned for my mother.

After he had given his instructions he told me to see that Mamma had a very light luncheon and was disturbed as little as possible during the day and that he would be home to see that she had her dinner before we had ours, and that we would make a ceremony of it. So he went to his office but returned earlier than usual and donned his evening clothes. He then had my mother's tray prepared, with a silver vase for the Brabant roses and one rose laid across her napkin. To this

he added a half bottle of his best Burgundy and took himself in to my mother, with a napkin over his arm, posing as the new head waiter from Antoinettes, with me prancing in the room ahead of the new French waiter, ringing a bell and saying "here we come," and daring her not to eat her dinner.

Such little gallantries Papa Breaux was constantly practicing with the wife he adored. No wonder she worshipped him in return. I never remember a morning in my life as a young girl that a fresh bouquet of flowers was not on my mother's breakfast tray or at her place, always picked by Papa Breaux. She always pinned a spray of sweet olive in his button hole before he went to his office. On her birthday, he invariably had some treasure or lace or jewel for her which was hidden somewhere and nobody but my mother could look for it. We all knew where it was and would cry "warm" or "cold" as she approached or turned away from it. It was a never ending source of fun.

These were the beautiful little things that make life so worth while and which so many people overlook. This life of romance my two dear people lived together for over thirty ideal years. Their letters to each other when they were separated are romantic treasures. I hope some day to publish them under some such title as "The True Science of Matrimony."

To my mind, there should be a school for matrimony. Some enterprising soul may find this a new and profitable field—Why not? On it depends the happiness of the home and the future of the children. Yet it is the most neglected of all branches of knowledge.

Young people are allowed to plunge into it without even an admonition from their elders. Girls of today think a husband soon ceases to be a lover, and becomes a *bureau of supply*. From him she demands everything and is willing to give little or nothing in return, certainly not due considera-

tion. And the man himself regards the girl as a pretty plaything, and when the glamour wears off, as it too often does, is apt to lightly turn elsewhere with no thoughts of his responsibility.

Marriage can be made a live science. I think really, the true secret of its happiness is to give generously of one's self at all times, and to be cheerful and gay under stress.



CHAPTER VI

A Sub-Deb at Avery's Island

WHILE at the plantation, I made frequent visits to Avery's Island, a place unique in itself and yet partaking of all the poetic traditions of the Old South in its palmiest days—a little principality as it were, where an almost feudal life has been maintained by the family whose name the Island bears and by whom it has been owned for generations.

Avery's Island rises as a sort of volcanic structure out of the marshes of the Gulf of Mexico, in the southwestern part of Louisiana. To reach it, one goes on the Southern Pacific railway to the picturesque town of New Iberia, formerly Nouvelle Ibérie, and then drives up the hill to the settlement on its summit. The settlement is composed of the heads of the Avery family and the McIlhenneys, all built around the main house or mother home.

The eldest Avery daughter married a Scotch scientist by the name of Edward McIlhenney. Their children married and settled around them as did others of the Avery clan.

The eldest daughter of the McIlhenneys, Sarah, was and is one of my dearest friends. To her I owe some of the happiest memories of my life. Her mother was my ideal of a southern *Grande Dame*, as she was to all who were privileged to know her. When I first went to the Island she was the head of the family. I can see her now, tall, stately, gracious, with her benevolent face, as she read the family prayers on Sunday mornings or presided at the dinner table where the family and their guests, always a large assembly and always in evening dress whatever the season, gathered around that hospitable board, famous for its cuisine.

National and international celebrities were fortunate in coming to Louisiana if they carried letters of introduction to the Averys and McIlhenneys. There was a constant stream of such celebrities visiting them. I met there scions of noble houses of Europe; painters, poets, writers. Among the latter was Lafcadio Hearn after he had leapt into fame with his tale of "Chita," a story of the lost Island in the Gulf of Mexico.

Hearn was a strange mixture of romance and melancholy, with his half Semitic and half Greek heritage. His eyes were set at an angle in his head, one much higher than the other, and the sight of both was extremely poor. I wondered how he did his writing for he did not wear glasses and had to bend over the paper until his face almost touched it. And what a prolific writer he was! He afterwards became a great figure in Japan, where Elizabeth Bisland who also first met him at the Island afterwards visited him and wrote his "Life and Letters."

Miss Mary Lee was also a frequent visitor—whom I met in my week-end excursions to the Island. She was there, I think, months on end, being what you might call a "steady guest." All the masterfulness that you might have expected in General Lee, her father, a rarely mild mannered man, was centered in his daughter, Mary.

There is a story about Miss Mary Lee having been arrested in Paris, mistaken for a man while dressed in women's clothing. For in addition to her masterful ways she had a masculine nose and a slight black mustache. She was so full of fun and told such excellent stories she was a most compensating guest.

Miss Mildred Lee her sister, was of a much gentler type and, consequently, more beloved. She, subsequently, passed away in the home of one of the Avery daughters, Mrs. Johnston, her death occurring suddenly after she had been to the French opera one evening. I think she could not have chosen

to go out in a manner that would have been more desired by her—surrounded by her friends and with the strains of beautiful music still lingering in her ears, no pain, no illness, just slipping into unconsciousness and so out of life.

I must return to the Island to give you an idea of what a place of interest it is, with its salt mines capable of supplying the United States for hundreds of years with pure rock salt, white as Parian marble; its fields of waving sugar cane and its pepper fields the source of the McIlhenney Tabasco Sauce put on the market by Mr. McIlhenney after the Civil War and now world famous. There are groves of pecan trees, figs and oranges, also the fisheries of the Island, besides its great bamboo forests filled with thousands of white heron whose flight is seen across the sun as they return from their feeding marshes to their bamboo aeries when the day begins to wane, leaving the impression on the mind of some wonderful dream of Japan.

Ned McIlhenney, son of his scientist father, is a naturalist. He has made the Island a sanctuary for native birds, particularly the herons, which were being exterminated in this country, by the ruthless plucking of their white aigrettes.

The Island furnishes all of the seasoning for the palate, with its salt, sugar, and pepper and its chief family supplies the spice of life for their friends.

I always felt like one of the family. Dear Mrs. McIlhenney was "Annah" to me as to all her children; her sister, the philanthropic Mrs. Paul B. Leeds, was "Nenaine" and Minnee, who married William Preston Johnston, president of Tulane University, was "Minnee" to all of the friends of her nieces and nephews. After her marriage to President Johnston, brother of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, she spent her winters in New Orleans and became a social power there.

Mr. Johnston was a good friend. I thoroughly enjoyed his many stories. I remember one about a German Professor

who was anxious to get the views of President Johnston on all things and kept jotting them down in a note book. Having questioned him exhaustively as to his views on education, the Professor asked him in his broken English, "Mr. Yohnston, w'at you t'ink de highest type of mans?" "Well," replied Mr. Johnston, reflecting, with a twinkle in his eyes, "the man that most appeals to me is the man who shows that he likes me by saying nice things about me and by doing nice things for me, and who gives me things." The Professor, without a twinkle, gravely transcribed this in his note book and I transcribed it in my memory. I think that is the type of man we all secretly like best. However, Mr. Johnston was not thinking of himself, as his wife explained, but of a man who had recently done many fine things for the Tulane University.

It was Avery's Island that I first began, consciously, to adore nature with a love that has grown with my years and has become an absorbing and satisfying passion.

It was also at Avery's Island I first spread my social wings, at a tournament in May. My knight, Joseph Marsh, won his spurs and I was crowned Queen—a sprite of a child in her early teens.

The ladies of the household made my court train of blue net, bordered all around with elder blossoms, like seed pearls. My coronet was of the same lacy blossoms and my scepter tipped with them. I wore my own cloak of bronze gold hair hanging loosely to my knees with the coronet over my brow, like a medieval princess.

In the evening, on the gallery, we danced the minuet. And never have I felt a more joyful sense of exultation or of nascent power.

Under my plate at supper, I found an anonymous poem which at the time gave me a shock of trembling. I tucked it away, nevertheless, and found it years later among my carefully preserved papers at Oakbourne.

"She looked so lovely 'neath her coronet,
Pointing with dainty feet the minuet,
Making a picture I can ne'er forget,
Swaying her wand with finger tips.

" 'A man had given all other bliss
And all his worldly goods for this—
To waste his whole soul in one kiss
Upon her smiling lips.' "

I did not know until later that the part of the quatrain, at the end, was from Tennyson or I might not have been so shocked. Dead poets may take liberties that live ones may not!



CHAPTER VII

My Meeting With Andrew Simonds and My Debut In New Orleans

THE summer after my last visit to Avery's Island as a sub-deb, I was allowed to visit one of my school-mates, Emma Mims, daughter of the famous character of Atlanta known as "The Major" and hero of the Georgia poem, by Isma Dooly, "When the Major Leads the Ball."

While in Atlanta with Emma Mims, she and all of her guests were invited by Mary Ellen Johnson to a house party in Macon, Georgia, where her father had built a house patterned after an early English castle.

Sallie Halderman, another schoolmate from Georgetown, was of the party, also Greer Zachery, Pat Calhoun and Andrew Simonds. There were a number of other guests and it was like a large English house-party. Tom Felton, whose mother in later years was the first woman to be made a member of the United States Senate, was one of the Macon men I liked the best. They were all an unusually nice set who were among my friends of that period.

Andrew Simonds wrote his mother about me, suggesting that I be invited to Charleston. Both he and I were quite unconscious of the fact that his mother and mine, during the previous summer when they were at Asheville, had planned that we should meet, be thrown together and, if possible, that a marriage should be arranged. At that time I was a school girl and Andrew Simonds was finishing his studies in Germany, at Leipsic.

Mrs. Simonds wrote my mother who, of course, readily fell in with the plan of the Charleston visit. It was still early summer when, fitted out with New Orleans fineries—organ-

dies, picture hats and yachting things, as the Charleston Yacht Club was having its annual regatta, I made that memorable visit.

When I arrived Mrs. Simonds was giving a theatrical performance for charity, *The Mistletoe Bough*, in which Andrew took the part of the Prince; and I, at the last performance, was pressed into service to take the part of the bride. We did not suspect that we were perhaps rehearsing for our own wedding.

Mrs. Simonds' home was palatial and her hospitality boundless. I fell in love with everybody, both men and women. I did not know how to say "No" to the former, so I told all my swains I'd "think it over."

When the visit was concluded, in a month's time, I joined my mother at White Sulphur Springs to spend the summer season. Andrew and three others of the Charleston men followed.

When my mother eagerly asked me about Andrew I told her he was very nice, but "so were the others!" I was giving what she called "undue encouragement" to four men at the same time. I disturbed her still further by telling her that there were some equally nice ones back in Georgia, but that I had not let any one of them kiss me nor would I until I decided whose ring I would wear, a promise to which, strangely enough, I adhered. The rigorous idea of right and wrong I had then I owed to my careful upbringing. I did not feel that it interfered at all with my pleasure.

I danced through the morning Germans at the "White," rode all day and danced again nearly all night and was none the worse for wear. When the season was over, however, I was taken back to the plantation to rest and recuperate, with occasional visits to famous Madame Olympe, in New Orleans, who was making the wardrobe for my debut.

I made my bow to New Orleans in November, just as the

Opera opened. Unspoiled by society, everything was new and beautiful to me, as in the song of the "Three Little Maids From School,"

"Everything was a source of fun
And life a joke that had just begun."

At my first tea for grownups, my mother, who was very proud of my hair, had had Madame Olympe make a Marguerite costume of some blue silky stuff, draped at the side with a pearl pocket, medieval sleeves and other period features and had me wear my hair in two long plaits bound with pearls and an open work pearl cap crowning my head.

That night, for my debut party, I wore the conventional white tulle with full skirts, like an inverted flower. When at four o'clock in the morning old Lisa, who was both nurse and maid to me then, took my frock off me in ribbons (I had danced it, and my slippers to pieces), I flung my arms around her neck and kissing her old chocolate colored cheek cried, "Heavens! Lisa, I hope I may live to be a hundred if this is life." Poor old Lisa, strangely enough I thought, commenced to weep. It was not until I was really grown up that I knew why.

"There is something sweet
That follows youth
With flying feet
And it never comes again."

This same old Lisa was the one who gave George W. Cable nearly all of his Creole folk lore. He lived quite near us and Lisa was, among other things, the Voodoo or Hoodoo Queen of the section and had quite a magnificent voice. She also gave Mr. Cable a description of the Voodoo rites on Congo square and many of the old Creole love songs.

Oh, those good old days and what fun it has been to live

them over again in retrospect. They made for me what Robert Louis Stevenson calls "a perfect panacea for the malady of being seventeen years old."

The whole tenor of life in Louisiana forms a beautiful interlude in my memory, with here and there a touch of pathos. One incident I recall cast a temporary shadow across my luminous pathway. In those days dueling had not been entirely suppressed in Louisiana, though many efforts had been made in this direction. Papa Breaux was frequently being called in as arbiter or as second in one of these affairs. In my first season I had a very dramatic experience in the *code duello* myself.

Two young Frenchmen appeared in New Orleans, Count de Brimant and Count de Fontifiguères, representatives of two of the oldest families of the Faubourg St. Germain of Paris. They came to New Orleans with special letters of introduction to the social powers of the day. Count de Brimant had letters to Papa Breaux. Of course, they were promptly invited to the house for dinner and to accompany us to the opera afterwards.

Their visits coincided with an entertainment gotten up for charity, in which I was to lead the minuet. We talked of it at dinner that night and at the opera. Count de Brimant asked me if my partner for the minuet had been chosen and I, very much absorbed in the Jewel Scene of Faust, replied, "No, not yet."

Count de Brimant then remarked, in his Parisian French, what a pleasure it would be if I would allow him this very great honor.

Abstracted by the opera, and more impressed with his perfect phrases than with their significance, I murmured, "*Mais certainement, avec plaisir.*" The conventional reply when a man has asked a girl to dance.

Both Count de Brimant and Count de Fontifiguères sat

behind me at the opera. A little later, while I was still absorbed in the music I again heard the same phrases repeated in almost the same words. Not realizing that it was a different voice and thinking my reply had not been heard I turned my head and answered "*Mais certainement, Monsieur, enchantée.*" Thus, without realizing it, I had engaged myself to both gentlemen to dance the same minuet.

The next day both of the young Frenchmen commenced to prepare for their costumes, very elaborate affairs of the Louis XVI period.

The first rehearsal was set for a week later. I reported to Mrs. Montgomery, who was getting up the minuet, that Count de Brimant was to be my partner and it was so arranged.

The two French gentlemen, upon comparing notes, found that each was expecting to dance the minuet with me, and that I had promised at the opera to be the partner of each of them. They promptly called upon me and when I went into the drawing-room I found two white faced and very solemn gentlemen awaiting me. I tried to laugh it off and said that I did not realize I had told each of them I would dance with him but that I had given in the name of Count de Brimant as my escort. As it appeared that he had been the first to receive my promise I should consider myself engaged to him for the first occasion but as there were to be two performances I could dance the first with him and the second with Count de Fontiguères. I thought this very neat, but they would have none of it.

I saw they were both very angry, though they acted with extreme courtesy and dignity. I could not make out when they left the house, however, that either of them was in the least annoyed. What was my horror to learn a day later that they were to settle their dispute with a duel! If either of them survived I was to dance with the survivor!

In desperation I called in Papa Breaux. He was very indignant with me for my absent mindedness and thoughtlessness and said I never would understand the French temperament. He went down to the St. Charles Hotel where they were staying and tried to arrange the matter. I told him I was perfectly willing to take all the fault upon myself, that the gentlemen must not quarrel over such a detail and that I felt so ill and so cut up over the affair that I would not dance the minuet at all.

Papa Breaux prevented the duel with the greatest difficulty and the two gentlemen left New Orleans almost immediately and I was prevailed upon to dance the minuet with one of the New Orleans men. The experience I had in this affair taught me a lesson I never forgot, which was to pay attention to the subject in hand and not allow my wits to wander, especially with punctilious Frenchmen.

A sad sequence of the story came later. Count de Brimant and Count de Fontiguères were two of the most polished and charming men it is possible to meet. Real prototypes of the Parisian and with the characteristics of Monsieur Beaucair! Gallant, gay and exquisite! They came to America to mend their fortunes and went down into South America to a rubber plantation in which they were interested. They had invested in it all their dwindling ducats and and it promised to be a good venture. Doubtless, it would have made money for them as it subsequently did for later owners, had they not contracted either jungle or yellow fever in the marshes.

They were found dead in a hut on the plantation with notes scribbled on their immaculate linen—they had no writing paper at hand—telling how they were dying alone and unattended in that deserted spot where they had gone to make observations thinking to be there only a day or so.

It was a tragedy to all New Orleans society and it must

have been an irreparable grief to their noble families back in France.

Happy are the people who can remember both Louisiana and New Orleans as they were in that day; the life on the sugar plantations with their avenues of moss-draped live oaks and the Empire and Colonial furnishings of the old homes—it made a stately story-book setting for life as it was lived at that time.

In New Orleans, in the garden district and American part of the city, upper St. Charles Avenue, Prytania Street and their cross streets, there are spacious modern homes and beautiful gardens, very much like any Southern city. But the French part of the city is unique and remains virtually unchanged—the romantic French quarter with its courtyards and galleries; their exquisite wrought iron work—the beauty of Esplanade Avenue with the homes of the French aristocracy; the French market, which I have already described; the old Spanish Cabildo and the Cathedral Saint Louis, where I was married. In the spring the scent of orange blossoms filled the air and the feeling of light-hearted gayety appears to be a concomitant of the French or Southern temperament. New Orleans is famous for so many things that it is hard for one who loves it as I do to particularize: the delicious cuisine—the river shrimp, the gumbo, the cooking à la Crèole, all give to the palate of the connoisseur a combination he might travel far to find. The cuisine is an overlapping of the best French, Spanish and Creole cooking with that touch which only the *mauma* knows how to give. “Des a little pinch o’ dis and a little pinch o’ dat, till yeh gits de right tase.” And right taste it always has, and one never to be forgotten.

My mother, when she came North to visit me in my later incarnations, being used to her New Orleans black coffee used to say with a sigh, “Good coffee and the Protestant religion can seldom if ever be found together.” She invaria-

bly brought her own "Begin" or earthenware percolator with her to show my cook how to make "Drip" coffee. The French have a delightful conceit about their coffee, epitomized in the following verse:

*"Fort comme la mort
Doux comme l'amour
Chaud comme l'enfer!"*

which, translated, reads,

*"Strong as death
Sweet as love
Hot as Hell!"*

Let me advise you who read, if you go to New Orleans, go to Antoine's and get one of his special dinners, commencing with his *bisque d'écrivisse, pompano*, and so forth, and winding up with his *pâté d'Antoine* and his *pousse café* or *café brulô*. The latter has added a unique touch to many of my own dinners. It is a picturesque thing to have the lights extinguished and see the flames from the liquors and spices leap high from a silver bowl before the hot black nectar is poured, sizzling in, to make a drink fit for the gods.

New Orleans, with its gayeties which justly entitled it to be called "The Little Paris of America," forms a series of pictures in the mind unlike those to be seen in any other part of the world. Even today, modernized as it is, it is a place of unfailing enchantment and old world interest.

The carnivals for which New Orleans is justly famed, annually cost the city hundreds of thousands of dollars and the work on the costumes and equipment for the floats, which are made in Paris, is commenced immediately after one Carnival is over, in order to be ready for the next. But great as is the outlay for the annual Carnival, New Orleans is wise.

For each dollar that is spent, two strangers come to spend more.

The old French Opera House, no longer standing, but in its day one of the handsomest in the world and very much like that of Paris, was, in my day, the scene of the Carnival balls.

The ball room floor was an extension of the stage over the entire parquet and, just below, the grand tier of boxes which were lined with the belles and beauties of the city and their guests.

The popular New Orleans girls always got missives before these balls announcing that a Sub-Marine Monster, a Fairy Prince, a Hercules, a Hermes, or what not, would take them out in such and such a dance—the second or the tenth, for instance. With heart fluttering in anticipation, the young girl would wait for the usher to fetch her from her box to the floor where the Monster or the Prince met her and where, from the recesses of his mysterious person, he would find and present to her some jeweled trophy of the ball. These trophies were always valuable in the extreme, being exquisite favors set with diamonds and other jewels.

These big balls were always preceded by champagne suppers at the clubs. The younger members of the clubs, however, those who were under masques, never appeared at the suppers. They were only seen on the floats and at the ball. No one expected to know who they were and indeed very seldom was their identity discovered. They never unmasked at the ball but disappeared into the wings of the opera house at the close of the dances to reappear much later from the front entrance of the opera house in evening clothes.

This made all sorts of intriguing episodes possible and yet there was a sense of perfect safety and protection for there were special invitations for the Carnival Balls and they were always exclusive affairs, so exclusive that every guest had his

invitation *viséd* at the door. If any one else attempted to assume the personality of the one for whom the invitation was intended, woe betide the offender or the party with whom he or she came to the ball. They were not admitted, and if in New Orleans another season, were never invited to that particular ball again. With the ball given by Rex for the general public, which is usually known as *the* Carnival Ball, it is different. But for the secret organizations of Momus, Comus, Proteus, and so forth, the lines could not be more strictly drawn and one knew that every masquer on the floor was, himself, a member of an exclusive club.

Besides the Carnival balls there was always a carnival german for which the escort furnished the carriage, if the girl he invited had none of her own, also a bouquet and handsome special favors. How they afforded all these expenditures year after year was a matter of mystery, for New Orleans men, though rich in every other way, were not, as a rule, rich in money value. They spent as lavishly as if they were—perhaps more lavishly, and it all tended to the growth of the city.

One could not describe the Carnival and the other winter gayeties of the city without speaking of the opera. Mapleson was, for many years, the impressario and always brought the best voices from Europe. The operas were for the most part sung in French and Italian, very few of the Wagnerian scores being given. One heard a great variety of good music during the season which commenced in November and continued until Lent.

The boxes at the opera house were held, like those of New York, by the same families year after year. We had our box in the grand tier. One of my greatest delights was not only in the opera itself but the promenades in the foyer and the visits which the New Orleans men paid from box to box during the first entr'act. In fact this was one of the ways in

which they returned their social obligations, calling at the opera on week days; Sunday evenings they called on the girls they most admired in their homes, and on New Year's day on their general acquaintances—if they could manage to make the round from house to house, where convivial hospitality was invariably extended!

This hospitality, if too generously partaken of and “they did not watch their steps,” as the saying is, sometimes led to an unexpected ducking in the New Orleans gutters. These gutters were extremely dangerous to pedestrians or people stepping from carriages and losing their foothold on the crossing stones.

On one occasion at the French Opera when my mother missed her footing she went down into the flowing current up to her neck as the gutter was especially deep in front of the French Opera House. Papa Breaux immediately went to the rescue and helped her out. The dripping pair climbed back into the carriage and I was ordered by my mother to draw up my feet and sit on the front seat so that my tulle skirts would not be dampened. It was not possible for me to go to the opera unchaperoned. So I had to return with my two drowned darlings all the way back up town to Prytania Street, a disappointed and disgusted debutante.

On another occasion when the two Frenchmen I have mentioned, Count de Brimant and Count de Fontiguères were coming to our house to dine, owing to the heavy rains the carriage stone was hidden by the overflow of the gutters and both de Brimant and de Fontiguères plunged in up to their ears. The *denouement* was very funny as there was nothing for them to do but come into the house where Papa Breaux insisted upon fitting them out with his evening clothes. As he was over six feet and they were not much over five, the result was remarkable but they were good sports and laughed merrily at their own plight.

These gutters were a menace, especially to people not familiar with New Orleans, and ludicrous situations therefrom were frequent. The following Spring, on the evening of my wedding day, as the guests were speeding the departing bride and groom, St. Julian Ravenel, one of the Charlestonians, was found sitting out in the gutter with the water rushing around him, almost up to his ears. His silk hat had fallen off and he was muttering the historic phrase which followed him through life, "Save me boys, I am Ravenel of South Carolina and I cannot die in a gutter."

These deep broad gutters were lined with cedar logs. At one time, runaway slaves from the prisons were worked as chain gangs every day to clean the gutters. But in my day there was a very complete system of flushing the drains by turning in river water at certain times of the evening.

The levees or walls which surrounded the city protect it from a foe more powerful than any human invader, the gigantic and mighty Mississippi River frequently and recently has demonstrated its cruel power. If it were not for the stronghold of these levees to keep the rushing water in its course, the city would soon become another Venice.

Anent these gutters, it was largely due to the energetic campaign of Walter D. Denègre that New Orleans finally overcame the menace to health caused by this open sewage and lack of proper drainage. The creation of the Sewer and Water Board was due to the initiative of Mr. Denègre. It was through his persistent efforts, diplomacy and executive ability that the taxpayers were finally persuaded to tax themselves beyond the fixed limits in order to provide for these improvements. His other services to his State appear later on in my narrative.

At the end of the gayest and most crowded season of my whole life, as it was the fashion to entertain Papa Breau's daughter, I became engaged in March to Andrew Simonds, on his third visit to New Orleans.

Andrew was a gay youth, good-looking and generous, with a princely manner. I accepted him as casually and light-heartedly as one takes a partner for a cotillion. It seemed scarcely more serious than that for I was not yet a woman and my heart was not awakened.

On both sides Andrew was related to the great John C. Calhoun, his mother having been Sarah Martin Calhoun and his father's mother Jane Hamilton Calhoun. He had the distinction, besides, of being the son of the wealthiest banker in Charleston, S. C. I presume my mother felt that her only child was making what might be considered a brilliant marriage.

It is strange that I was "out" only one season and yet the name of "Daisy Breaux" still survives. I have frequent evidence of this. It is due, I suppose, to the fact that though the many years of my first marriage the newspapers constantly chronicled our comings and goings,—to Europe, to the White Sulphur Springs, my annual return to New Orleans for the Carnival, referring to me as Mrs. Andrew Simonds, Jr., and never failing to add, "who was Miss Daisy Breaux," thus keeping the name before the public. Even today I am frequently introduced with the comment, "She was, as you remember, Miss Daisy Breaux of New Orleans." I feel now after so many changes that the name was that of an almost imaginary character.

Besides the press of the day, many novels and books made mention of this name, notably *Atlanta in the South* by Maude Howe Elliott, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, in which my wedding is described, as it also is in her later books, *Three Generations*. A book by T. J. DeLeon, *Belles, Beaux and Brains* quoted several anecdotes of my youth. Mrs. O'Connor's book on *Ireland Herself* relates some bon mots credited to the same Daisy Breaux, as illustrating the wit of the Irish.

There are numerous poems immortalizing the aforesaid

"Daisy" in rhyme fitted to the name, among them a poem by A. G. Heaton, the painter who painted my portrait at the time and again later, when he came to Charleston to paint me and other members of the Simonds family. It is so charming in meter, I may be pardoned for quoting it here:

"Within the Crescent City's arms
Amid its garden pleasance fair,
Where palms and orange blend their charms
And roses perfume all the air,
There dwelt a maiden full as sweet,
Of golden hair and cheek aglow
And dimpled hand and dancing feet;
The joyous, charming Daisy Breaux.

"Her face was like the early day
When dewy blossoms greet the skies,
And scintillating mirth would play
Amid the candor of her eyes.
Between her girlish lips a voice
Clear as a mountain spring would flow
In gentle accents to rejoice
Whoever greeted Daisy Breaux.

"A fairy spirit seemed to dwell
In that young presence, full of grace,
And of her kindly heart to tell
The bounties in her sunny face.
A fairy power seemed to spread
Its charms wherever she might go,
And banish every care and dread
Of ill from lovely Daisy Breaux.

"The fondest bliss of home awhile
She knew. None saw but to admire,
Love met her only with a smile
And gave her all her heart's desire.
She gathered hosts of friends afar
Her genius made a palace grow,
Ah! surely 'tis a happy star
That watches over Daisy Breaux.



DAISY BREAUX OF NEW ORLEANS
As painted by A. G. Heaton

Some years later Mr. Heaton added this verse:

“For still the lovely maiden face,
The limpid voice and joyous eye,
The thought and form of kindred grace,
Elude the years that hasten by.
Long may the fairy charm possess
Her presence, ever roses blow,
And friends surround and pleasures bless
The life and love of Daisy Breaux!”





DAISY SIMONDS OF CHARLESTON
In the epilogue of "As You Like It."

"I am not furnished like a beggar,
"Therefore to beg would not become me "

THIRD INCARNATION

INTRODUCING DAISY SIMONDS OF CHARLESTON,
SOUTH CAROLINA

THIRD INCARNATION

INTRODUCING DAISY SIMONDS OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

CHAPTER VIII

Marriage and Migration

IN THE spring of the year after that of my debut, I commenced my third incarnation as Mrs. Andrew Simonds, Jr., of Charleston, South Carolina.

The wedding was considered one of the most artistic affairs of the time, indeed it would have been so at any time, with a cortège picturesque in the extreme and ten lovely girls as attendants, all of whom have since taken conspicuous places in the social world, while some have achieved distinction along literary and philanthropic lines. It is a pleasure to recall their careers.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland was the author of an outstanding life of Lafcadio Hearn, and had many other essays and novels to her credit. She married Charles W. Wetmore and became a social celebrity in London, New York and Washington. Here she built a beautiful home in "Rock Creek Park, extended," later she removed to Charlottesville, Virginia, and remodeled one of the historical old places there, making a new center for her social and philanthropic work; she was especially interested in the garden clubs. Her death occurred there last year leaving the precious memories of a great soul to her friends.

Miss Lenore Nixon, afterwards Mrs. George Bullen of Chicago, built a magnificent home on Lake Oconomowoc, which became a center of literary and musical events.

Miss Laura Amory married a brother of Bishop Lawrence

of Massachusetts. As Mrs. Amory Lawrence of Boston, she is a woman noted for her dignity and sweetness, and regarded as one of the representative women of New Orleans and Boston.

Miss Mary Fearn, daughter of Major Walker Fearn, who was Minister to Greece and Turkey, is now Mrs. Seth Barton French. She has an international reputation for wit and charm, and lives at Ville Franche on the French Riviera.

Miss Anna Huntington, daughter of one of New Orleans' great lawyers, married Charles Carter, one of the Carters of Virginia.

Miss Daisy Irwin, a beautiful blonde of Mobile, Alabama, is now Mrs. Irwin Clisby. She has several splendid sons and is living in New York.

Miss Myra Semmes, daughter of Judge Thomas Semmes of New Orleans, married Sylvester Walmsley. She is the mother of an even dozen of attractive sons and daughters, all popular figures in the social life of New Orleans.

Miss May Bickham, a tall, brilliant brunette, sister of Doctor Warren Bickham of New Orleans, is now Mrs. Frederick Beebee of Boston, beloved by all who know her.

Miss Sarah Avery McIlhenney of Avery's Island, who has never changed her name, has the distinction of being the "Doyenne" of her old home, Avery's Island.

Miss Sarah Calhoun Simonds, Andrew Simond's sister, who became Mrs. Edward Alexander Simons, of Charleston, S. C., died in her early married life.

The latter two were my first bridesmaids and represented eglantine roses. They wore pale pink crepe, with large leg-horn hats lined with a deeper shade of rose and wreathed with brier roses.

The bridesmaids were all dressed as wild flowers, field companions of the daisies, and carried baskets of daisies, mingled with the flower they represented. Besides the wild

roses there were two brilliant brunettes as buttercups, in yellow crepe, their hats lined with golden brown velvet and covered with butter cups and two blonde girls represented corn flowers, with hats and baskets similarly bedecked. Then there were two *petites chataines* as ferns, in pale green crepe with maiden hair ferns on their hats and in their baskets, also two striking brunettes representing poppies.

My tiny flower girls, Josephine Breaux Knight, daughter of my Aunt Angeline, and "Baby" Scott, daughter of Dr. Joe Scott, were dressed like little daisies and scattered rose leaves in my path.

The pages were Joe Marr Knight, another cousin, and Clinton Hall, son of my father's partner, Harry Hall. The two boys wore black velvet with Vandyke lace collars and were the train bearers.

My bridal dress was a princess one of white satin, covered with flounces of rose point lace. It had a long train and the veil of tulle and lace hung from a coronet of orange blossoms and was caught to the shoulders with knots of the same flowers. The bouquet was of orange blossoms and lillies and I wore a diamond necklace with a diamond daisy pendant, the gift of the groom.

Archbishop LeRay, a nobleman of France, and a great friend of the family, officiated at the marriage ceremony—the only one he had for years consented to perform. It was all the more unusual as Andrew Simonds was an Episcopalian. The Archbishop always told with glee the way I took him up when he said, "'Daisee', some day when you grow up, I will marry you." "Oh," I said, "Monseigneur, your proposal does me too much honor, but I will hold you to it!"

As the procession streamed up the aisle of the Cathedral and passed to the Sacristy, the lights from the stained glass windows played their prismatic colors over the bridal cor-

tège, the rich glow adding to the colorful sight, enthusiastically described by many writers of that period.

An amusing incident occurred the day of the wedding. My old Lisa, who had been with me at Oakbourne and in New Orleans, had become violently jealous of Andrew Simonds because he was taking me to South Carolina and was not taking her along. Andrew had conceived an even greater dislike for her, for she had chaperoned us all too faithfully during the courtship. Whenever he tried to steal a kiss, a turbaned head would arise from somewhere and a deep voice would call out, "*ne touchez pas mon enfant!*"—or "Doan yeh tech my chile!" So, at the time of the wedding, Lisa was sent away to the plantation, six hours distant by train, to avoid what Papa Breaux called her "general pestiferousness."

As we advanced in the bridal procession, my mother safely seated in her front pew and I on Papa Breaux' arm behind the bridesmaids, there appeared at the end of my long train the tall and stately turbaned figure of Lisa walking up the aisle as a part of the wedding procession!

It was then too late to make any objections. Many spectators thought she added the last touch of picturesqueness to the scene. When, at the close of the ceremony, I stepped into the glass fronted carriage, there again was Lisa. And she had her innings, for, with a grand gesture, she threw my train and all the veil over the entire back seat and with an air of superb scorn turned to my bridegroom saying in her broken English, "Yeh seet on de fron' seat, das good 'nuff for yeh."

There was nothing else for him to do, but he did not see the humor of the situation as I did. I gigled half the way home. It was a very irate bridegroom who alighted at our house on Prytania Street, where the wedding reception took

place. The festivities wound up with a dinner not only for the wedding party but for all of the out-of-town guests.

How my mother lived through the excitement and effort of the wedding was a marvel to me. She was not well at the time and she attended to every one of the beautifully worked out details herself. Besides, she had entertained the Charleston contingent and our own relatives for several days before the ceremony.

There came from Charleston, Andrew's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Simonds; his brother Louis; his sister Sadie; his aunt Mrs. Rucker who was a sister of Mrs. Simonds; Mr. and Mrs. Pat Calhoun, Mr. St. Julian Ravenel, Mr. Frank Jones (of Savannah), Mr. William Trenholme, Mr. Wilmot D. Porcher and Mr. William Robertson, who with Mr. Tom Carter (of Virginia), my stepbrother Locke Breaux, and three of his friends, were ushers at the wedding.

Dr. and Mrs. Simonds, Louis and Sadie, and two of my bridesmaids were house guests, besides my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, and their family.

There were hundreds of guests at the reception. That night when I was lifted on the train more dead than alive I murmured in my mother's ear, "I'll promise never to do it again." I never did it quite that way again, at any rate! I have a feeling now that marriage is such a sacred contract the ceremony ought to be almost a private affair.

On the first lap of our journey, we went to Old Point Comfort and from there to Charleston, where Mrs. Simonds had sent out invitations for another big wedding reception. Everybody, who was anybody from the Charlestonian standpoint, was invited. She had my initials and those of her son, "B" and "S," worked out in little gas-jet flames over the driveway, this being before the days of decoration in electric lights.

Like a great many of the fine houses in Charleston the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Simonds possessed a large ball room

and a picture gallery. This was hung for the occasion in garlands of daisies. As it was the season of roses the house was literally lined with them.

Charleston in those days was almost a closed community and strangers received a most critical inspection. I felt as if I ought to have been exhibited in a glass case. I, a girl of cosmopolitan and French upbringing, found myself injected from the gayest city in America into a quaint city of the utmost conservatism, though of beauty and old world charm. But, chameleon-like, I have always been able to "adapt myself to my surroundings everywhere." Indeed, I loved it all and already had many friends in Charleston.

The quaint customs and restrictions of Charleston when I first went there would be almost unbelievable today. It was then considered, for instance, very bad form for a lady to go to the Post Office, as I discovered when I committed that innocent offense. The Post Office was on Broad Street, and being a business street, was reserved exclusively for men. "Ladies" then very seldom did their own shopping, sending their servants or having the shop send "patterns" as samples were called, in the English fashion. Even to this day visitors wonder where the beautiful girls and women of Charleston keep themselves as they are seen so seldom on the streets.

There is a true story of three maiden ladies of that time who, *never*, since the Civil War, ventured outside the enclosure of their own garden! They said "It is unseemly for girls to be seen on the streets." Another story, also true, is that some people came to live next door to one of the aristocratic families of Charleston, and thirty years later, the head of the old Charleston family, being asked about her next door neighbor, said, "we do not know them as we *never* call on strangers." After thirty years "the interlopers" were still strangers within the gates!

Things are somewhat different now as the new pioneer

spirit has broken down the old traditions, to a certain extent. Charleston men have married women from other places and so the old customs could not continue to prevail.

The St. Cecelia, the oldest dancing organization in the country, forms the complete demarcation line of those who are in society and those who are not. In my day it was well worth a trip to Charleston to attend the St. Cecelia balls and to meet there the heads of the nobility—or the “Holy Families,” as the irreverent youth of this decade calls them.

The mature ladies were many of them dressed in black silk or even alpaca, with basques buttoned up to the throat and decorated with lace collars, large cameos or hair brooches, and they carried turkey-tail fans. There were exceptions, of course, and some real elegance in the costumes of the older ladies. They all sat on straight, stiff wooden chairs, around the sides of the room, while the younger generation, many of these in beautiful gowns from Paris or New York—the last word in elegance—and others in simple home-made frocks, mingled the old with the new.

There was an air of culture and of elegance, that pervaded these assemblies, scarcely to be seen elsewhere. It was like a mixture of the early life of the Colonies with the life of the present day.

No girl or woman dared to divide a dance. She had to dance the whole number through with the man who had his name upon her card for that dance and then return, before the next dance, to her chaperone on the side line. There was no such thing as “cutting in” nor is there even today, at the St. Cecelia, except the three “extras” immediately after supper before the president returns to the room. The sixteenth dance is the one generally reserved for a girl’s fiancé or her prime favorite.

The president of the organization always leads the pro-

cession down to supper in a solemn polonaise, holding in the palm of his left hand the lightly poised fingers of the latest bride (though I believe she now takes his arm). This honor fell to me at my first ball.

Once I dared to describe the St. Cecelia in the woman's edition of the *News and Courier*, during the Charleston Exposition. I described it as though the St. Cecelia were a *grande dame* still doing the minuet while the rest of the world was rollicking through the two-step. I thought it a very pretty compliment myself, but it was not so considered in Charleston. They seemed to think I was insinuating that they were behind the times. They did not like that. I wonder how they will like this, even though it is written in retrospect! I should think they might wish to be reminded of how beautiful the suppers once were when the St. Cecelia owned its own wine cellar, as they do no more, alas! Those suppers were really dinners, commencing with a stew of Bull's Bay oysters, followed with stuffed crabs, wild turkey with rice filling, wild duck or partridges, peas, asparagus, celery, salad, with old Virginia hams cooked to perfection, Charlotte Russes, different kinds of ices, home-made cakes, fruit and bon bons; a bottle of Champagne for every man and his companion and always, at the end, black coffee and ripe Madeira.

A true Charlestonian, if a woman, was expected to dance at the St. Cecelia while she was a young lady and once after her marriage, as a bride. Then she was expected to retire and reappear only when she chaperoned her own daughter or some other young person, after she herself had become quite settled.

I believe I earned the gratitude of many when I induced the managers to decorate the ballroom for the first time since the Civil War. It was through one of the floor managers, our friend, Wilmot Porcher, also one of the groomsmen at my wedding, that I was permitted to have my own way about

this. So we festooned the walls with smilax, backed the candelabra with palmetto leaves, shaded the lights and banked the stage with palms. I believe this custom is still maintained. It is certainly an improvement on the bare walls and naked lights of yesteryear. I feared they might resent the innovation. I used to imagine they said behind their hands, "she knows no better, poor child, being from New Orleans." You see one has to be a true Charlestonian to know what is expected of a lady!

I was not even a real Charlestonian by marriage, as all of Mamma Simonds' children were born in Abbeville, the family home of the Calhouns, except the youngest, who was born in Charleston. At the birth of this child Mamma's cousin, Mrs. Louis de Saussure, came to congratulate her on having a son born in Charleston, saying, "Oh, Sallie dear, to think that *at last* you have in your family a *real Charlestonian*!"

I soon learned there was a differentiation between the Charlestonians and the South Carolinians of the "up country," as they called it. To distinguish between them we called the families of historical descent from the up country the "Holy Families" and the Charlestonians whose ancestors had come from England, with Quarterings on their shield and the descendants of those who bore the only American title that of "Landgraves"—the "Sacred Families." These "Holy" and "Sacred" families, like the King, could do no wrong. But woe betide the outsider, who tried to follow in their foot steps.

There were delightful characters at those old St. Cecelia balls, who, to my mind, should have been put into Thackeray's novels. My gay young husband and I thoughtlessly gave them nicknames which unfortunately crept out and clung to them. One old lady, extremely emaciated and with rows of projecting teeth, we called the "Comb" because she was all backbone and teeth. Another, with very loose and yellow

ivories which she exposed back to her molars whenever she smiled, we called the "Old Piano" on account of those loose yellow keys! Had it been known that we originated the titles, we would doubtless have been heavily penanced.

Reference to Thackeray reminds me of an amusing story connected with his American visit. He spent some time in Charleston and there met the famous Mrs. King, one of the wits of the South who was noted for her repartee. Mr. Thackeray, when introduced, is reported to have said to her, "I am so glad to meet you Mrs. King, I have heard you were the brightest and the fastest woman in the Carolinas."

"Ah," replied Mrs. King, "that only proves, Mr. Thackeray, that one cannot believe what one hears. I heard you had tact and were a gentleman."

I loved and still love Charleston and all of its ways; its "wistful charm" as Owen Wister calls it. Its street cries linger in my ears. Cries which rise musically as the colored vendors balance their baskets of crabs, shrimp and vegetables on their heads the while they sing in their melodious mellow voices,

Ro, ro, ro, ro,
Swimpy, swimpy, swimpy, swimpy, ro—
Ro swimp.

Prawn, prawn, got suggah een 'ee hohn,
Cum an' git yo' ro swimp.
Ro-o-o-up.

Ice-um, creamum, block,
Haad as uh roak.

Jaspah oan de baatry,
Calhoon oan de green,
Niggah oan King Street,
Sellin' ice cream.

Ice-um, creamum, block

They make sweet music in the air.

It is said that what makes for the real happiness of a Charlestonian is his utter contentment. He is convinced that South Carolina is the best State in the Union, that Charleston is, of course, the greatest city of South Carolina and that his own family is the best family in Charleston. Sometimes he even goes a step further and considers himself the most important member of his family. It is a most enviable state of mind but it causes the outsider, perhaps, to feel a little aggrieved at times. The feeling of contentment or superiority is so self-satisfying to the possessor, however, that nobody but a brute would wish to rob him of it.

Another reason for his contentment, perhaps, is the ease of life in Charleston. The climate is delightful, the place abounds in picturesque surroundings of historic interest, the waters are full of the finest fish, the forests are filled with the best of game, with the earliest vegetables and fruits and with splendid old Southern cookery.

As a Charleston gentleman once remarked "Why does anybody want to live out of Charleston who can live in it? Here he can have his shrimp and hominy for breakfast, his okra soup for dinner, a good hair mattress to sleep on at night, and everybody knows who he is." What more, indeed, could anybody ask?

The gardens are lovely, particularly "Magnolia on the Ashley." These gardens have become a Mecca for visitors and are indeed worthy of the reputation they enjoy as the most marvelous Azalea gardens in the world. Nowhere else can be seen such magnificent trees of azaleas against a background of giant magnolias with their polished green foliage and white blooms, with wisteria draped from tree to tree, the southern yellow jasmine and the wild eglantine roses. And the beauty of the prolific verdure is reflected in lagoons, edged with cypress trees with their black knees in the water so that the pools are as black as ink, themselves like polished

Chinese mirrors. The reflections are really wonderful and the exotic beauty is further carried out with white bridges, recalling those of the Orient.

The wide horizons of its sea views and the quaintness of its old English customs were part of the charm of Charleston. I wish it could remain unchanged for it is one of the few cities in America that has preserved its traditions, its sense of inviolable aristocracy and its Old World atmosphere.

For years South Carolina has had more cotton spindles than Massachusetts. In this and in other ways the South has been rebuilt since the Civil War, largely due, in the first place, to the courage and industry of its women who, when the men were disheartened by the ruin following the war: with their fields laid waste, their slaves gone, their sons and their hopes sacrificed bravely carried on.



CHAPTER IX

The Bridal Party In Europe

BEFORE my first experience at the St. Cecelia, Andrew and I had gone for the second lap of our wedding journey on a European tour. This honeymoon caused much comment among our intimate circle from the fact that the bride and groom were accompanied by nearly the whole of the groom's family!

The party included my husband's mother, one of his brothers, John Simonds, his sister Sadie, her friend Mattie Williams, a cousin, Waring Carrington, Andrew and, incidentally, me! We were an indissoluble group and were known as "the bridal party." Wherever Andrew and I went the whole party went with us.

As I was so sentimentally enthusiastic about Italy we spent more time there than elsewhere, except Paris.

In Paris the time of the others was taken up chiefly with shopping as all three of the ladies wanted to buy complete outfits for the winter. I, too, was getting a winter outfit as my trousseau had been for the spring and summer. But I found time to do a good deal of studying of the subjects that most interested me, namely architecture and landscape gardening. I not only studied intensively from the actual examples, so plentiful in beautiful France, but I procured and read, later, books on the subject, thus acquiring a knowledge which has served me through life.

My New Orleans French stood me in good stead in my solitary excursions into the museums and on the artist's bank of the Seine with a Parisian friend of the family and my knowledge of the language also served me excellently in the shopping of our party.

After leaving Paris we returned to London. At that time Eleanor Calhoun of California, a connection of the family, was having a tremendous success at the Haymarket Theatre, as well as great personal popularity. Eleanor's talent had been so generally acknowledged in San Francisco, especially in Shakespearean and other classical plays, that Mrs. Charles Crocker, Sr., gave her an opportunity in London which resulted in several years engagement in the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, under the management of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft.

The best in the realm were Eleanor's friends from the start as she took such letters abroad with her as to give her the entrée everywhere. Her mother was related to the Dukes and Earls of Ormond and her father was a close relative to the great Calhoun, these facts gave her personal prestige, to which she added by her talents and the pride of her manner of life.

Mrs. Horne-Payne, a kinswoman of the Earls of Eglinton, was a most ardent friend and supporter; and Mrs. James Russell Lowell, wife of the American Ambassador, mothered her especially. The "Sweet Phillippes" as London called them, who followed the Lowells, inherited Eleanor, as it were. They in turn made their home her own. She frequently visited Princess Alexandra at Sandringham. As every one knows, London society followed the lead of its Princess anywhere. Eleanor became the vogue and very popular.

As soon as she learned we were in London, she took us under her wing and we saw her in all of her stellar roles, in which she demonstrated that she deserved the vogue she enjoyed. I never saw a better interpretation of Juliet, Viola, Rosalind and the other Shakespearean characters she played. Shakespeare, himself, could have desired no more exquisite portrayal of Rosalind.

Lady Archibald Campbell, a cousin of H. R. H. Alexandra had followed Eleanor's suggestion for a series of pastoral plays in which she herself acted. When we reached London, *As You Like It* had just been given at Coombe House, the first of its kind ever given in England. Eleanor acted the part of Rosalind. The next pastoral play then given was *Ye Faithful Shepherdess*, by Fletcher. The lines were considered somewhat too broad for the English stage. But Lady Archibald, who had the courage of her convictions, did not think them too broad for her wide English lawn!

Their Royal Highnesses were frequent guests at these Pastoral Plays. The rôles were always filled by their own set, supplemented by professional stars. The result was most successful.

Eleanor asked Lady Archibald to invite us for *Ye Faithful Shepherdess* which she did with a gracious note asking us out for the day.

The whole scene comes back to me vividly as if it had been enacted yesterday. I can see again the green, rolling English lawn with its amphitheater of seats looking out under the English oaks and beeches with their spreading arms. The actors and actresses appeared from behind clumps of shrubbery which served as wings. White bullocks drew in the carts and droves of Southdown sheep were driven by the Shepherdess, who was the famous Princess Kappatura, the toast of the London season. Her father had been one of the favorite Indian potentates of Queen Victoria and the mother of the Princess was an English lady. Princess Kappatura had the rare combination of wavy auburn hair, the fair skin of the English, and dark Indian almond shaped eyes which shone in her pearly face like black diamonds. She was a sparkling beauty. When, in the course of the play, she was

rescued from the well and came up dripping, with her thin draperies clinging to her, her hair glistening with dew-drops, she looked, not like the Shepherdess, but like the Goddess Aphrodite herself.

Prince Edward was delighted and wished her to drown again. She had to repeat the bath in the well and to come up once more, dripping.

The Princess Alexandra had brought out her two daughters for the day but Lady Archibald had not counted on them. Her dining room was limited in size and already overcrowded for luncheon, so Lady Archibald simply said to the Princess, "Awfully sorry, Alexandra, but the girls will have to eat with Elspeth in the nursery." As they were nearly grown at the time and were Royal Princesses this seemed amazing to me but evidently it was understood by both the Princess and her daughters. In fact nothing that Lady Archibald did was considered surprising, she herself was so unusual.

During the course of the day I was shown the private quarters of Coombe House. Lord Archibald considered himself an artist and had decorated his own rooms with sea horses and other monsters. He asked me how I liked the sea horses. I did not say so, but I thought they certainly might have given him nightmares.

Lady Archibald's room was originally decorated. The walls were black and her bed was in the center of the room on a raised dais covered with black fur. Such things have become the fashion since, but then it seemed most extraordinary.

Lady Archibald had light gray eyes and Lord Archibald's were pale blue. Elspeth, their only daughter, had great dark orbs, which were really splendid. When I commented on them Lady Archibald said, "They are rather nice, I bought 'em for a shillin'." On my asking her meaning she told me the story of how she was walking in the countryside some

months before Elspeth was born and an old beggar woman who was sitting by the road held out her hand for alms. Lady Archibald said that as she dropped a shilling in the outstretched palm the old woman looked up with dark eyes so beautiful they startled her. Lady Archibald said that, as she walked away, she wished her child could have such eyes, and when she was born she did have them. "So," she continued, "I always say I bought 'em for a shillin'."

A charming story. The Lady Elspeth of today is as full of talent and independence as her mother. She wears the kilt of the Argyles, plays the bagpipes and lives the life of a bachelor girl, eschewing everything of a shallow nature.

While we were in London Miss Kincaid, a friend of Eleanor's gave us a party at Queen Anne's Mansions. London was at that time in the throes of the aesthetic craze, of which Oscar Wilde had been the high priest and all the pre-Raphaelites the great exponents.

If it was not the fashion

"To walk down Piccadilly
With a Poppy or a Lily
In one's medieval hand"

it was certainly the fashion to wear them to evening parties.

"The greenery gallery
Grosvenor gallery
Out of the way, young girl"

was everywhere in evidence.

At the dinner and musical given by Miss Kincaid, who with her brother belonged to *the* aesthetic circle, I had my first experience with the group.

On one side of me at dinner was a young exquisite with a far-away expression, long, dank, yellow hair, and a Byronic

collar topping his velvet costume. On the other side of me was an "old beau about town" by the name of Sir Patrick O'Brien.

The young exquisite proved better than he looked, as he told me the story of Sir Patrick's endeavors to get into a club called the "Poet's Corner," for which, when the doorman raised the wicket, one had instantly to make a rhyme with his own name in order to be admitted. Sir Patrick had memorized many rhymes, but he always forgot them as soon as the wicket was raised.

My exquisite recited that one evening when Sir Patrick had returned home in a highly bibulous condition his wife said, "Here comes Pat O'Brien as drunk as a swine."

Overhearing this, Sir Patrick broke in with, "That is right, I rushed right over to the club and as soon as the wicket was raised—I thought I had him that time—I said, 'Here comes Pat O'Brien as dhrunk as a *pig*.' So I didn't get in that time at all, either."

The dinner was a long one and I noticed Sir Patrick apparently growing shorter and shorter in his chair. He was really slipping down under the table. I looked around to see what would be done, but nothing occurred. He was just allowed to slip silently out of sight, and my young friend said that after the ladies left the room he would be carried to his carriage and sent home, to again illustrate his wife's verse.

After dinner, when the men joined us in the long drawing-room, I was again to be astonished. It was apparently the day of parlor stunts and all seemed anxious to show their accomplishments. My Byronic friend recited some fervid poems of Swinburne, others read their own compositions, and one long, lanky lady, actually carrying a sunflower "in her medieval hand," garbed in a shapeless sage-green gown, her hair tumbled about her in artistic disarray, sang a ditty about

"The Melancholy Days Have Come." Her voice was the saddest thing of all. I wanted to hide, I felt so depressed.

Just then our host announced that a famous impersonator would now recite. A chair was placed in the center of the room for her. She glided to it, her dark, shining eyes beaming through her hair which she had loosened about her face. I did not guess at the moment what was in store for me.

She seated herself and commenced,

"Stay! jailer, stay! and hear my cry,
She is not mad who kneels to thee."

It was so wonderfully realistic that she seemed to become a very maniac before our eyes.

A man standing beside me was so wrought up by the recitation I thought he was going to dance the Spanish Fandango or the Highland Fling!

It was just one thing too much for me, my subdued giggles became audible, so I had to resort to the subterfuge of sobbing, but as many of the artistic sisters were also sobbing, my lapse was covered and the impersonator had but added another wreath to her laurels.

I suspected her, however, of having given the performance through a pure sense of mischief.

To refer again to Eleanor Calhoun, she gave up her extraordinarily brilliant career to become the wife of Prince Lazarovich Hrebelianovich and to care for his little motherless children—Christians to be freed from the Turks. For a quarter of a century she has been her husband's comrade in all of his activities, including many political acts, the financ-

ing of the Danube-Aegean Canal Project and collaborating in the authorship of two volumes on Balkan history, now chief reference books on that subject. She has also several noteworthy volumes of her own to her credit, including "Pleasures and Palaces" and her "European Memoirs."

In the latter volume she tells of her thrilling study and acting in Paris with the great Coquelin, as well as of her career in England, notably an all-star performance at Stratford-on-Avon, in which she played the role of Lady Macbeth. This gave rise to proposals from London friends of rank, fortune and culture to help her build in London a classical theater, internationally in character, for the best in acting and plays. Several foremost players who were interested offered to co-operate for a part of each year. But she turned from fame and fortune to home life and hardships with those she loved to serve.

* * * * *

After the various diversions afforded us in London through Eleanor and her friends and our various excursions with the family party, Andrew and I broke away from his people and went over to Ireland to pay a visit to the family of my father.

Three sisters were his only surviving immediate relatives: one widowed and the other two spinsters, living together and waited upon by venerable retainers.

One incident stands out in my memory: One day old Michael, the butler, in a faded green livery, handed my Aunt Julia an envelope on a tray. She glanced at its contents and said, "What is this, Michael?" Looking very much perturbed, he murmured something to her. "What?" said my aunt. "An account, Madame," mumbled Michael, still more abashed by my presence.

"Who dared to send me such a thing?" said my aunt. "How impertinent, put it in the fire."

I, amazed, inquired, "Is a bill, then, so unusual?"

"Yes," said my aunt haughtily, "we have a credit system that runs for years and frequently our accounts are allowed to run on and are collected from our estates. Of course, heavy interest accrues and there are processes of insurance and so on, but then," she said with a shrug, "it saves so much annoyance while one lives."

To me it seemed the most delightful custom I had heard of in Europe. Later I learned many of the best dealers have a system of long and short credit. Long credit includes the price of added interest to the debt.

My aunts were charming to my husband, but they were cold to me, as they could not forgive that unfortunate change of name, although I explained that I was too young when it happened to be held accountable. My Aunt Julia, who was the eldest and the spokeswoman, lifting one of her fine eyebrows, replied that I had grown old enough to know better and had been married under my stepfather's name. There was no gainsaying this, so I had to submit to their evident resentment. However, we spent an interesting week with them and I learned much that filled me with an increasing regret that I had not been born a boy or that my father had had no son.

The day we were to leave Ireland we paid a visit to the ancient tombs of the McCarthy-Moores, at Muckross Abbey, on the beautiful Lower Lake of Killarney. We started next day with an escort of cousins in four jaunting cars to the hill of Queenstown Heights, where we were to join our ship which then lay in the harbor ready for sailing.

As the smoke commenced to belch from her smokestacks and she was weighing anchor, Andrew Simonds, with his arms around the necks of two of his new found cousins-in-law, informed me in an accent caught in Ireland, that he was going to "stchay" another week. My luggage had already been taken out on the tender; the rest of the Simonds family were

already waving to us from the deck, when Andrew positively refused to board the little boat which was to take us to the steamer.

Finally I boarded the boat by myself, and in tears. This was too much for my teasing cousins, so they pulled Andrew on board and gaily presented him with a highly decorated shillalah "to keep his wife in order." By that time I did not care whether Andrew "stchayed" in Ireland or not, so long as I got away and placed myself once more under the wing of dear Mamma Simonds, safe from my wild Irish kin.

When I look back on the visit, however, it was in the main delightful. The Irish people are like our Southerners in their hospitality. Nothing can exceed their kindness or their generosity, and they take others, as they take themselves, for granted. The upper class of the Irish are the best bred people I have ever met. No pretense whatever and no false pride. I heard good politics discussed intelligently by the women as well as the men, also many good stories that later became part of my own repertoire.

Years after our visit, when the last of my aunts passed away, I received as a heritage a portrait of my father as a boy, which I had tremendously admired. It hangs in my home today and is by Cockburn-Smith, a follower of Reyburn. The face of the portrait was somewhat marred in transit, which was a real tragedy. It had to be restored and the expression of the countenance has altered the resemblance. It is still, however, a most beautiful portrait and like Reyburn's paintings, the whole picture is kept in abeyance to the face which shines out from the canvas as if it were especially illuminated.

Another gift was my father's christening cup of George the Third silver, with the family arms; I also received some exquisite linen, but beyond these I got nothing; the children of the widowed eldest sister falling heir to all of the other

possessions. So the displeasure of my aunts was again shown in a final unforgiving gesture.

On the homeward journey from Ireland Mamma Simonds and I grew better acquainted than ever. Her first born and darling had married a girl not only of his choice, but of hers, and we became sworn friends and allies. The dear lady entered into all my plans for the future and told me she wanted to help me to make Andrew's home so attractive that he "would never wish to wander from his own fireside."

The winter of my marriage after I had made my bow to Charleston society, Andrew took me back to visit my mother during the New Orleans Carnival. I was radiant with youth and gayety and in all the finery of my Paris clothes. Old Lisa, after she had helped me dress for the first ball I attended, put her hands on my shoulders and with the liberty of her kind asked me in her *patois* if I were really happy. I laughingly shook her off and said gaily, "Who wouldn't be happy with a good-looking young husband spoiling one to death?"

But old Lisa sighed heavily, seemingly unconvinced, shook her head and begged me to take her back to Charleston with me. This I felt would not do, and I had to tell her so frankly but gently. When I returned at two o'clock in the morning I found her sitting up for me, with my hot milk, as she used to do, crooning her old Creole song over the fire:

"Pauvre petite mam'zelle Zizi
Li gagnin plein des douleurs
Dans son petit coeur a li
Si li sachez, faut li cachez."

Her Creole song, translated, would approximately be:

"Poor little Mam'zelle Zizi,
She has a great big hurt
In the youthful heart of her.
She must abide it, and must hide it."

Andrew asked me what she meant and I told him she was trying to make me feel sorry for myself and for her so that I would take her back to Charleston. I did not need his reply to understand his feelings on the subject.

About two weeks after the conclusion of my visit poor old Lisa died. My mother said she seemed to lose interest in life and would not eat. The other servants thought she practiced some voodoo rite to help her out of the world.

I lost the most devoted and loyal servant I ever had, and George W. Cable said he had lost a mine of information about the early romances of Louisiana.





Upper: VILLA MARGHERITA
 Lower left inset: END OF THE SWIMMING POOL OR ATRIUM
 Right inset: A MANTEL-PIECE IN THE BALL-ROOM
 Picture shows none of the beauty of the details—fluting of columns, etc.

CHAPTER X

Our First Residence in Charleston

WHEN we returned to Charleston, Dr. Simonds presented us, as one of his many wedding gifts, with what was then No. 4 South Battery. It was a typical Charleston house of red brick with wide piazzas running across its entire southern front on all three stories, and overlooked the harbor and White Point Gardens, the name of the park in front, or "The Battery," as it is generally called.

South Battery, which was directly opposite us, is filled with live oaks from the arms of which, history recounts, pirates used to be swung. Poe tells such a story in the *Gold Bug*, the scene of which is laid on Sullivan's Island, just opposite East Battery. South Battery joins the sea wall of East Battery, which protects the fine Colonial mansions that face it from the rise of the tide. The broad flagged walk on its top is the fashionable promenade. It is protected by four great guns, reminiscences of the Civil War, which are mounted there now and, like the old Mulmein pagoda, "look lazy out to sea."

Dr. Simonds not only gave us the house on South Battery, but gave his wife *carte blanche* to furnish it. We went to New York to make our selections. I had received several hundred wedding presents and was delighted to have a background for our beautiful things. But the house itself did not please me. It was not in keeping with the more stately homes on the Battery. According to Charleston fashion there were no communicating rooms, each room being a single unit and opening into a hall. Nor could I get an artist to properly paint my drawing-room. So I had a scaffolding made and, lying on my back, painted the ceiling myself, in fleecy clouds through which the garland of roses I had painted as a frieze

showed tendrils here and there where the ceiling met the side walls.

This room was done in the French fashion with old rose and old blue brocaded furniture and hangings. The furniture was of dark birdseye maple, except the upholstered pieces, and all the paintings were water colors in the French style.

The library, a large room above the drawing-room, was done in mahogany and amber. It was charming, but I determined some day to build a house exactly according to my own ideas.

Meanwhile my indulgent father-in-law satisfied all my caprices. In addition to other things, he gave me a pair of black Russian Orloff ponies, with silky manes and tails that reached almost to the ground. With these he presented me with a low Victoria with a broad dashboard, no driver's seat, but a rumble for a "tiger" behind. This equipage truly startled Charleston.

While we were living at our first home, No. 4 South Battery, Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, Mrs. Hewitt, their two daughters, Sally and Nellie, and their guests, Mr. Robert (Bobbie) Hargous and Mr. Stephen B. Olin, came down on a private car on their way to Florida. I gave them an entertainment and they invited me to go with them on the rest of the trip.

This was my second visit to St. Augustine and Palm Beach. The Royal Poincianna had just been finished, as had White Hall—the place which Mr. Henry Flagler had built for his bride, the former Mary Lily Keenan, and my friend. She entertained me in this beautiful palace with its many museum pieces. When she said she would prefer a little cottage with a piazza and some rocking chairs, I could not help laughing at and with her.

She was a *petite* brunette and I told her she reminded me of a well-browned little partridge in the center of a large golden platter. She was a dear, and so good to her distin-

guished, half-invalid husband that she deserved everything in the world he could do for her. I had met her first in the old days at St. Augustine with Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones, whose guest she was.

I had a delightful time with the Hewitts. For many years when I went North I visited them at "Ringwood" in Ramapo Valley, near Tuxedo. Mrs. Hewitt was an American hostess with the English ideas. Seated in her deep chair in her drawing-room or on the lawn at "Ringwood," in her flowing draperies and with a garden hat tied under her chin while she poured tea, she was indeed the typical English hostess and the center and life of all of the party.

Mr. Abram Hewitt had the same caustic brilliancy which his daughter Sarah, or Sally, has inherited, and the same independence. While he was Mayor of New York City he had the Irish flag taken down from the City Hall on St. Patrick's Day, Tammany to the contrary notwithstanding, as he said this happened to be America and not Ireland.

At Ringwood I grew to know the Lorillards, whom I later visited at Tuxedo, after Mr. Lorillard had built the club house and the theater at which Mrs. James Brown Potter, who was Cora Urquhart of New Orleans, first caught her fever for the stage. I remember hearing her tell the story of how, when Bishop Potter of New York remonstrated with her for bringing discredit on the Potter name through the stage, her reply was that she wished to make the Potter family famous for something—"for good acting, if not for good preaching."

I saw her in the role of Cleopatra, and when some one asked one of the wags what he thought of her in this role, he said he thought she came out without much honor (on her)! Her costume for those days was rather scanty. Today it would be considered voluminous.

While I was at Ringwood I met Flora Mapes Dodge, who

had been Flora Bigelow. She divorced Dodge and became the famous Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest of England. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, her father, was one of the most delightful conversationalists I have ever met. I believe it was his son who threatened to, and I think did, personally chastise the Kaiser. After this episode he was called "the man who licked the Kaiser."

Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, who had been Lucy Work, and her sister, the beautiful Mrs. Burke Roche, whose eldest son is Lord Fernoy and a member of the British Parliament, were also frequent guests at the Hewitts. Mrs. Hewitt was devoted to her daughter-in-law, Lucy, wife of her eldest son, Cooper, and considered her one of the most talented of women. As a matter of fact, she did everything well. She was a born actress and could fling a shawl around her and give an impersonation as fine as one of Ruth Draper's, which would have made her famous had she wished to make impersonation a profession. She did excellent work during the World War at the head of a hospital in Paris.

My erstwhile bridesmaid, Mrs. Seth Barton French, in the American Red Cross in Paris, also did splendid work there.

In reviewing my life the procession of interesting men and women seems to grow until I feel there is hardly room for them between the covers of any one book.

One of the pleasures of my life in Charleston was the group of intimate friends with which Andrew surrounded me and who really became like members of the household. No matter what else they did on Sunday evenings, they gathered regularly at our house for late supper and talked over the affairs of the week, new books, art, plays and politics. They were all college-bred and traveled men and afforded a weekly intellectual treat whose saying might have been compiled, like St. Beuve's *Causeries de Lundi* (part of my course of reading while on the plantation in Louisiana).

From these weekly talks, which were really like a salon, I gathered much that later became a philosophy of life.

In the group were Harry Holmes, or the "Count," as we called him. He was a unique character in his way, with a mind of great cultivation and biting wit. He was the trustee of the Gibbs estate and lived in the old Gibbs mansion on Meeting Street, surrounded with beautiful Colonial furniture and choice paintings, where he gave, occasionally, the most *recherché* little dinners. He subsequently married the widow of James Gibbs, who had inherited the very splendid jewels of one of the family who was the wife of a Minister to a foreign court. As Mrs. Holmes, she used to entertain in the dimly-lighted dining-room, hung with family portraits, looking like one of them, robed in velvet, point lace and jewels.

Harry Holmes always reminded me of a glass of his own fine Madeira. When he first joined our intimate circle, one Sunday evening, after the usual throng of visitors had departed, he put on his glasses and, looking at me quizzically, told me that he regretted to see that I was allowing myself to become popular. I asked him what he meant and said I presumed they would all like to see me a popular hostess. "No," he replied, "and you won't like it yourself. *Popularity is nearly always purchased at the price of boredom.* If you allow the hordes of the Medes and Persians to overrun your house and you have to make yourself agreeable to every damned bore among them, he will be sure to return."

I found that, in a way, he was exactly right and I have never since desired to be what is called "generally popular."

Thomas de la Torre was among our group and, as his name indicates, he was of the noble old Milanese family of that name which intermarried with representative families of Europe, even among the Austrian nobility. Mr. de la Torre himself was a professor of Latin and mathematics in

the College of Charleston, a connoisseur of art and music and a great asset to our circle. He later became the godfather of my daughter. He now spends most of his time in Italy, though he regards Charleston as his home where he has many beautiful relics of his family and as he is a born and bred Charlestonian, Charleston proudly claims him as her son.

Eugene Thiebaut, the foreigner among us, was a statesman and a student, with the temperament of the artist. Though he was a product of Paris, his sympathies were international and his nature quite unlike what is generally expected of a gay Parisian. He was a gentle poet and dreamer, with the innate grace and fire of his race. He proved a valuable addition to our clique and we cherished him all the more because Charleston did not understand him. He later became Chargé d'Affaires of France under Paternotre in Washington, and himself wrote the Peace Protocol between France and Spain. While he held this office he married Regina de Remifo, the widow of a South American diplomat. The ceremony was performed by the Papal Nuncio in his private chapel in Washington. Andrew and I went on from Charleston to represent the Thiebaut family, as he had none of his friends or family there for the occasion except ourselves. He afterwards served as Minister Plenipotentiary from France to Buenos Aires and, during the World War, occupied that post at Norway and Sweden.

Wilmot and Frank Porcher, two brothers of the old regime in Charleston, were yachtsmen of the first order and added to the pleasure of our summer evenings when we skimmed the waves with them. Wilmot, whom I have mentioned as a groomsman when I married Andrew Simonds, had a sailboat, but Frank's boat was a combination naphtha and sail, which made a frightful noise, and we named it "The Hustle or Bust."

Dr. John L. Dawson was another member of our circle

with a brilliant mind. He afterwards married Mary Symington of Baltimore; then there was Dr. Peter Gourdine de Saussure, of one of the old French Huguenot families of Charleston, and a great character; also Willie and George Trenholme, sons of the Comptroller of the Currency, both of them Oxford men, and Judge Christy Bennet, the best read man I have ever known in my wide circle of acquaintances. His mind was like an encyclopedia itself; there was no information on any subject that did not seem to be at his command. He recalled all the poetry he had ever read, indeed everything seemed to become like a steel plate engraved on his memory. I am happy that I still count him among my friends today, though he lives the life of a recluse in the mountains of North Carolina.

There was also Judge Brawley of the United States Circuit Court, who had been a former Congressman from South Carolina. He and his son, Porter, were members of the group on Sunday evenings, and his charming wife was also a great friend. Her entertainments were among the most elegant ever given in Charleston and the dinner parties of the Brawleys were famous affairs.

Dear Doctor Edward Parker, with his wit and cleverness, who afterwards married Charleston's greatest belle sparkling "Harry" (Harriet) Frost; William Robertson, whom everybody loved, a nature of sorrowful sweetness, and Edward Hughes, one of Andrew's boon companions, were among the friends on whom we also counted on Sunday evenings, and to them were added the visitors who were always passing through the city—the yachtsmen in the harbor, the admirals and captains of the warships, etc.

With these surroundings my life in Charleston, which is generally considered somewhat circumscribed, was anything but dull. I have never known a social life where so many people who could really be called intellectuals could be

gathered together at a moment's notice. In this opinion I was upheld by the writers who came to Charleston for our symposium one winter, which will be described later, and who expressed themselves as never having found in any American city such a responsive and cultivated atmosphere as that of Charleston.





A HUNTING PARTY FOR PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

Upper left: In the sulky, President Cleveland; Mrs. Thiruston Ballard (Annie Oakley) standing; next, Miss Josephine Knight, my cousin; Thruston Ballard and Commodore Benedict

Upper right: The President holding the reins of his patient mule; Mrs. Ballard; I am concealed by Commodore Benedict; and Mr. Ballard leaning on rear wheel

Lower left: Mrs. Ballard's morning bag of duck

Lower right: President Cleveland waving farewell. Our boat, the Diana, in the background. (Andrew was taking the picture.)

CHAPTER XI

President Grover Cleveland and Other Hunting Guests

ANDREW SIMONDS was a keen huntsman and considered one of the best shots in South Carolina. Not only did he supply his home with game, but all of his hunting and fishing friends exchanged the results of their skill with him.

He was commodore of the Yacht Club and had especially constructed for him in New York a yacht he called *Diana*. Though large enough to accommodate eight guests, it drew only four feet of water, so that it could go into the shallowest rivers and inlets.

When the Santee Club was organized, of which Andrew was made vice-president and served as acting president, we used to come home literally laden with hundreds of wild duck—each hunter being granted a quota of 50 for a morning's shoot. We used to make up bags of canvas-back and teal to send to our friends in the North.

In this connection I want to mention the variety and abundance of game that abounded in Charleston. The cellar of our home was always supplied with wild duck of every kind, haunches of venison, kegs of Bull's Bay oysters, tubs of live terrapin; also with casks of lobster brought down in sea water on ships from Boston, and old Virginia hams, so that it was not difficult at any time to arrange a feast that would delight a *gourmet*. One could live like a nabob in Charleston in those days on an income that would have been considered mediocre in New York.

Supplementing the variety of fish and game, our wine cellar was stocked with the best vintages of France and Spain

and with Madeira that had "thrice crossed the line"; we were indeed prepared for any emergency.

There is a well-established theory that Madeira must "thrice cross the line" in order to be ripened properly. It was shipped in goat-skins on sailing vessels from Madeira to Charleston, from Charleston it was returned to Madeira, and thence back to Charleston again, when it was ready to bottle. Rolling around in the goat-skins gave it the flavor that was deemed necessary by connoisseurs.

An amusing story is told of an old Huguenot, Mr. Robert Gourdine, who had a celebrated wine cellar and was famous for his Madeira. He claimed he could tell the vintage of any Madeira with his eyes blindfolded, and he was willing to bet on it. So they took up his bet at the old Charleston Club and the connoisseur was blindfolded. After tasting a quantity of the wine, they gave him some from a common yellow jug—for which they had sent one of the butlers of the club to the corner grocery. After tasting it the connoisseur said, "This is the rarest wine of them all; it is of the vintage of 1870 and there is none other in Charleston like it except in my cellar."

Thereupon they took the bandage from his eyes and showed him the jug from which it had been poured. "Where did you get it?" he roared. They told him, "from a nearby grocer." The old gentleman shook his white locks in rage and said, "Bring me the grocer." The grocer was brought. "Where did you get that wine?" the connoisseur demanded. The grocer, terribly frightened, finally acknowledged, "I am obliged to tell you, I bought it from Mr. Gourdine's butler, sir." So Mr. Gourdine demonstrated that he did know and could tell the vintage of good Madeira.

It was just such a life as that led by Mr. Gourdine that Mr. Yates Snowdon describes in two stanzas of a descriptive poem on the Carolina Bourbon:

"Perhaps too easy life he led—
Four hours afield and ten abed,
His other time he talked and read,
Or else made merry,
With many a planter friend to dine
His health to drink in fine old wine —
Madeira, *which thrice crossed the line.*
And gold leaf sherry.

"And here was mooted many a day
The question on which each gourmet
Throughout the parish had his say;
Which is the best,
Santee or Cooper River bream?
Alas! The evening star grew dim
Ere any guest agreed with him,
Or he with guest."

On one occasion when we were to entertain President Grover Cleveland on our yacht, the *Diana*, Mr. Robert Gourdine sent us some of his rarest Madeira, and the President said, "as a complement to wild duck, the gods could have provided nothing better."

While acting president of the Santee Club, Andrew used to make up shooting parties composed of his friends in the North. One of the men who very frequently came down on his yacht, *The Margaret*, was Isaac Emerson, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Waggaman. The latter's son, Floyd Waggaman, now lives in Washington with his wife, a woman of unusual charm and culture.

Mr. Emerson and Mr. Waggaman were both fine shots, and Mr. Emerson's youngest daughter, Margaret, became almost as famous with the shotgun as her father. She won many prizes for her prowess in the field, especially at the shooting matches in Florida. She afterwards married Mr. McKim of Baltimore, then Reginald Vanderbilt, who was lost on the *Titanic*. Ray Baker of Washington, former Direc-

tor of the United States Mint, was her third husband, and she has just recently married a Mr. Amory of Boston. I have never known a girl who cherished a deeper affection for her father than did Margaret Emerson. For years she wore his picture in a locket around her neck and seemed to have for him not only a filial devotion, but a sort of hero worship. And he was a wonderful father to her.

President Cleveland was a frequent guest at the Santee Club and a member of our hunting parties. He used to come down with Commodore Benedict on his yacht, when they made their famous bags of duck.

I heard that at one of the dinners to President Cleveland on the *Diana*, when I was not present, an amusing incident occurred. Old John, the steward, made a specialty of broiled duck livers with an original sauce and their complement of fried hominy and celery salad. He had prepared the sixth or seventh platter of this delectable combination for the hungry huntsmen. The weather was extremely warm for that season of the year and old John was weary from his frequent trips from the table to the galley and back. Suddenly a spark from President Cleveland's cigar fell into the pocket of his hunting jacket where there were a few loose grains of powder; a flash of fire and a slight explosion ensued. The old steward, who was as stout as the President, fell back through the door, a platter of duck livers in his hand, and exclaimed, louder than the explosion, "G'eat Gawd! He done buss! I knowed it was boun' to happen!" President Cleveland enjoyed the incident as much as anybody and frequently told the story on himself.

On another occasion when President Cleveland and Commodore Benedict were members of the party, we had with us on board the *Diana* our house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Thruston Ballard from Louisville, Kentucky, brother and sister-in-law of Charles Ballard, and my stepsister, Mina Breaux Ballard,

with their friend, Christie Churchill, and my cousin, Josephine Knight. Mrs. Thurston Ballard is a noted shot and was called the "Annie Oakley of Kentucky." She made a larger bag of duck than any of the men, and President Cleveland was very indignant about it. When the count was made and he saw that a *mere woman* had outshot him, he made faces and muttered to himself like a cross little boy, insisting that some of the men had added to her quota! "No woman *could* have killed so many ducks unaided!" he murmured to himself.

A story illustrative of Mrs. Cleveland's rare tact was told by my mother who, that same winter, was visiting at the home of Major Mims in Atlanta. The Major, who was the host *par excellence* of the city and the president of the Gate City Club where he was entertaining for Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, was taking Mrs. Cleveland in to supper on his arm. The President was following them with Mrs. Mims. As they reached the dining-room door Mrs. Cleveland stepped aside so that the President might precede her. But she counted without her host, who tried to have her step ahead, saying, "Not in the South, madam. Lovely woman, madam, always takes the lead below Mason and Dixon's line."

Mrs. Cleveland quietly replied, "But the President of the United States is President both North and South and must always go first." So she drew back and forced the Major to let the President precede them. To his dying day the Major could not be made to see that "lovely woman" should not always have the first place everywhere.

The Major was a great character, as was his adughter, Emma, my old school friend, who has left the memory of her beauty, her sayings and her independence stamped deep upon the pages of Atlanta's history. She was president of the Board of Lady Managers of the Atlanta Exposition, and was also one of the commissioners from this country to the Paris Exposition. She was easily

the leading woman of her day in Georgia. I was her first bridesmaid when she married and her friend to the day of her tragic death, which I mourned as if she had been my sister.



CHAPTER XII

Commissioner to the Atlanta Exposition

DURING the Atlanta Exposition it was my privilege to serve on the Board as the Commissioner from South Carolina. I was given charge of the decoration of the Assembly Hall of the Woman's Building. This was a huge and ugly room when I first saw it, and I determined to turn it into a thing of beauty. So I went to New York and got William Baumgarten, then considered one of the greatest decorators, to come down and hang the walls with red Utrecht velvet, draped from the ceiling to the floor in soft folds. The floors I covered with superb carpets, and Mr. Baumgarten lent me cabinets of *Vernie Martin* in which to place the South Carolina collection of miniatures which I had assembled.

While the decorating was under way I started on a pilgrimage throughout the State of South Carolina. I was accompanied by an old friend of the family as chaperone and by the venerable Dr. Gabriel Manigault, who was the curator of the Charleston Museum and himself the owner of many magnificent paintings. A painting from his collection now hangs in Boston, in the Copley Museum there. It is a painting of Ralph Izard and his wife by Copley, and probably one of the finest Copleys extant.

We collected all of the best examples of Gilbert, Stuart, Rembrandt-Peale, Copley and others who had painted most of the South Carolina notables of the olden days. We assembled also a marvelous collection of miniatures by Malbone and Frazer; some of them mounted in precious jewels. I made, besides, a collection of rare fans, some of which were painted with miniatures on ivory, and secured choice speci-

mens of Colonial furniture: Hepplewhite, Sherraton, Chippendale and Adams. Mrs. Vanderhorst of Charleston had some unique specimens and loaned me a sideboard and table at which Lafayette and Washington were entertained while in Charleston.

One end of the big room I furnished like a Colonial dining-room and the rest of it as a picture gallery. It won the gold medal for interior decoration. Thomas Nelson Page wrote of it for the Northern papers, saying that it was the most complete and educational loan collection of paintings and Colonial antiques ever before then, brought together in any one place, at any one time, in America.

I was greatly assisted in assembling this collection by the courtesy of Charles Parsons, one of my friends, then president of a railroad, who put his private car at the disposal of my self and party. He also lent me his rare collection of Chinese art in the shape of ivory carvings, jade and crystal, with the cabinets in which to place it, and sent a man to unpack and display it for me. This collection created much interest in Atlanta, which was just then expanding with beautiful homes and estates along Peachtree Street and its park.

When I first went to Atlanta the old Kimball House was the chief hotel and society was to me a diverting affair. When I went on from New Orleans as bridesmaid for Emma Mims and found I needed a pair of satin slippers to match a gown, I went with Emma to one of the best shops in Atlanta to see if I could be fitted there. The young man who showed me his collection knelt on the floor to try the slippers on, and that night at the cotillion he knelt on the ballroom floor in the same attitude to present me with a favor for the german. I found that shoe clerks and ribbon clerks were at that time among our dancing partners. In the new era that was then

dawning in Georgia the sons of the gentry did anything that came their way, and the more praise to them!

The home of Major Mims, where I always visited, was a charming old-fashioned house on the site where now stands the magnificent new hotel, Georgian Terrace, Atlanta's largest hostelry and apartment-house today.

Brookwood, the home of Emma Mims Thompson, after her marriage, was then on the farthest outskirts of the city in what is now the Park extension of Peachtree Street, with one splendid estate after another far beyond it. The homes of the Grants, the Maddoxes, and other well-known families are in this Park, while in another part of Atlanta are the palaces of the kings and queens of industry, notably the Coca-Cola king and the "No-Kink" queen.

The development of these palatial homes has occurred since I knew Atlanta. Then, the homes were simple and the chief gathering places were the Gate City Club and the Piedmont Driving Club. Bob Lowry with his coach and four was the most spectacular figure of Atlanta society, and many a famous drive did I have around the beautiful environments of the city, on the box-seat of his turnout, winding up at the Piedmont Club for supper and a dance.

Among the people I remember best in those bright days are Robert Maddox and his charming wife, and the ever-blooming Harry Atkinson and his wife of illustrious Georgia lineage and their hospitable home; also Joan Clark, who was one of the best friends of my dear Emma and who afterwards married Lowry Arnold; Isma Dooly with her poetic gifts; talented Maud Ohl; Greer Zachary and Pat Calhoun, Jack J. Spalding; the entire Jackson family, Sally Fanny Grant and her mother; Tom Paine, a resplendent beau not only in Atlanta society, but who, when I was a girl, and I hear still, in conjunction with Joe Lane Stern leads the

cotillions at the White Sulphur, making one feel that there is no past and that everything is a part of the present.

Among them all, some of my most pleasant recollections are wrapped around the then youthful Clark Howell, still my friend. He later cut a great figure in Atlanta history and is now the owner and editor of one of the greatest papers in the South, the *Atlanta Constitution*. He has proven himself my able competitor in the matrimonial field. He has been successfully and happily married three times, all three of his wives having been noted for their loveliness.

After furnishing the Assembly Room of the Woman's Building for the Atlanta Exposition, I fell ill and could not enjoy any of the subsequent activities.

I was ill for weeks and finally, as soon as I was able to travel, I had to be taken to New York to be placed under the care of our family physician, Dr. William Metcalf Polk, a son of the "Fighting Bishop" of the Confederacy and a connection, through his wife, of Mamma Simonds. He took a most paternal interest in me and kept me under his direct care until I was thoroughly restored to health. Indeed I had to spend the greater part of the season in New York and did not return to Charleston until the close of the Atlanta Exposition.



CHAPTER XIII

A Little Journey Into New Worlds

ANDREW succeeded my kind father-in-law, Dr. Andrew Simonds as president of the First National Bank and became the youngest president of a National Bank in the United States.

My husband could not leave Charleston one especial summer but he urged me to join a party of friends who were going abroad, including my brother-in-law, Edward A. Simons, who had recently lost his wife, my husband's sister, Kate Crafts and William Robertson. So we started off on the White Star Line to the North Cape.

This expedition proved to be fraught with more notable adventures and experiences than almost any other of my little journeys into new worlds. I went armed with letters of introduction from our then Secretary of State, Mr. Thomas F. Bayard, and from other important officials, to our Ambassadors and Ministers on all of the countries we were to visit.

We made a tour of the Orkney and Shetland Islands and had a most interesting stay in Iceland, at Reykjavik. Then we went across the North Sea by the light of the midnight sun and the aurora borealis to the North Cape, where, after hobnobbing with the Laplanders, we started down through the fjords of Norway, with ice so blue it looked, in the glittering sunlight with the snow on the summit, like sapphires tipped with diamonds which, with the blue-green waters of the salmon streams and the leaping golden fish, made unforgettable pictures in my memory.

I remember one remarkable drive I had in a little Norwegian *stohlkjaerre* (stohlcar) as the ancient but comfortable and charming Norwegian vehicles are called. They are

shaped something like a sleigh on wheels instead of on runners. Indeed I think they are sleighs in winter and are put on wheels with high springs for the summer travel. The driver sits behind like those in the old hansom cabs and the reins are on metal holders on each side of the occupant. As the vehicle has no top and no driver in front there is nothing to obstruct the scenery. Like the Sedan chair, the *stohlkjaerre* is for one passenger only. It is a most sedately selfish equipage, and this sometimes is a drawback.

On the particular drive I shall recount I was with a handsome Norwegian whom I had met at the North Cape. I was in mourning for my sister-in-law, and as my husband was not with me my young Norwegian friend immediately jumped to the conclusion that I was a widow. On a certain day he asked me and another couple to have lunch with him at a country club famous for its salmon cooking. He arranged it so that our two *stohlkjaerres* went by one road and the two others by another route, and we were to reverse the plan in returning.

Just after we entered a marvelous green gorge beside the salmon stream the young Norwegian became most voluble, pouring out a stream of phrases in his bad French and leaning so far over in his *stohlkjaerre* the while that I was in momentary fear of his upsetting. At a turn in the road he said something to my driver in his native tongue; the latter immediately stopped my car. My escort then leapt from his and running to mine he bent over its side trying, impetuously, to seize my hands. In my effort to draw away I bent so far on the opposite side that it was my car that capsized instead of his, and I had a pretty tumble down the bank and came near falling into the stream among the salmon!

From this ignominy I was saved by my repentant cavalier. The driver, meanwhile, righted my car and we arrived at the luncheon in time; but I was furious and enjoyed giving that

young man the dressing down that he deserved. He said he was coming to America in the autumn, and I sweetly asked him to be sure to let me know so my husband could deal with him! He did come and did let me know, but Andrew thought the whole affair extremely funny and invited him to Charleston. He paid us a visit and we afterwards became great friends. But that experience made me determine that for the rest of the trip I would take my scenery unmingled with romance. A good resolution, anyhow!

All of the inland excursions were arranged by the steamship line, and if one is sure of a congenial party it is the very nicest way to travel, better even than a private yacht, for the ship's company afforded us a variety which is not possible on a yacht. Even without a prearranged party such trips are sure to add to the pleasant incidents of travel a number of delightful new acquaintances, perchance friends.

We added to our party Mr. Riding, who was one time editor of the *North American Review*; Dr. Francis Patterson, the ship's doctor, tall and good looking and a member of one of the old families of Philadelphia, who was on his first voyage and who attached himself to our train, so that we had many privileges and pleasures on board we would not otherwise have had; also Mr. Runyan, the purser, who was the son of a former Ambassador to Germany and brother of the beautiful Miss Runyan, who was so admired by the German Emperor as to make him extravagant in his praise of all American women, taking her as a type.

Our Charleston party of four just filled a carriage and if one or two fell out we could fill in with others. For traveling a *partie carree*, is the really ideal number.

When we arrived in Molde we had a great surprise in the beauty and picturesqueness of that little Norwegian city with its Cathedral containing the picture of the Tomb of Christ and with such a glow of light around the angel on the stone

as almost to dazzle the sight. Mr. Simons bought a copy of this picture and later had Tiffany reproduce it in stained glass for a memorial window in St. Michael's Church in Charleston, where it now is, in memory of Sadie Simonds, Edward Simon's wife.

When we reached Stockholm I presented my letters to Major Tom Ferguson, who was our Minister there. He and his daughter had a picturesque palace furnished with rare taste. All of the reigning family were great friends with the Fergusons, the Crown Prince playing tennis with them, informally, in the afternoons. Major Ferguson did much for our pleasure, taking us by motor boat on excursions through the Islands. Stockholm is justly called the Venice of the North.

There was an exposition over in Denmark at Copenhagen which we enjoyed as the Major's guests and I only regretted that we could not outstay the schedule of our boat. A short time later we did leave the boat when we went on to the then gay and glorious city of St. Petersburg. There I again presented my letters. Mr. Clifton Breckinridge, who was our Minister to Russia at the time, had been at his summer home in Finland, but had come in to St. Petersburg and had established temporary headquarters for the Legation at the Hotel de France for the visit of the President of France.

We took up our residence under the protection of our Legation as Miss Crafts and I were then alone, having left the rest of the party on shipboard. The day after our arrival, Mr. Breckinridge gave a large luncheon at which we met not only all of the Legation but many others, among them General Nelson A. Miles and his aide, General Marion Maus. General Miles was reviewing the Military maneuvers which were taking place that summer in Europe and was in St. Petersburg for the Grand Review of the Russian regiments which was to take place that week before the Czar and

the French President at Sarkoe Selo. Admiral Sims (not then an Admiral) was Naval Attache and General Henry T. Allen, then a Lieutenant, was Military Attache. They were both at the luncheon where I met also Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Purse, Mr. Purse being the First Secretary at the time. They were charming people and they asked Miss Crafts and me to visit them at their summer home in Finland which, on account of our engagements, we were, unfortunately, unable to do.

A friendship was established at that time between General Miles and myself that never wavered in all of the years that followed, until his death in Washington.

When the day arrived for the Military Review we set out in an open victoria drawn by a pair of spanking bays with clanking harness. General Miles and General Maus were our escorts, riding on either side of our carriage in full dress uniforms and on magnificent mounts; both of them such handsome men and looking so splendid on their high stepping steeds that I felt we were a part of a gallant picture.

No equipage has ever had the elegance of a properly appointed victoria and women have never shown to such advantage in any other vehicle. We had on light dresses, picture hats, corsage bouquets and carried parasols, while our French-heeled slippers posed coquettishly on the high foot cushions. I was so elated I could not help bowing and smiling to the crowds on either side until Miss Crafts laughingly brought me, blushing, to myself, by reminding me that I was not royalty. But indeed I thought the crowds expected us to bow. General Miles, seeing my crest-fallen expression asked the reason and, laughing too, said, "You are American Royalties, do not cheat the crowds, go on bowing." So then Miss Crafts and I both bowed and had a merry time, like children playing a game.

Arriving at Sarkoe Selo we witnessed the review of the

Russian army, which passed before the Czar, the President of France and the officials of the foreign countries. Felix Faure was then President of France, and was returning the visit of the Czar of the previous year. This put Russia on her metal to adequately return the French hospitality.

It was a time the like of which I fear will never be seen again for Imperial Russia is dead, with all its pomp and circumstance. Never was there such a spectacular army as that of Russia. One regiment (I think the body-guard of the Empress) was mounted on snow-white horses, was uniformed in white and pale blue with black patent leather boots and the double eagle of Russia on their helmets. Other regiments were in scarlet, on black horses; others in purple, on gray or bay horses, then, after the horses of uniform color had passed, there came the bays with black points, the grays with white feet, and so on. Every horse of each regiment was perfectly matched, almost to a hair.

Cossacks with their artillery bands playing as they rode at full tilt, were a wonderful sight to me. The Nevjski Prospect was completely lined, with the flag of Russia and the flag of France set in squares so as to form Maltese crosses. They were just alike except the three colors of one were of horizontal stripes and of the other were perpendicular. All of the important buildings were decorated with flags and outlined with lights, not electric for it was before the days of electrical display. The facades were hung with little porcelain cups with floating oil wicks. It must have taken a standing army to light them every night and fill them in the morning.

At Peterhoff, the summer home of the Czar, not only were the facades, the cascades and the fountains illuminated in this way, but the tall lindens of Peter the Great were hung with those fairy-like lamps, making a magical effect for the entertainments. There we were shown the hunting lodge of Peter

the Great and visited the dining room with its disappearing table which, at a touch of the foot, would drop into the pantry below to be redressed for the next course and then rise into its place again so that no servants were necessary in the same room with the Great Peter and his guests, or *guest*, as we were told that the lodge was a "honeymoon lodge"—*pour les petites noces* of Peter or Katherine, never, apparently, of Peter and Katherine.

While in Russia, we of course went to Moscow and saw the Kremlin under the best auspices, owing to the kindness of Mr. Breckinridge. Those tall, green, bulbous copper domes of the Mosques, or Cathedrals as they call them, and the jewel-like walls of the Kremlin made me feel as if I were in a dream of the Arabian Nights. Inside, the Cathedrals were ablaze with real jewels. Not only were the head-dresses of the Ikons studded with them but precious and semi-precious stones were set in the altars and columns of the Temples. All these, I hear, have now disappeared, picked out by Bolsheviks and sold.

Speaking of Ikons, I am reminded of something Richard Harding Davis said of the Russians, which I quote in substance, "Some religious people interrupt their avocations for their prayers but a true Russian only interrupts his prayers for his avocations." I found this practically true of our droshky drivers. At intervals, in every gateway of the walls of the city, there were shrines. Whatever our haste our driver would invariably stop before each shrine and cross himself a dozen times and then say his prayers; after that he would leisurely drive on. Oh how they did exasperate me! They did not understand any language apparently, not even their own, certainly not the urge or plea of the human voice.

One day in St. Petersburg our *concierge* told our driver to take us to the Jews' market, where we were to make some purchases. Seeing a shop on the road with some rare enamels

I wanted to stop and told the driver so in every tongue at my command. He turned neither head nor hair, but drove doggedly on. I pulled at his coat but without avail. So I arose in my wrath and standing up in the *droshky* beat that padded back with my umbrella until the dust flew in clouds, but nothing else happened. Mr. Moujik still did not turn his head but drove steadily on. I was tempted to jump out while we were in transit but having been told that no lady should walk alone on the Nevjski Prospect and not knowing how I could get back to the hotel if I did, I went on to keep my appointment with Countess X—, an impoverished gentlewoman speaking our language and Russian, whom Mr. Breckinridge had recommended as our guide around St. Petersburg. When I told Countess X— about the conduct of our driver, she explained to me that the concierge had told him where to go and as we were under the care of the United States Minister he would not have dared to disobey orders for, if anything had happened, he would have been held accountable.

Everything in Russia was ordered, even the Czar's rides. When he was supposed to ride out so bravely, unaccompanied except by an equerry, his route had been carefully selected and then guarded every few feet by armed secret police. He would not have dared to change his mind or his course. Poor little Czar, each time I saw him I thought he looked overwhelmed, as well he might have been, and I never saw a more melancholy smile than that of the Czarina.

On the day of the laying of the cornerstone of the new bridge across the Neva I saw the Czar come out of the palanquin where the Metropolitan (as the head of the Greek Church is called) was officiating at a mass. The Czar, like all Russians, was profoundly religious and the tears were streaming down his cheeks.

I have often wondered, since the revolution, what the heart

of the Russian feels like without his Great White Father. The peasants seemed so childlike in their reverence and faith. They must now be like children lost in the dark.

At last the day came for us to leave. We were loaded with presents for others and with many gifts we had received for ourselves. Among my greatest treasures were some jeweled Ikons, some enamels and a saddle cloth of Peter the Great, of red velvet heavily embroidered with gold and silver and encrusted with sequins, which is still one of my choicest possessions.

We proceeded to Berlin where General Miles was to witness the review of the German troops before the Emperor. I did not present any letters in Berlin as our Ambassador was absent but we were shown every courtesy by Admiral Niblack, the Naval Attaché.

We saw the Empress riding at the head of her own regiment, the troops carrying long spears with pennants, with which they rode at full tilt and which later were stacked before the Emperor at the Palace. We had come especially for these ceremonies and that night we had a dinner given for us at a restaurant *Unter den Linden*. There I made the acquaintance of a beverage I have ever since regarded as a drink divine. Ripe pared peaches had been placed in the bottom of tall, thin glasses, then, with a fork, the peaches were pricked full of holes and iced champagne poured over them. As the bubbles rose we drank our *Hoch der Kaiser* in a foaming nectar of champagne flavored with peach. Afterwards, when Admiral and Mrs. Coghlan visited me in Charleston and he recited his famous poem, "*Hoch der Kaiser*," I thought of my first *Hoch der Kaiser* in Berlin.

Leaving Berlin, Miss Crafts and I went to Paris. There I found our Ambassador, Mr. Eustis, one of our old New Orleans friends, was at Cannes, so we did not present our letters there either. But here again was General Miles! He

was seeing the French troops reviewed by their President, who had just returned from Russia, and the General pronounced them the best cavalry in all Europe.

I kept my letters for the Ambassador for another time, when they bore good fruit. Meanwhile, Miss Crafts and I simply indulged in the pleasures of Paris shops, under the tutelage of Daisée Thiebaut, the sister of my old friend Eugene Thiebaut. I also renewed my study of architecture with an increasing admiration for the use of the column. Of all the orders of the column I have always preferred the Corinthian with its acanthus leaves breaking through the basket, the pretty legend of its origin. Upon my return from Paris I made use of it in the facade of the house I designed for my permanent home in Charleston. Alas, is anything permanent in this world of change!



CHAPTER XIV

Our New Home Later Called the Villa Margherita and the Guests Who Graced It

I HAVE always felt the inner urge of creation and the love of building, and Andrew, always happy to gratify my wishes, allowed me to build a home from my own designs on the site of the original house at No. 4 South Battery, torn down to make room for the new structure. The erection of this new home, later known as Villa Margherita, gave me the joy of artistic expression. It was built from my original plans, inspired by early studies in France, and drawn to scale by an architect.

The facade of the Villa is pure Italian Renaissance with four white fluted Corinthian columns across the front. It is built around an inner court or atrium, with smaller fluted columns. This court contains a swimming pool. In those days it adjoined a sunken garden at the rear. Down one side of the atrium is a long ball room, one end of which gives access to the suite of drawing rooms. These in turn open into the reception room off the main hall.

On entering the hall of dark oak, one faces a double staircase leading to the second floor, underneath the gallery of which a door opposite the entrance looks out to the court, with its vista of palms and water.

On the right-hand side of the entrance there was a Moorish room hung with tapestry and lined with divans. This led into a dining room wainscoted almost to the ceiling with San Domingo mahogany and with a painted panel set into the ceiling, decorated with butterflies, garlands of grapes and roses. The butterflies, for flights of fancy; grapes were for plenty, and roses indicated that anything said at the feast

was to be *sub rosa*. The hangings matched the tones of the room, with pomegranates and peacocks in raised green velvet on a copper-gold ground. The sash curtains were of copper-gold tissue and the furniture and rugs were made in tones to harmonize.

On the left-hand side of the entrance there was an Empire reception room, the walls and draperies made of striped brocade, the frieze of Empire wreaths and the woodwork and furniture were of Empire design, in golden maple. This opened into a drawing room hung with gold brocade, panels and draperies of the same, in Louis XVI design. The woodwork was dull ivory, and the furniture was antique gold of the Louis XVI period.

From this attractive room one entered a green library giving access to the ball room, with its walls of dull red as a background to the pictures. This in turn looked through three large French windows into the court.

There were wide double doors between all of the rooms, so that, when thrown together, they formed a beautiful uninterrupted vista.

The Villa has been many times copied in southern countries. Externally it was designed to be in keeping with the architecture of Charleston; interiorally it was an absolute departure.

Among the visitors at Charleston that winter were Mr. and Mrs. Peck, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Mary Peck, afterwards became famous through her friendship with Woodrow Wilson, was at that time a slender blonde woman with a fascinating manner, marred somewhat by a certain provincialism and disconcerting mid-western note in her voice. She sang and played delightfully, however, and had such a keen sense of humor that I grew to like her exceedingly well. We nicknamed her husband her "Peck of trouble." He was a woolen manufacturer in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. When he

returned there from Charleston he sent me a huge bolt of striped blue and gray flannel which I had made into dresses for my servants.

Mary Peck's path crossed mine again, several times, in my fourth Incarnation while I was living in Princeton. When in the course of my memoirs, I come to her again I shall give my version of her friendship with the then President of Princeton University, as I actually knew it.

The mention of Mary Peck brings back to memory the train of fair maids and matrons whom I always had in residence with me at the Villa through the ebb and flow of the house parties. Andrew, who was as fond of entertaining as I was, had wished our new home to be arranged with a special view to house parties.

Among the galaxy of girls who were my most constant visitors was Jeanne Roman daughter of Judge and Mrs. Roman, before her marriage Sarah Rhett of Charleston. Jeanne had the French temperament and gaiety, and a voice with a beautiful timbre. It was a joy to me to hear her sing or to see her walk or dance, for she moved with the grace of a waving plume. She is now married to William Hudson Calvin, a high official of the Southern Railway and I see her whenever she comes to Washington.

My dear friend, Sarah Avery McIlhenney, of Avery's Island, Louisiana, referred to in my second Incarnation, was my guest at both the old and the new homes in Charleston and was immensely popular with all our circle. She exactly suited the taste of our fastidious Charlestonians.

One of the girls who added greatly to my pleasure was the lovely Ethel Dawson. Anna Ancrum, Andrew's cousin, was another. Her mother was a Calhoun and Anna finished at a Charleston school under my tutelage, as a house guest, and came out under my wing. She and her daughter Betty, who is my god-child, have continued to be frequent guests

in all my incarnations. Anna Ancrum has shown what adaptability and receptivity can do for a woman. She was early transplanted to a distant city, St. Paul, Minnesota, as Mrs. John Dodd Miller. She has so adjusted herself to her surroundings that she has formed a circle of friends large enough to make her own memoirs, if she ever writes them, a volume of interest to Americans.

My own young cousin, Josephine Knight, a namesake of my mother and the daughter of her sister, Angeline, made her debut in Charleston with me and spent a season there, bringing her faithful maid, Annie Lynch, whom my aunt later allowed me to have as a nurse for my baby. Josephine had studied music and languages abroad and was accomplished enough as a pianist to be a professional. Her playing after dinners, while she was with me, was a pleasure for ourselves and our guests. She, too, has proved the adaptability of American girls. On the sudden death of her young husband, Wareham Strong Baldwin, some years ago, when she found that she had to provide not only for herself but for her young son, she put her talents to such good account that she is now more than an independent entity. In addition to her social accomplishments, she has become the most successful woman agent of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company.

I always feel proud of girls who go from protected homes out into the world and, without aid from others, bravely succeed in establishing themselves.

The memory of one among the girls who visited me shines out with a particular luster, the radiant Martha Johnston, now Mrs. Delancey Koontz of New York, related to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Lady Herbert and R. T. Wilson and other members of the Wilson family, who have made prominent New York alliances. She, herself, is now known as one of the leading matrons of the Metropolis.

My sister-in-law, Mrs. John Simonds, who had been Mary

Branch of Augusta, was a noted southern beauty, a tall brunette with regular features, a glorious figure and a captivating manner. Mrs. Dawson, who had been Mary Symington of Baltimore, wife of Dr. John Dawson, was another tall and comely girl, with lustrous brown eyes.

Mary Dawson and Mary Simonds constituted my two side-partners. The "born Charlestonians" who were my friends at the time were Mrs. Henry Young, *nee* Lise Rutledge, and Alice, a daughter of General Rutledge; Ella Frost, who is now Mrs. Wilmot Porcher, and Fan Pringle, now Mrs. Pringle Ravanel and Katie Crafts. When I say "born Charlestonians" I say it with due reverence and this, without the slightest intent of sarcasm, for the born Charlestonians do not give their friendships lightly. It was considered quite an honor in those days for a stranger to win any of them over to a state of friendship where they might call each other by their first names.

An attractive woman, not a Charlestonian, who was often a guest at our home, was Mrs. Seth Mitchell Ackley, wife of Admiral Ackley of the United States Navy. I made many trips with them on the *Wisteria* while Mrs. Ackley was Light House inspector for the Coast. The *Wisteria* was a Government yacht and used as a Light House tender.

Edith Ackley, who had lived in many foreign countries and was a thorough cosmopolitan, was very fond of her cigarette. In Charleston, at that time, smoking among "ladies" was unknown and was regarded by the old conservatives as a heinous offense. At a luncheon given for Mr. Ackley by the highest and mightiest of Charlestonians, I was placed on the horns of a dilemma.

The day of the luncheon, Edith Ackley was not well enough to go, so had to send her regrets and I went without her. As soon as we were seated one of the austere dowagers fixed me with a cold eye and said, "Daisy, I hear your friend

Mrs. Ackley *smokes!*” There was a breathless pause. I felt the eyes of every woman at the table upon me. I had to think very fast for I knew if I said Mrs. Ackley did not smoke I would brand myself with an untruth, as the visitors at our home had seen her do it. If I said she did smoke, I convicted her of this dreadful crime. So, looking around the table and putting on my most innocent and beguiling expression I said, in a small voice, “Why, yes, Mrs. Ackley does smoke sometimes, having lived so many years in Austria where she acquired the habit, but she is careful never to smoke outside our home or before prejudiced people who might be shocked by it.”

Immediately voices arose in her defense, saying it was understandable in one who had lived so long abroad and that they were not among those who in the least objected, who held prejudices, and so on, until she was completely exonerated and the luncheon passed off pleasantly. As Mrs. Ackley was leaving shortly she never knew how our circle enjoyed the story. The next time she visited me her friend, Mr. Addison Armour, put into the harbor on his yacht, the *Ava*, and we exchanged courtesies. Through Mr. Armour, I had the pleasure of meeting his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Meredyth Whitehouse, whom I have ever since considered great acquisitions to my circle of acquaintances.

Anent cigarettes, even today when smoking has become such a matter of course among women in other cities, it is still frowned upon to a great extent, in Charleston. *The Saturday Evening Post*, last season, in daring to describe a St. Cecilia Ball (the first time this has been done, I think, since my newspaper article during the Charleston Exposition) commented upon two girls who were severely reprimanded by the president of the society for smoking cigarettes at the supper table. I knew both of the culprits extremely well, one of them I, myself, have had frequent occasion to

reprimand and the other I have felt privileged to scold on many occasions. However, at all the balls in Washington and elsewhere, the girls and young women quite openly smoke at the supper tables, in the corridors and anywhere but in the ball rooms. For myself, I think it is only the fad of the moment, one of the signs of woman's new found independence which will pass as rapidly as it has come into fashion. I think it is more a gesture of freedom than anything else.

Among this younger generation the Simonds family numbers a group of young women really quite remarkable for their attractions. Sarah Simonds Hastie is a tall, slender blonde with (what the French call *fines attaches*) the beautiful feet and hands of the Simonds' family. She married Carlisle Norwood Hastie. His mother was a Drayton and he is now owner of the Magnolia Gardens, which I have already described. Mrs. Felix Chisolm, the daughter of John Calhoun Simonds and his first wife, Mary Branch, is an equally tall and striking brunette. Mary and Caroline Simonds are now respectively Mrs. Otto Sparkman and Mrs. Stanyard Stevens and Martha Carrington, also one of the Simonds cousins, is the wife of Dr. Hopkins of Philadelphia, who is in Charleston every winter. Then there is her sister, Sally Carrington; also my daughter Margaret, who has just recently married a Charlestonian, Charles White Waring.

Caroline, Mrs. Stanyard Stevens, was lately president of the Junior League of Charleston and the group of cousins constitute a little center of power among themselves. They all have beautiful homes and it is an interesting thing for me to return to Charleston and see the new world and the new ideas which are the outcome of the old.

Among our guests in Charleston were two attractive sisters, Mila and Margaret Darby, whose mother had been a Preston. They were tall, like all the Preston women, with the same

style, dash and daring. Mila married Mr. Henry Frost, "Uncle Henry" as he was affectionately called in our circle. His first wife had been a Preston also, a sister of Mila's mother. "Uncle Henry" was therefore Mila's uncle-in-law as well as her husband. The first Mrs. Frost was "Titine" to Charleston society and, as a girl in Paris during the time of the Empress Eugenie, had been considered very like Her Majesty. The flavor of her early French environment colored her later life and she held a sort of little court at her South Battery residence, on the banks of the Ashley. "Titine" was not only admired but feared in our circle as she never hesitated to say what she thought and though her epigrams were amusing, they were not always kindly.

Mila Darby Frost died a little over a year ago and Uncle Henry survived her only a short while. "Titine" and Uncle Henry had two very handsome daughters, Caroline and Jeanne. The latter was more than handsome, quite a beauty, in fact.

Mila's sister, Margaret Darby, married one of my best friends, Mayo Reed, a kindly Virginia gentleman who recently died. His widow still lives in Charleston with her four fine sons.

As girls, the Darby sisters were always great additions to our entertainments and were a brilliant constellation.

Two sisters who made history one winter in Charleston were Mrs. Clarence Edwards, who had been Bessie Porter of Niagara Falls, and her sister Julia, who became Mrs. Van Rensselaer Thayer of Boston, and now lives in Paris where her three daughters have married into the old French nobility, and have historic *chateaux* in different parts of France. Gen. Clarence Edwards succeeded Gen. Leonard Wood in command of the Northeastern Division of our Army. He and Mrs. Edwards lived at Deadham, Boston.

Bessie and Julia Porter are connections of mine through my maternal grandmother, through whom we are related to the celebrated Whip of the United States Senate of those days, Matthews Carpenter, or "Matt," as he was called.

When Bessie and Julia came to visit me in Charleston they took the city by storm. Their frocks, just fresh from Paris, their gayety and charm, made them irresistible. I can see them now, sitting in the court of the house, surrounded by a circle of admirers while they sang duets, one with a soprano and one with a contralto voice, blending in perfect harmony. They sang only catchy, topical songs of the day. One that comes back to me is:

"When first I saw Melissa
She was sittin' in the sun,
Sittin' in the sun and shellin' peas,
And when I stooped to kissa
She said she'd tell her motha;
Now wan't she a difficult girl to please?"

Every one was asked to join in the chorus and soon all Charleston was singing their ditties. They had the sincerest form of flattery for many there were who tried to imitate them—but in vain.

Bessie was especially sparkling and radiant. Julia was more sedate and reserved, but equally charming. Bessie captivated not only my entire circle of friends, but all of the strangers and officers of the battleships who were then in harbor. She had more lure than any woman I have ever met, and I was pleased to hear people, who had met my dear mother in the days of her youth, say Bessie was very much like her when she was a girl. Men and women alike seemed to hang on her words and wished not to miss one of them. She was a brilliant brunette with very white skin, and seemed to radiate happiness. In her later years, in Washington, when

her own daughter Bessie grew up, she was called upon to show the heroism of which she was made. While an epidemic of influenza was raging at the Walter Reed Hospital young Bessie felt that as her father was overseas and she was the daughter of a soldier she had to do her bit. She had trained as a Red Cross nurse and she insisted on going into the wards and nursing the worst cases of influenza. She contracted the disease herself and died, just as she was blossoming into young womanhood.

She was the only child of General Clarence Edwards and of Bessie, and their grief was terrible. But General Edwards showed the stuff he was made of by carrying on in his same intrepid manner overseas and his wife felt that she, also, must do her share by bearing her sorrows gallantly.

Little Bessie was buried at Arlington, with military honors and with the flag of the United States over her casket. From that time on, the elder Bessie devoted herself to the service of her country. She was head of the Woman's Auxiliary of the American Legion in Boston, and herself became a victim of influenza this last winter, while my memoirs were in preparation. Her body was brought from Boston to Washington and also buried with military honors at Arlington. The verdict of all of General Edward's friends and her enormously wide circle of admirers was that Arlington contained no braver soldier than she. I am glad to pay this tribute to so splendid a woman, and proud to think that we are of the same line.

This is a digression I felt forced to make, but I must now turn back into the current of my narrative.

After the visit of Bessie and Julia in Charleston, Julia married Van Rensselaer Thayer, of Boston. After their first child was born, Alice, or little "La," as they called her, they came to visit me in Charleston. There also came Julia's brother, George Porter, the engineer who first harnessed the

power of Niagara Falls and made of it the great water power that it now is. It has been so developed that in no way has the beauty of the falls been marred, though their volume has, of course, been diminished.

Speaking of the Falls, when George Porter's maiden aunt, Miss Porter, was asked some years ago by the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward, if she had ever seen Niagara Falls, she answered in the American vernacular that was said to have delighted the Prince, "Why, yes, I look at 'em sometimes, as they are in my papa's backyard." The Porters have always lived at Niagara, and Goat Island was at one time one of their possessions.

After the Thayers' visit to us we went to stay with them for awhile, in Aiken, South Carolina, which had become, through Mrs. Tom Hitchcock and our old friend Miss Titine Eustis of New Orleans, the center of a smart hunting colony of polo players.

During the years that I lived in Charleston, I gave many entertainments that have become a part of the annals of the place, for it was a point of pride with me never to give a stereotyped party.

"Baby Parties" were in their infancy in those days and a great stir was occasioned by one we gave during the Christmas holidays. The northern papers described it at length. Chauncey Depew came as Little Lord Fauntleroy. A Judge of the United States Supreme Court came as "The Wolf," with his partner as "Little Red Riding Hood." Judges, old Generals and the contemporaries of Mamma Simonds, as well as our own generation, came dressed as characters from Mother Goose. Mrs. William E. Brawley, wife of Judge Brawley, came as the "Governess of the Heavenly Twins," the twins being impersonated by a Charleston belle, Caroline Frost, daughter of "Uncle Henry" Frost, and by Porter Brawley, son of Judge Brawley. They were dressed alike

in short checked frocks, rolling hoops and both were chewing gum. Black patches were pasted over their teeth to simulate cavities and they lustily swore at any one who spoke to them. There were prizes for the best interpretations of these youthful characters of fiction. One of the Admirals from the visiting squadron in the harbor came as "Simple Simon." He fished industrially all evening with a little fishing rod. He fished on the edge of the swimming pool, and at supper he fished in his wine glass and in the punch bowl. He was so industrious and so comical, with his little yellow pail, that every one voted he should get the first prize.

Another Admiral got the second prize. With his clothes well stuffed, as "Humpty-Dumpty," he fell from high perches, balustrades, and so on, and refused to let "all the king's horses and all the king's men" pick him up again.

It was all very funny and caused a great sensation in Charleston, being commented on not only by the Charleston papers, but by those of New York as well.

Just the other day when I was dining at the Villa, the widow of Judge Memenger of Charleston told me that she had among her papers an invitation to the Baby Party. I was very glad to see it again, as I did not know there was one in existence. I give it here with the verse that accompanied it:

(The front page bears an illustration of two children playing.)

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Simonds

At home

Friday Evening

December the Twenty-ninth

at Nine o'clock

Children's Party

To meet Miss Knight.

R.S.V.P.

Costume de rigueur.

The inner page contains this verse:

"Men are but children of a larger growth
So, even though you may be loath
To show how YOUNG you really are,
I hope 'twill not your pleasure mar
To come in costume gay bedight—
As children small from fiction bright,
From fairy tales or Mother Goose,—
So turn imagination loose.

"And come, dear grown-up children all,
Bring each a toy, which, large or small,
Will on the Xmas tree be hung,
Then when the midnight hour hath rung
Old Santa Claus will deign appear
To add the highest touch of cheer,
And give each little girl or boy
In the Cotillion—a new toy.
Then three wise judges will declare
Of all the children who are there
Who looks and acts the best his part
And CUPID will award a HEART!

* * * * *

"We'll bid Old Time, his pinions grey,
Turn backward for a single day;
And Cupid, with his small, soft wings
Bring youth and love and all good things
To add unto your Xmas cheer,
Together with a glad New Year."

D. B. S.

There was an entertainment of "Living Whist" for charity, with the president of the St. Cecelia Society, Mr. William St. Clair Jervey, Mr. William Barnwell, Mr. Wilmot Porcher, and my husband, as the dealers of the hands, which were danced by the whole pack of cards, composed of the youth and beauty of Charleston, in the costumes of the deck.

Next, I arranged a fair for funds to complete the Catholic Cathedral, which had been ruined in the Charleston earth-

quake some years previously. The fair lasted for a week and, as I remember, netted \$17,000.

Later when Cardinal Gibbons came to Charleston for the dedication of the new Cathedral for which I had assisted in raising funds at the Fair, and in other ways, I was asked by our own Bishop Northrup to entertain in the Cardinal's honor. I decided upon a breakfast in the picture gallery of Mamma Simond's house, in which there was a beautiful picture of the Annunciation which stretched from floor to ceiling. The long table extended down the length of the room with a scarf of cardinal satin through the center, edged with ferns and covered with Marie Henriette roses with their gorgeous color and perfume.

A strange and magical thing happened at this breakfast; there was a large round mirror under a bowl of red roses in the middle of the table and the sun striking it just after the Cardinal's blessing made a reflection in the exact form of a halo around the Virgin's head. It seemed a portent of some kind and some years later, when the Cardinal had occasion to write me a letter of congratulation upon a certain event he reminded me of the strange happening.

This was a remarkable breakfast from many points of view. The Cardinal brought with him a number of important prelates. They, together with all of those whom Bishop Northrup had summoned from different parts of the State, were a large company in themselves. I had supplemented this number with the most important men in Charleston; Judges, Generals and Bankers, who were none of them Catholics, as Charleston was almost exclusively a Protestant community, only two or three Catholic families being numbered in my acquaintance.

As I remember, there were sixty at the breakfast, which I had intended to be a strictly "stag" affair. At the last moment the Cardinal insisted, as he said, upon my "gracing

the occasion" and sitting at his right. So I, young matron that I was, made the only feminine note in that gathering of dignitaries.

The conversation was enthralling. Cardinal Gibbons was not only a Churchman, but a statesman and a diplomat. He welcomed the opportunity of giving me the distinction of his friendship to help me to carry, as he said, "the banner of Catholicity" in that Protestant community where all my family and friends were of a different faith from mine and where, at times, I found the road a little difficult, though I never swerved from Mother church in all the years I lived in Charleston. In fact, it was the practice of my faith that proved my stronghold in the trials I was called upon to bear underneath the surface of what seemed a life of continued pleasure and triumph.

A short time after the Cardinal's breakfast, I gave the "Dance of the Seasons," as a benefit for one of the hospitals. For this I not only composed the dance itself, with steps to Old World music, but I also designed the costumes, the scenery and the tableaux. It was this "Dance of the Seasons" that inspired Mr. Matthew Fitzsimonds Tighe, late of Washington, then a resident of Charleston, to write the poem "Lirimis," which received much favorable comment from newspaper and magazine critics. Mr. Tighe, an Irish-American poet, was the son of Owen Tighe, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and a political refugee in the United States at the time of his son's birth, in Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Matthew Tighe is well remembered in Charleston, where he graduated as valedictorian of the College of Charleston and had the reputation of being the most brilliant student in the history of the institution. Latin and Greek were spoken languages to him. When he was only five years old his father habitually talked to him in those tongues. He rose to the pinnacle of fame in the newspaper field and numbered

among his intimate friends Presidents, Cabinet officers and other notables. He wrote many other poems as well as "Lirimis," and passed away in Washington in 1924.

He pictured "Lirimis" as the spirit of the changing seasons. To the day of his death he declared the dance which inspired it the most artistic thing of the kind he had ever seen.

"LIRIMIS"

(*Excerpt*)

Only her name I know. The four-leaved clover
Is the similitude of Lirimis.

That is her name. It ripples into songs
Of showery April days and summer times,
Of autumn's footfalls over golden leaves
Of winter weeping over snow-clad tombs
Of seeds, asleep, infolding flowers unborn.

I saw her first in spring. The lucent drops
Of rain fell round her and a garment made
For her fair form uprising through the pale
Green, tender foliage of the newborn woods.

* * * * *

I followed her, till, on the last, best day
Of mirthful May the mocking maiden stood
At bay, "I yield, I yield," she cried, "come thou
To me and for me in the summer time."

Ah me! The summer came. The buds of spring,
Breaking the bonds of birth, showered the earth
With sensuous perfume; and the pulsing hearts
Of wildrose, passion flower, marigold,
Beat softly to the step of Lirimis.

For she, too, came again, but never near,
Afar she seemed, but ever beckoning.

* * * * *

She vanished and again she cried: "Again come thou
To me and for me in the Autumn time."

Thus passed the morn and noon time of the year,
And then, its sunset with the thousand hues
Of the dying day ingrained in every leaf.

* * * * *

Brown had the eye become that once was blue,
 Brown was the hair that once was flaxen fair;
 A ruddy glow had burned into her cheeks
 That now were olive where the lily bloomed
 Of yore. She was the autumn's life itself.

* * * * *

One might make a spirit of a form
 Of flesh and blood like that of Lirimis;
 And speak in idle tones to idol things.
 So thought I, as, before a winter fire,
 I pondered much and, gazing, saw, at last
 Limned in the curling flame so luminous
 Herself, and not by magic charm revealed.
 The smile was not of salamanderine lips,
 The raven tress was not a trick of thought—

* * * * *

But she was gone. "Nay, not farewell," she cried,
 "Come thou to me and for me in the spring."

L'ENVOI

I am no poet. Not in rhyming dreams
 Or dreaming rhymes do I my playtime pass.
 Yet this Evangel would I have you take
 Fresh from the blood-red lips of Lirimis:
 Life is a four-leaved book, Spring, Summer, Fall,
 And Winter. Love a new love every season.

"What Paul or Plato taught is trite. I teach
 That rest in love, like rest in life, is Death."

A Roman festival patterned after the Feast of Lucullus, was another of my inspirations. It was carried out even to the Roman games in the sunken garden and gave the Charles-tonians—particularly those who were not at the feast—food for conversation for many a day.

The court of the villa Margherita was hung with Roman banners bearing the letters S. P. Q. R.; garlands were hung between the columns and Roman divans were placed against the walls of the three sides of the Court. "Caesar," the

Roman Senators and other guests reclined on their elbows on these divans and the "Roman slaves" served the supper. There was dancing and music and everything was in keeping.

It was a moonlight night and after the supper there were Roman games in the sunken garden.

The Roman Party was as nothing, however, to the "Kat Kristening," another entertainment in the nature of a novelty. I had two magnificent specimens of the feline tribe presented to me, one a superb white Angora and the other a black Persian. I determined to name them with appropriate ceremonies and invited all my friends to a "Kat Kristening."

Every one sent presents to their feline majesties. There was a necklace of amber beads for the black Persian, who was to be named Omar Khayam, and a string of turquoise beads for "Oom Paul," as the white Angora was to be called on account of his double row of white chin whiskers. There were silver porridge bowls, bronze cats and mice and so on. One gift which was a decided surprise was presented just as the cats' noses were dipped in milk and they were named. It was a mysterious bundle tied in ribbon and upon my opening it about a dozen grey mice scampered out on the ball room floor. The cats went in mad pursuit and the women fled in terror, climbing on chairs, sofas, tables, anywhere to get away from the small monsters.

The cats had previously had their paws tied up in oiled paper to perform a cat dance which, to one who has never seen it, is a ludicrous sight. Thus handicapped, the cats could not make much headway over the waxed floor and each of the mice had to be accounted for before we could have any general dancing which, of course, with the supper in the Court, was a part of the entertainment.

The accounts of this party convulsed Charleston and also caused much critical gossip as it was said the cats were

christened by the Rev. Dr. John Kershaw, Rector of St. Michael's Church. This, of course, was preposterous and would have been a serious reflection on him, to say the least. But, as Lady Teasel says in the *School for Scandal*, "The world will talk and there's no gainsaying it." And how they did talk! Especially about the supposed display of ankles when the women leapt on chairs and tables to escape from the mice.

Another affair which caused a sensation in Charleston was the Kermis which Mamma Simonds got up for Charity and for which I arranged a Greek pageant. Margaret Darby, granddaughter of General Preston, who had cut such a wide swath in Europe during the reign of the Third Napoleon, was a tall, splendid looking girl with a profile Greek in its regularity. I got her to take the part of Diana of the Ephesians. She was drawn, in an exact reproduction of a Greek chariot by youths in leopard skins, while around her danced the Hours, somewhat after the style of Hans Mackart's famous painting. Charleston was not used to seeing its society girls on the stage in scanty Greek drapery, but it seemed to like it nevertheless.

The Floral Parade, in which every private equipage in Charleston took part, bore a faint resemblance to the Carnival of Roses I had seen in Nice. This parade was a tremendous success. I netted much money from the proceeds for my pet charity by having spectators pay for their votes for the most beautiful turn out. It was very embarrassing to me, who had gotten up the parade, that the judges awarded me both the first and the second prizes, though the vehicles deserved them, and it was the universal verdict.

The first was my Victoria, the wheels of which were made to look like single large Chrysanthemums. The whole carriage had been covered with yellow satin and then massed with flowers. The hood was thrown back and filled with

large specimens of yellow and white chrysanthemums while giant ones from Atlanta were fastened like plumes on the horses' heads and on the side of the lamps of the carriage. The "tiger" was dressed in brown and yellow and I wore a brown velvet driving coat with an embroidered yellow waistcoat. Mrs. Samuel Wragg of Charleston, accompanied me and, as I remember, was also appropriately dressed. The flowers were so gorgeous and the whole affair so complete that bursts of applause followed us as we drove through the lines of spectators.

The other winning vehicle represented a basket with a handle, the basket entirely covered the wheels so that it seemed to be dragged along the road. The flowers were represented by attractive girls, their faces forming the centers. Ethel Dawson and Baroness Blom were on the front seat of the basket, or dog cart, which I had trimmed, another prize winner by acclamation.

Ye Singing Glass, a play I wrote, in which Goodwyn Rhett took the role of the hero, as "Sir Henry Severe," proved unusually remunerative. I played opposite the hero, as "Lady Prudence Fairfax." This play ran for a week to crowded houses, the musical numbers being changed each night and the same people returning again and again. It was like a musical festival.

Another event that stands out in memory was a Valentine Ball, with the valentines brought from New York. The post office had red satin doors and a heart shaped window outlined by smilax which framed one of the loveliest faces I have ever seen, that of Miss Ethel Dawson, who took the role of the postmistress. She was the daughter of Mr. Warrington Dawson, Editor of the *News and Courier*, the man who suppressed dueling in South Carolina and whom the Pope knighted for so doing. Mr. Dawson afterwards met a tragic fate, being foully murdered for trying to protect his wife's

maid from the pursuit of a married man of the neighborhood. His death caused a sensation in Europe as well as in America.

When Jeanne Frost first came out, during the Charleston Exposition, I got up a Carnival for the Woman's Building and had Jeanne take the part of the Queen and Goodwyn Rhett that of the King. He is very tall, considerably over six feet, and was then very slender. In the costume of the Carnival King he had to wear tights with his doublet. It was a superb costume, loaned by one of the Kings of the New Orleans Carnival.

Jeanne Frost was extremely timid and did not want to do the minuet, so I took the part of the Queen Mother and did it for her. One of the lawyers in Charleston, Mr. William Miller, a great friend of Mr. Rhett and of mine, wrote a verse at the time which nearly deprived us of our king. Mr. Miller's verse ran:

"If I were a Carnival King
And led in the Carnival dance
The whole coronation
Could go to damnation
Before I would take off my pants.

"If I were a Carnival King
I'd take the Queen Mother to taw,
You may bet your sweet life
I would dance with my wife
And not with my mother-in-law."

Mr. Miller sent me this highly poetic effusion to see if I minded before he distributed it amongst his friends. I did not mind in the least, as I always enjoy a really good joke on myself. The only trouble was that the poem made the carnival king terribly self-conscious about his legs, and I had to allow him to drape his velvet court train around them, even when he danced!

Not all of the entertainments, however, were just fun. The winter of the Literary Symposium in Charleston we had a series of intellectual affairs. I had the pleasure of entertaining at my home the best-known American writers of the day. Among them were Francis Hopkinson Smith, who stayed with me; Marion Crawford, Frank Stockton, Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, W. D. Howells, John Fox, Kendrick Bangs, Hamilton Wright Mabie, and others whose names I cannot at the moment recall. For those I have mentioned I had the pleasure of playing hostess.

Among them all, Francis Hopkinson Smith was the lion who roared the most agreeably, for he added to his other versatile gifts as writer, painter, and engineer, that of being an unusually fine musician. He played delightfully and accompanied his own songs. John Fox also played and was a charming guest.

Thomas Nelson Page brought his wife, who had been Mrs. Marshall Field of Chicago, but I found him very much changed from the time he had toured the South and read his own fascinating stories to augment his income. A great fortune sometimes extinguishes spontaneity.

These are only a few of the entertainments that come back at call. We were constantly giving dinners to people we had known in other parts of the country, particularly to people who were on their way to Florida, to which Charleston is the gateway, also to the yachtsmen in the harbor and officers on the men-of-war and battleships which were frequently in the Charleston waters, and every winter was a season of variety.

CHAPTER XV

Hospitality for Heroes

WHEN the Confederate Reunion took place in Charleston I had General Gordon, who was the Commanding Officer, and his family as my guests, also Admiral and Mrs. Coghlan. At a dinner given for the General, Admiral Coghlan recited, over his wife's protest, the celebrated poem of "Hoch der Kaiser," winding up with "Meinself und Gott." This same poem got him into trouble in Manila Bay during the Spanish American War.

There were many battleships in the Charleston Harbor and all of our entertainments during the reunion included officers of the American Navy and of the Civil War. The Confederate veterans fraternized with the Naval officers in the most friendly manner. Once only I ran across the sharp points of prejudice latent in the hearts of so many of the Southerners—on the occasion when I wished to entertain General Miles who was coming to Charleston about this time.

When I first broached the subject to my friends, Judge Brawley and others, they strongly advised against my attempting to give an entertainment for General Miles in the heart of the Southern Confederacy where there was such a strong feeling of loyalty to Jefferson Davis. Many Southerners at that time felt bitterly toward General Miles because he had been in charge of President Davis when he was a prisoner during the Civil War. I had, however, seen the personal letters of Mrs. Davis to General Miles, thanking him for his unfailing kindness to her husband while under his care. She seemed to understand that General Miles, a subordinate officer as he then was, could do nothing but obey the orders of his superior officers and try to ameliorate them

as far as possible for the benefit of his prisoner. Having also known Winnie Davis so well in the old New Orleans days I know that she, with her sweet nature, could never harbor resentment towards anybody and particularly towards one who had tried to be kind to her father. The tender courtesy which General Miles extended to Jefferson Davis while officially in command of his prison is especially featured in *The Memoirs of a Poor Relation* by Mrs. Minnigerode Andrews.

Despite these facts, I was warned that, if I attempted to give an entertainment for General Miles in Charleston, no one would come to it. I felt that I could not let so distinguished a guest be with us without doing him every honor and that there would be a way to bring the Charlestonians to meet him and that I could find the way.

Happily, fate played into my hands for General Gordon returned to Charleston for some piece of business in connection with the late Confederate Reunion. I told him of my dilemma and he most graciously welcomed the opportunity to help me out. So I sent out invitations to a reception to meet General Miles and General Gordon, giving my friends a chance to "save their faces," as the saying is, if they wanted to come to the party, they could come to meet their own Southern General if they did not care to come to meet General Miles. Of course every one who was invited came! They were all as courteous to General Miles as to General Gordon. We danced the reel in the ball room at its close. I danced alternately with General Miles and General Gordon, which was like the North and South shaking hands in earnest, while I had a feeling that I was a genuine product of both.

Shortly after the Confederate Reunion and the visit of General Miles, the Maine was blown up in the harbor of Havana. Before we knew it, we were in the midst of the Spanish-American War. Hearing that our troops were to

embark from Charleston I remained at home during the summer to keep my home open for such of our friends as I knew were to make Charleston their headquarters. Among them was General Henry B. Wilson of Wilmington, Delaware, who had as his aides at the time several of our oldest friends; Erskine Hewitt and Stowe Phelps, members of the famous Troop A of New York. Other New York men whom we knew very well were also attached to his staff. High on the list of these was General John Biddle, not then a General, but a Colonel.

The old Charleston Hotel was the only hostelry open at the time and it was not at the moment under good management, so I was very glad to give the officers all of the comforts of our cool home with its broad and shady piazzas. I kept tubs of ice water and lemonade under the porte cochere for the troops that were forced to parade in the hot summer sun on the overheated asphalt of the Battery. I considered this service a pleasure and a privilege, it also brought a very great sadness, for there were many who dropped out from sun stroke and enteric fever, owing to the forced marches which General Ernst seemed to think it necessary for them to make in order to get them in training for the tropic heat of the West Indies. Some there were who did not survive and I had to feel the reflected anguish of the heartbreak of their relatives who were called there by such tragedies.

My home was really in part a hospital and in part a hostelry. I felt that summer as though I were in an Army Post and I made many good friends who have taken occasion since to show me how they appreciated what little I was able to do to make life easier for them during that time.

Admiral Schley, whom I had met previously in Washington, was one of the heroes we entertained just after the Spanish American War. My memory carries me back to some of the pleasantest days we had at the Villa during his

visits. He was so gay and debonaire, so like a Spanish Grandee, with his pointed Van Dyke beard and mustachios and the whole gallantry and gayety of his bearing. He told delightful stories, of which he never made himself the hero, though he really was one to all who knew him. During the controversy of his partisans with those of Admiral Sampson about "Who Looped the Loop," Admiral Schley came out with flying colors.

Poor Admiral Sampson! I have always considered him very badly advised in that controversy. We had the pleasure of knowing both Admirals and I liked them both so well that I wished they could have "looped the loop" together and met in the middle and tied it in a true lover's knot! There certainly was honor enough to go around and both heroes had done their duty as they saw it.

When Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson stopped in Charleston on his return from Cuba he paid us a visit at the Villa. It was my first meeting with this hero although I had known his family in North Carolina where one of his aunts had a most beautiful place called "Richmond Hill."

Both Andrew and I were immensely taken with Captain Hobson who, like all heroes, was unassuming. When he visited us later I asked him about the story of the Hobson kisses.

At my request the Captain told me how the story originated. He said that at a reception given for him in the West an elderly lady and her daughter were so enthusiastic that as the mother passed by she kissed him and her daughter followed suit, whereupon several others did the same thing. He asked me what I would have done under the circumstances. I replied that he could not very well have screamed and run away. The only thing to be done was to "stand his guns and be saluted." In this opinion I am sure any sane person will concur.

The accolade of the French officers was not then so well known as it is now. I feel it is more complimentary for a man to be hailed as a hero with an accolade from ladies than from men.

Our home became a rendezvous for the heroes of the Spanish-American War who were returning from Cuba and other points in the West Indies but Colonel Roosevelt was not one of those who visited us at that time. It was not until the Charleston Exposition, when he was President of the United States, that we had the pleasure of entertaining him.

Just before the Exposition I had occasion to arrange a dinner, at a moment's notice, for Secretary Herbert of the Navy, who came to Charleston with a large party, including his daughter, now Mrs. Micou, and Miss Herbert, who afterwards met a tragic death.

There was a man-of-war in the harbor with the Admiral and the different officers of the ship. We sat down, a dinner of forty-eight, to a table especially built for the occasion, in the shape of an anchor. All the floral decorations were in blue and gold as it was the season of the yellow jasmine and the wild violet. I had scouts out scouring the woods so that we had masses of them on the table. My faithful carpenter, Tom Pinckney, made the table top and, as usual in Charleston, all my friends and neighbors came in to help me so that the dinner, which had not been thought of before ten o'clock in the morning, went off with the finish of something that had been planned for weeks.

Meanwhile, when Admiral Dewey returned as the victorious hero of Manila Bay, I had gone on to New York and had the privilege of being on the reviewing stand with him at the time of the most thrilling ovation that was ever given in this country to one of our National heroes. The reviewing stand was erected down near the Washington Square Arch and after the ceremonies were over there Admiral Dewey

asked me to come up to the Waldorf to a small reception he was holding for his personal friends in the rooms prepared for him. This, also, was a most interesting occasion. I heard Mr. Cochran, whom I had previously met at the Hewitts, give Admiral Dewey this sound piece of advice: "Dewey, they are going to try to make you a Presidential candidate. Under no circumstances allow it for, as Admiral of the American Navy, your position cannot be excelled, and it is yours for life."

If the Admiral had abided by this advice he would not have given envy the opportunity for the malicious fling it made at him later and the luster of his glory would never have been dimmed. No one, however, now blames him for the mistakes he made about his sword and the house the Nation gave him, as those were only errors of heart that any hero might make through chivalry and love. His was a great soul and a modest one and I am proud to have known him so well.

Though it was much later that I entertained General Leonard Wood, I feel that mention of it naturally comes under the heading of this Chapter but the full account of this and the visit of President Roosevelt and other notables will be reserved for their proper sequence.

CHAPTER XVI

Unusual People in Unusual Places

AFTER the Spanish-American War, life moved on in the same agreeable routine. But my old Lisa's Creole song recurred often to my mind.

"Pauvre petite ma'mzell Zizi"

for I always carried a little *douleur* in my heart. I was so worried most of the time about Andrew and his health. Andrew was a prince of hosts, and a prince of sports—a thorough good fellow in fact. He adored his wife and was inordinately proud of her, but he was not domestic, and "home life" was not in his line. As the saying is he "burned the candle at both ends." No one can safely use up his physical resources as Andrew did. He never gave himself a real chance to rest or relax. Finally the Doctor advised that we go to Carlsbad for Andrew's health, and it was arranged that Mamma Simonds and her sister, Mrs. Rucker, were to go with us.

As I had no ailments I did not need to take the cure and as Andrew was on a strict regime, I had no anxiety for him at the moment, and so enjoyed to the top of my bent the excellent German music which one hears at every inn of the *al fresco* restaurants in the health-giving center of Carlsbad.

It was while there I met Prince Lobkowitz, a nephew of the Emperor of Austria. He had a superb figure, helped out by the stays which seemed to be a part of the German and Austrian uniform, making the officers' waists very slender and their shoulders appear proportionately broad.

Prince Lobkowitz attached himself to our party and we had many amusing experiences. He was a regular Haps-

burg, with the temperament of that famous family and with their prodigal generosity.

Once a week on Saturdays, while at Carlsbad, we danced at the Kurhaus from eight to ten o'clock the one evening when the patients were allowed to disport themselves. On one Saturday evening, I had promised Prince Lobkowitz that he should be my partner for the opening waltz. As I had nothing to remind me of my promise during the week and, as Andrew was not so well as usual, we retired early and I forgot all about my engagement with the Prince.

Our rooms were on the second floor overlooking the entrance of the hotel. At nine o'clock I heard a terrible commotion. Our windows were open and I heard the voice of Prince Lobkowitz saying angrily to the *concierge* that it was impossible Madam had retired. Then I remembered my engagement. Hastily I wrote a note of explanation and apology, rang the bell and sent it down to Prince Lobkowitz, while he was still arguing with the *concierge* that there must be some mistake. A still more violent explosion followed the reading of my note.

The following morning when I saw the Prince I realized the dangers of the Hapsburg temper. He had rejoined his regiment at Prague and it seemed he had had difficulty in getting leave to come back for the dance and, his camp being at some distance from the railway station, he had almost killed his horse in his effort to catch the train. He feared he would be late for the opening waltz and when he had sat out five dances and I did not arrive he came to the hotel in a burst of wrath that nearly extinguished the innocent *concierge*. I had a hard time making peace with him and only succeeded through the intervention of Andrew, who took all the fault upon himself for being ill.

On another occasion when I again encountered the Hapsburg temper we were walking along the streets of Carlsbad

when we saw a Polish Jew approaching us, with his long black gabardine and his greasy curls hanging on his shoulders. He was a poor old man and Prince Lobkowitz muttered something in some guttural tongue to him. The old man slunk off the sidewalk and walked in the gutter. I asked Lobkowitz what he had said to the Jew and he replied, "I told him to walk in the gutter where such dogs belong."

I could not believe my ears, it seemed so inhuman. But I found afterwards it was a part of the usual treatment of Polish Jews in that part of the world. I grew suddenly so angry myself that I said something very rude to Lobkowitz. His chest expanded with such rage that I thought he would burst his tight German corsets. We had a very unhappy half hour of it but that time I did not apologize. Lobkowitz had to apologize to me not only in my own person, but on behalf of the Jewish race before we could be friends again, which I considered, in its way, quite a little triumph. But Lobkowitz was so delightful, he gave me an admiration for all the people of his race.

At Carlsbad I also met Prince Dhulep Singh, son of the famous Indian Potentate, who gave the Kohinoor to Queen Victoria. He was a frequent member of our dinner parties at the Bristol, where we also met Mrs. Townsend Burden of New York and other fashionable New Yorkers. I met Mrs. Burden again later in the same season at, to me, one of the most diverting affairs I had ever attended — the Patriarchs' Ball in New York. Thereby hangs an interesting story which will be given a bit later.

En route from Carlsbad homeward we stopped, of course, in Paris for the after-cure.

After replenishing our wardrobe from the *atelier* of our French artist on the Rue St. Honore, we returned in the autumn to Charleston and later went up to New York for our annual visit to the opera. It was then I again met Mrs.

Townsend Burden at the Patriarch's Ball, at which coronets or tiaras for American women first came into fashion.

I was with the Abraham Hewitts at the time, at their town house on Lexington Avenue, and I shall never forget how amused I was to see Ward McAllister's "table of honor" with all the crowned heads of New York plutocracy. One lady was wearing—not a coronet but a veritable royal crown of diamonds much too heavy for her head. Most of the evening it was tilted over her left ear in an exceedingly rakish fashion.

I suggested to the man sitting next to me that she should tie it on with bonnet strings. He, thinking this was funny and having a little too much champagne, went over to the table of honor, and repeated my remark to the wearer of the crown, who did not think it funny in the least. Ward McAllister, who overheard it, was furious. It was my first view of American plutocracy in full regalia and the lady of the crooked crown really did look like the Queen portrayed in "*Alice in Wonderland*."

That same week Cousin John C. Calhoun and his wife gave a luncheon in New York for the Duchess of Marlborough, who had been Lily Hammersley. She wore her famous pearls and during the luncheon, gave us an interesting account of her restoration of Blenheim Castle. This luncheon was, to me, a revelation of how my American sisters adored the English. Before the Duchess of Marlborough arrived, they were all talking in their natural tones and voices. But as the luncheon progressed each woman among them seemed to get more and more English in her intonation and one sitting next to me assumed a tone exactly like that of a steam piano—"if you see what I mean"—falling from high to low in the most approved British manner. It was really too funny and I grew almost hysterical, especially as just opposite me was the lady who had worn the rakish crown at the party. After the luncheon I tried in every way to placate her and to make

amends for my harmless fun, which I had not meant for her to hear. But she would have none of me.

We remained in New York for the opera. Miss "Pussy" Breeze had a box that season and I was her frequent guest. In fact, all of our friends with opera boxes were most generous, and I returned to Charleston feeling that I had been fortunate in having a succession of musical feasts; in Germany, Paris and New York. So I was quite willing to again fall in to the routine of our life at the Villa, with its usual round of diversions.



CHAPTER XVII

The Advent of a Daughter and Her First Introduction to Southern Society

IN TAKING up the old life on our return to Charleston my heart would not have been so heavy had I realized the great gift which was in store for me. The only thing, apparently Andrew wanted most in life had up to this time been denied him.

We had been married for several years and his longing for a child had become almost a painful obsession. His mother also hoped and prayed that her oldest son might have a son and heir, or at least a daughter and, added to my wifely devotion, I felt an almost maternal solicitude for my husband. I would willingly have done anything within human power to help bring about the ungratified desire of his life.

When finally, in the merry month of May my own natal month, a baby girl, white and frail as a snowdrop, was placed in my arms by Dr. Polk, our joy knew no bounds. But our happiness was soon clouded as the little flame of life was so feeble it threatened to flicker out at any instant.

We were in New York at the time and my mother was with us. My aunt had sent us her faithful and experienced Annie Lynch as nurse and she, under the sage advice of Dr. Polk, nursed our infant daughter through those first dangerous days back to a safe hold on life.

Letters and telegrams poured in on us from all over the country. It was almost like the arrival of an heir to a kingdom.

Cardinal Gibbons wrote reminding me of the halo around the head of the Virgin and suggesting that the infant should



PROFILE OF MARGARET HAMILTON CALHOUN SIMONDS
The year after her debut, and as a young wife

be made the child of Mary for the first seven years of her life. She was therefore baptized in the Catholic Church in Charleston, before the altar of the Virgin herself, as "a Child of Mary."

She was named Margaret Hamilton Calhoun Simonds, though for a long while she was called Marguerite. Andrew wished her to be called "Daisy," for me, and we compromised on "Margaret."

That summer we went to the White Sulphur Springs and Andrew, the day after our arrival, danced the first figure of the German, with his baby daughter in his arms—to the applause and admiration of all our dear Southern friends.

Mrs. Roger Pryor gave Margaret a lace outfit from Paris and our intimate friends at the "White" showered her with gifts. The Willoughby Sharps of New York had a cottage next to ours. The young Sharp heir had been born the same month as Margaret. They took their morning rides together in the same carriage, tightly clasping each other's hands. Andrew would proudly say, "See, she has a beau already."

Fortunately the shadows which were later to lengthen so rapidly had not then even crossed our path. I was as happy as Andrew in our day dream for the future of the fairy being who had come into our lives. For the first time since our marriage we felt that we knew the meaning of real happiness.

The season after Margaret's advent I went with her and Andrew to pay one of our frequent visits to Richmond, Virginia, the heart of the social life of that aristocratic State. There I visited the Aylett sisters, Sally, (Mrs. Tom Bolling) and Page (Mrs. William Royall). Page had been the toast of Virginia and of White Sulphur when she was a girl. There was a tale of how she was engaged to seventeen men at once and kept them all guessing. Finally she married the genial "Buck" Royall, who was not counted in the running.

At one time Page and I were considered so strikingly alike that we were frequently mistaken for each other. I was not nearly so good-looking but on three or four occasions at the White Sulphur Andrew Simonds spoke to her for me. I was, of course, highly flattered. She kept open house at Richmond and I heartily enjoyed my visits there.

In those days people used to sit on their "stoops" up and down Franklin Street during the spring and autumn evenings and their friends would visit from stoop to stoop. Supper, not dinner, was served in the evening, with the famous Virginia hot breads, Virginia ham, oysters and all sorts of other southern delicacies, notably stewed and spiced pears and peaches which were especially toothsome. Anybody who happened in would be asked to stay to supper.

In most of the homes in Richmond in that day, hams and whole fowls were kept on the sideboards under huge silver covers, with decanters of sherry and port. At any time visitors could satisfy their thirst or appetite.

Handsome Harry Anderson was a great beau when I first used to visit Richmond, and Joe Lane Stern was not only a leader in all the social activities there but also lead the cotillions at the "White." Then there were the Dulaney brothers and our cousin, Austin Cabell, who now lives at his historic home, "Point O'Forks" on the James River.

I used to visit frequently at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ross on Franklin Street. They kept open house, according to the old custom. Fannie and Hattie Ross, their daughters, were typical Richmond belles.

Norfolk is another Virginia city where I enjoyed many visits among friends, first during my school days at Georgetown and also in later years. Judge Blow, my host, was the father of my friends Atala, now Mrs. Lou S. Noble, and George, who married Miss Adele Matthiessen and who owns

the old Nelson house, "York Hill," at Yorktown, one of the finest show places on the James River.

Among my friends in Norfolk were Herbert Reese d'Orsey Talliferro, LeRoy Shields and Jack Tobin.

Though I was only a school girl when I first visited Atala Blow, I remember it as though it were yesterday. Judge Blow, like most Virginia gentlemen, thought a day was not a day unless it was punctuated by the serving of mint juleps. He mixed his with black brandy and mint which was never bruised only steeped in the brandy so as to have the proper aroma as well as flavor.

There is a story of one of Judge Blow's guests who, not knowing the potency of this pleasurable beverage, drank two or three juleps in succession before dinner and thought he would lie down a few minutes until it was time to dress. He appeared again in time for dinner, but on the following evening, having been allowed to sleep "around the clock."

Judge Blow's wife was a sister of Mr. Warren Elliott, leader of all the fashion and revelry one season when I was at the "White." He had a deep bass voice with which he would start the first verse of a song and before it was over every one on the wide piazzas and the ball room would join in the chorus. He would frequently lead processions, each person with his hands on another's shoulders and everybody singing lustily while parading through the ball room, dining room, out on the lawns and back through the porches again to his accustomed seat in front of the office. One of his songs was "Who Killed Cock Robin?" His son, Milton Elliott, now one of the leading lawyers of Washington, is a friend I have inherited through his father and the Blows. He has the same fine voice, geniality and love of fun of which his father was possessed and is always a great acquisition to any company.

CHAPTER XVIII

Theodore Roosevelt at the Charleston Exposition

WHEN Charleston held its Cotton States Exposition, in 1903, I was asked by the Mayor and the president of the Exposition to be chairman of the Entertainment Committee. During that period, it fell to my lot to entertain the President of the United States and also, the Governors of nearly every State in the Union, with their staffs, who came as guests to the Exposition.

Chauncey Depew was among other noted guests who came for the opening day. He spent a week with us and celebrated his seventy-first birthday in our house. He left to go to Paris to be married to Miss May Palmer who, throughout the years since then to the day of his death at ninety-six, made him a devoted and admirable wife.

Mr. Depew visited us twice before the Exposition, once when his first wife was living, he came with her and his son "Buster," as he was called, and again on the occasion of the "Baby Party." He was always the most delightful guest in the world, the best *raconteur* I have ever known. No one tired of his good stories.

The passing of Chauncey Depew, one of America's outstanding characters, was a distinct loss to the Nation.

Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States during the Charleston Exposition. He came with Mrs. Roosevelt, her sister, Miss Carew; Mr. George Cortelyou; the Hon. Philander Knox and others. I had the pleasure of being official hostess to the party during their visit.

The President's good stories, his physical endurance, his amazing energy and vital interest in everything were then,



ANDREW SIMONDS AND MARGARET WHEN TWO MONTHS OLD

Ready for the first figure of a morning German at the "White"

Upper oval: MARGARET AT THE AGE OF TWO YEARS

Lower oval: MARGARET TODAY WITH HER TWO SONS PETER ARTHUR AND ANDREW SIMONDS DRURY

as always, among his marked characteristics. One incident of his trip to Charleston has become history.

In his speeches while there he frequently reiterated his sympathy with the South because of his Southern mother, who was a Miss Bullock of Georgia. He said there was nothing in his power he would not do for the South, especially after the courtesies he, as a Republican President, had received from the Southerners. But when he went back to Washington he appointed *Crum*, a colored man, as Collector of the Port of Charleston! There was nothing he could have done that would have so aroused the animosity of the Charlestonians. Crum, in his position as Collector of the Port, had under him in the Customs House as his clerks the sons of former slave owners.

The Senate for some time did not ratify the appointment of Crum. In the interval many leading citizens of Charleston took a trip to Washington to intercede with the President of the United States, not to put Crum in office fearing confirmation of the appointment might result in bloodshed.

The President was adamant! Crum was one of the well educated negroes of the country and President Roosevelt seemed to wish to show he had no racial prejudices, as he had done in the case of Booker T. Washington, and to demonstrate that opportunities in America were alike for black and white. So he insisted on keeping Crum in office.

We feared the worst but it did not occur as Crum, himself, was a man of rare tact and discretion. He issued no orders, merely making requests through intermediaries that certain things should be done. As Roosevelt's luck would have it, Crum's term of office closed more auspiciously than it had begun.

Meanwhile, I came to Washington and was entertained at the White House. I remember the President turning to me with his well-known grin and asking if it were true I had

said that when he was in Charleston I had cast my bread of hospitality upon the waters and it had come back to me as a dark, distasteful "Crum."

I replied, "Mr. President, were it true that I had said such a thing, do you not honestly think it was justified?" The President turned and grasped my hand, saying, "Whether you said it or not, I like your spirit in standing by your colors."

"Color you mean," I said, "Mr. President; but you will find the color line in the South is not one for even a President to over step." He looked me straight in the eyes and said, "I want you to know that I have the best of reasons for what I am doing and I have no excuses to make." I believe those were just President Roosevelt's tenets, never to explain, never to retract and never to apologize.

Once again I had occasion to speak my mind to the President. It was at the Centennial at West Point where I had gone, as a guest on a yacht up the Hudson, to attend the ceremonies. General Nelson A. Miles was at West Point for the occasion. He had incurred the displeasure of the President by his stand about certain Army supplies and had presumed to enter into a newspaper controversy with him. Though the General was Senior Officer commanding the United States Army the President was giving him no recognition whatever. At the reception at the Commandant's house, the President asked me about my seats in the auditorium, I replied I had very good seats but I had proffered mine to General Miles who had no seat assigned to him on the platform.

The President did not look pleased at this straight forward remark and spontaneously replied, "Gad! But you have courage." But that was all. General Miles, of course, did not take my proffered seats. He left before the ceremonies in which he, in his position, should have had a leading part.

President Roosevelt was a splendid friend, but a ruthless

enemy. I, however, in spite of having the courage of my convictions, seemed to have his friendship to the end, as well as that of General Miles.

The General had proved himself such a friend to me on so many occasions that I felt more than justified in taking his part where I thought he was being unjustly dealt with. In reviewing his friendship for me I recall that once, when we had discovered the prospects of oil on our plantation in Louisiana, General Miles suggested bringing Governor Hogg of Texas down to look the property over.

Governor Hogg was in New York at the time and was going down to his own oil lands in Texas on a private car, with other experts. The General arranged to bring them all to the plantation and I hastened down ahead of them.

It was in September and the weather had turned very hot, with the sultry, moist heat which is so unbearable at that time of the year.

In order to make their visit endurable I thought up a plan to keep them cool. I had tubs filled with blocks of ice and placed in the corners of the room, concealing them with palmetto leaves. Long pans, also filled with ice, were placed in the window sills of the dining room and were covered with gray moss and palmetto leaves. The shades were drawn down to about two inches above the "coolers," as I called them.

Then I got four little pickaninnies just the same size and dressed them in turkey red slips, their little "tummies" bound with white cheese-cloth sashes and had their wooly heads wound around with turbans of turkey red and white cheese cloth. They made the cutest little blackamoors imaginable. I instructed them to wave their fans of green palmetto leaves over the heads of the gentlemen whenever they sat down and to keep the improvised punkah going over the dining room table.

Also, I had bowls of fresh mint on the hall tables so the

guests could see the evidence of the nectar they were to sip, whenever they called for it.

Consequently they had a very pleasant visit and Governor Hogg, with his experts, was willing to walk about in the hot sun doing his prospecting, in view of the cooling comfort of the plantation house.

They pronounced the plantation an oil bearing territory and said that for forty miles inland all along the coast of Louisiana and Texas oil could be found everywhere. Nothing was done about developing it at the time as Papa Breaux did not care for the terms that were offered him. Just recently I was given an opportunity to lease some of this land I had reserved to one of the big oil companies of Texas.

On several other occasions General Miles proved his friendship. Once when I was returning from Europe, very ill, General and Mrs. Miles were on the same ship. Just as we were sailing, the General had received a case of very fine champagne as a gift from the President of France. Twice a day, at luncheon and at dinner time, the General and Mrs. Miles came to my cabin and made me drink some of this cold beverage, which I think kept me alive.

On the same trip, Hannis Taylor, who had been our Minister to Spain, was returning to America. This was previous to the Spanish-American War and he read me his article which later appeared in the *North American Review* and which clearly predicted our war with Spain.

Chiro, the palmist, known as Count de Hammond, predicted the future of nearly every one on board ship, but I would not allow him to predict mine. Half Irish, as I am, I am not superstitious in that way and have no faith in such things. Chiro probably did more to break up homes than any one man I have ever heard of. It is said that every woman is, at one time or another, disappointed in her husband! Chiro, by a series of adroit questions, would find out

whether a woman was satisfied in her marital relations and if not would predict a divorce, a death or at any rate *a change*. The victims, influenced by these predictions, would in many cases act in such a manner as to bring about the fulfillment of his prophecy.



CHAPTER XIX

The Shadows Gather

THUS far the story of my third incarnation has dealt almost entirely with people who passed through my life at this period and with more or less detached social incidents. During this entire time, I kept no record nor any form of diary or journal of events other than my guest book at the Villa, which was purloined because of the many famous signatures it contained. I am grateful therefore for a retentive memory which alone brings before me the faithful reproduction of the personalities, occurrences and conversations that occurred during this interval.

At the close of the Charleston Exposition the curtain fell on the brightest period of my Third Incarnation. For several months I had been growing more and more uneasy about my husband's health. After the visit of President Roosevelt and his party, I persuaded Andrew to run on with me to New York to see Dr. Polk. Margaret was a little over three at the time.

It was the unhappy duty of Dr. Polk, after he had taken Andrew, without my knowledge, to see the famous scientist, Dr. Allen Starr, to tell me that Andrew had suddenly become the victim of a complete nervous breakdown.

I had to arm my soul with all the fortitude that was in me for the trials that were coming. We induced Andrew to promise that he would take a long vacation. I went back to Charleston with him and, mustering my courage, told his mother and his family the situation.

On the strength of the suggestion of a lengthy holiday, I persuaded Andrew to resign from the presidency of his bank and from all his other activities, and we closed our house in

Charleston for an indefinite period. The house was full of flowers and friends when our major domo, Abram Johnson, opened the door for us to pass out. I knew we were never to return to the old order of existence, for the word "finis" had been written to our life at the Villa.

We went back to New York to be near the two physicians, Dr. Polk and Dr. Starr, wonderful friends to both of us through all the trying time that followed. Dr. Starr advised us not to travel, but to get a trained nurse and to take a cottage near by, so he could see his patient regularly. For a time Andrew seemed to improve and I was much encouraged.

I took one of the Bruce Price cottages at Tuxedo and lived there in more or less seclusion with my husband for about a year. My own mother spent some time with me there and helped to settle the house but had to return to Louisiana. Miss Kate Crafts of Charleston, then joined me and remained during the entire time I was in Tuxedo.

There, Richmond Pearson Hobson paid us a week-end visit which altered the course of his life. While he was my guest he met the exquisite Zelda Hull and fell violently in love with her—indeed, I think it was a case of love at first sight on both sides. They were married shortly afterwards and, as the fairy stories say, "lived happily ever after."

Cousins John and Linnie Calhoun came out to stay at the Club at Tuxedo to be near us and, in common with all of our friends, did everything possible to help in our trouble. It was a terrible thing to be helpless and to have to sit, day by day, and see the ship on which all my hopes had been embarked, pounding to pieces on the rocks, with all sails set and flags flying. Andrew was the only one among us who was cheerful during this time, not in the least realizing his state of health. He grew steadily worse and Dr. Starr finally insisted upon his being taken to a sanitarium where I could visit him at first daily and then at longer intervals.

When they decided that it would be best both for the patient and for me to see him only once a month, I took a small house on DeSales Street, in Washington, with Andrew in a near-by sanitarium. Among the people who were my compensations for what I felt was my exile from Charleston, were my old friends Mr. and Mrs. John Hemphill, formerly of South Carolina, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Denègre. The Denègres had taken a house quite near me, on Connecticut Avenue, where I felt, because of my confidence in Walter Denègre's judgment I could always go for advice when I needed it. Alas for me, however, I seldom follow it. Like the late President Roosevelt, I listen to advice in order to more freely follow my own inclinations.

This brings to my mind the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Denègre to me in Charleston, at the Villa, during the occasion which I have already recounted of the President's visit during the Exposition. Mr. Denègre had been a Harvard class-mate and friend of Theodore Roosevelt, which was one reason I invited him and his wife to Charleston to meet the President. The reunion of the two old friends was delightful, especially as Walter Denègre made it apparent that he had no iron in the fire and no favors to ask. On account of his prominence in politics in Louisiana it had been predicted, when Roosevelt was elected, that Mr. Denègre could have any gift that it was in the power of the President to offer, but he set this prediction at naught by telling the President that there was no gift he could accept; he only craved the opportunity to help Louisiana by pointing out that if certain proposed appointees were chosen dangers were likely to result. The President expressed appreciation of Mr. Denègre's counsel but, as usual, followed his own intentions in the matter.

In passing I wish, here to touch upon Mr. Denègre's career in Louisiana, which has been a most noteworthy one.

He was a lawyer of distinction, but was always of constructive service in each community in which he has lived.

I recall how he was instrumental, with Mr. Parker who was subsequently Governor, Mr. Parkinson and others, in putting down the Mafia, an Italian organization, which was a great menace in New Orleans during the later eighties. By his drastic and decisive action he inspired the citizens of New Orleans to take matters into their own hands. The leaders of the Mafia were summarily executed, thus suppressing the whole movement.

He performed many other public services and when he was persuaded to run for the United States Congress he was elected in spite of a concerted effort from the professional politicians who were against an independent aristocrat of his caliber. Through actual treachery in the counting of the ballot he lost out by one vote. This was a decided deprivation for the State as Walter Denègre's ability, clear judgment and inside knowledge of the needs of Louisiana and of the nation would have been of the most material benefit in the Congress of the United States.

When Woodrow Wilson came into office, friends of Mr. Denègre cabled to him in Paris asking that he permit his name to be urged as appointee for Ambassador to France. He declined to do so, preferring to remain in the ranks of private life.

Walter Denègre married Mrs. Bertha Cobb Armour and, although his interests have led him away from Louisiana, he has never forsworn his residence there where his family affairs constantly recall him.

I count it as one of my greatest privileges to call Walter Denègre my friend. He has proven worthy of that name to both Papa Breaux and my dear mother, as well as to me on many occasions. While we were neighbors on DeSales Street, in Washington, we saw much of each other and

Bertha, his wife, arranged that I should go to them later at their summer home on the North Shore of Massachusetts.

Automobiles had not then come into vogue but I had, when in Washington, a high cart and a high stepping thoroughbred which was equally good in the shafts and under the saddle. I enjoyed driving, with Margaret and her faithful nurse, Julia Hales, around the beautiful environment of Washington and particularly in Rock Creek Park, which had not then reached its present stage of development but was filled with drives and bridle paths. I also enjoyed frequent long rides alone and on many occasions met President Theodore Roosevelt in the park and saw him make some of his famous jumps, one of the photographs of which he had given me. Once or twice I was included in President Roosevelt's party on his exploring tours over undeveloped trails which are now delightful bridle paths through the Park.

It was at this time that I became enamored of Washington and I determined that, if it ever was possible, I would eventually make it my home. Not being taken up with the onerous duties of society, owing to the circumstances at the time, I had leisure to cultivate my friends and to realize the advantages of the Capital in the way of its galleries of art and its galleries of information in the Senate and the House.

I was also a member of the Chevy Chase Club. This was before the new Club House was built, when the old one with its great stone fireplace and gabled roof over the big hall made it more like a typical English Club than the new and handsomer one of today. The Riding and Hunt Club was not then in existence, therefore most of the riding around Washington was confined to the members of the Chevy Chase Club. They had hunts every autumn, in which all the men wore the red coat or "pink," as they call it in England.

Delightfully intimate dances formed part of the now vanished pleasures of the past. No more are such things

possible, Washington having become the rapidly expanding and cumbersome city that it now is. In those days it had more the nature of a Southern village. One met one's friends at market and one walked up and down Connecticut Avenue with them on Sunday afternoons. The Avenue then had no business houses, but was a street of residences, almost like Richmond, with the people sitting on the stoops or in their galleries on spring afternoons. One felt a part of the community. It was like living in any of the other old Southern cities which have now, for the most part, been obliterated by the onward rush of the motor car. It makes one think of the verse of Austin Dobson:

“For now by steam we run our race
With buttoned heart and pocket
'Till love itself's an outworn grace
Just like an empty locket.”

But life to me, no matter how peaceful, could no longer be stable. I felt like the Wandering Jew, driven forth from every safe harbor.



CHAPTER XX

Unsettled Wanderings

IN THE early summer, following my winter and spring in Washington, and after a conference with the Doctor, Mamma Simonds persuaded me to take my little daughter and go north for a change of environment.

We went to York Harbor, and while there I paid my promised visit to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Denègre at their villa on the North Shore, leaving Margaret with Miss Crafts and her devoted nurse, who had accompanied us.

I thoroughly enjoyed Villa Crest, the beautiful home of the Denègres, and their boundless hospitality. Among their friends whom I met there, I recall particularly the charming Mrs. Tams, who had been Mrs. Cruger, mother of the lovely Violet Cruger, whom I had met in New York. Mrs. Tams always took great pleasure in my anecdotes of our southern negroes and the Bostonians seemed to relish them also.

In the midst of my pleasure I was suddenly taken ill with an acute attack of appendicitis and insisted upon being removed to Coryhill Hospital where the renowned Doctor Richardson, the greatest pioneer in operations for appendicitis, was sent for to operate on me. I was saved from the knife, however, by the foresight and timely intervention of a young New York surgeon, whom I had recently met at the Myopia Club.

During the time of my convalescence at Coryhill, nothing could have exceeded the kindness of my northern friends. Mrs. Roger Walcott, who was a daughter of the historian Prescott and the wife of the man they called the "Aristocrat Governor" of Massachusetts, was one of those who showed me that hearts are just as warm in the north as in the south.

She came nearly every day to see me and always brought culinary dainties prepared by her own hands. When I was well enough, I went to make her a visit in the Blue Hills, at Milton, Mass.

As soon as I was sufficiently recuperated, I returned again to visit my ill husband. The doctors assured me that my presence only increased his nervousness and filled him with a restless desire to leave the sanitarium with me, so they urged me to go South once more.

I could not be contented anywhere. I was restless and at loose ends, not knowing what to do with myself. I played battledore and shuttlecock, back and forth between the sanitarium and other scenes. I did not wish to be in Charleston, under the circumstances, so determined to lay in a supply of books on my hobbies of architecture and landscaping and go down to Louisiana to spend the winter with my mother and Papa Breaux. They were at Oakbourne Plantation, Papa Breaux having retired from the practice of law, and they lived in quiet peace and seclusion, raising sugar cane and race horses.

Accordingly I took Margaret and her nurse, with my favorite *Lares* and *Penates* and "settled in" for the winter. I looked forward to another season of hard reading and hard riding, but the latter was brought to a sudden termination the day before Christmas, 1905.

My mother and Papa Breaux were preparing to celebrate their wedding anniversary with a large dinner for their friends from the surrounding countryside. I had ordered flowers and various decorations from New Orleans. Packing Margaret and her nurse into a high brake I drove into the station to get the flowers and Christmas packages. When we reached the station the nurse got out with Margaret to see if the things had arrived. The restless thoroughbred I was driving had just been broken to harness. It saw the approaching train

and taking wild fright ran blindly toward the rushing engine, on the roadbed itself, with a steep embankment on each side.

There was nothing to do but to try to throw the horse back on its haunches and leap for my life. The horse leapt too, miraculously escaping injury, and ran home with his harness hanging to him, which first apprised my people of the accident.

But I did not fare so well. I lay at the bottom of the bank with a compound fracture of the left foot and ankle. Some railroad hands recognized me as "*la fille du Colonel Breaux*" and carried me on a stretcher made of their coats to the office of the nearest doctor.

My first thought was to thank God that Margaret and her nurse were not with me, and my next to deplore the spoiled dinner party. It was early in the day, and after my foot and ankle were set and Papa Breaux had gotten us safely home again, we found that it was impossible to reach some of the guests by telephone. As my pain had been lulled with narcotics, I insisted upon the program being carried out.

The dinner guests all came in to see me and, smiling with assumed gayety, I called myself a *bumper* to the anniversary pair and drank their health, my teeth chattering the while with anguish on the edge of the glass. But the dinner went off well and I would not let my two dears know how I was suffering.

The next day I received a Christmas telegram from my new friend, the surgeon, who had saved me from the knife at Coreyhill. In replying I told him of my plight. Then another extraordinary thing occurred. He was an interne at a hospital in the far North, on the eve of his examinations for the profession of surgery. Without asking permission and risking his examinations, without even stopping to change his uniform until he boarded the train, he snatched his traveling kit and caught the next express for Louisiana.

He arrived at the plantation in the small hours of the morning two days later, and demanding of my mother to see my ankle, declared it was just as he feared from country surgeons, a wrongly-set compound fracture and the wounds not made antiseptic.

My people had never seen him before and thought the whole proceeding astonishing. But they yielded to his insistence that I be taken the next morning, without delay, to the Touro Infirmary in New Orleans, to be placed under the care of Dr. Matas, of his day, the greatest surgeon in the South.

The entire place was immediately in an uproar as the only train left at seven, and it was then five. But the move was accomplished. When Dr. Matas saw the fracture he said my surgeon friend was more than right, as a day later it might have been impossible to save my foot from amputation, or perhaps my life itself. The wound was already infected, and but for drastic preventive measures would have produced blood poisoning.

All this accomplished, the surgeon friend departed as swiftly and silently as he had arrived. I was ill at the Touro for weeks. While I lay helpless there I persuaded Papa Breaux to engage, through the Italian Consul at New Orleans, a complete working corps of Italians to care for the cotton and sugar growing on the plantations.

When I returned to Oakbourne it was a distraction for me to hobble on my crutches over to the quarters to make friends with the pretty black-eyed mothers and their bambinos. The Italians proved a good experiment, too, for we found that one Italian could pick and make more cotton to the acre than three or four lazy negroes who, since overseers had no terrors, spent most of their time lying in the sun.

During the winter I heard at regular intervals from the

surgeon. His brilliant letters were a source of great pleasure. He wrote so entertainingly in his bold, characteristic hand. Every now and then he would send me a worth-while book with his personal criticisms.

In the spring, using a long cane, I limpingly returned North to the sanitarium, only to be ordered away again after a short while. I then determined to accept an invitation to pay a visit to my friends in Atlanta, Georgia.

Mr. Samuel Spencer, then president of the Southern Railway, when he heard of my crippled condition, kindly placed his private car at my disposal for the Georgia visit. Mr. Spencer had been a friend of Andrew Simonds in Charleston and had made the First National Bank one of the depositories for the Southern Railroad.

I had introduced to Mr. Spencer an old-time friend of Charleston days, Mr. Claudian P. Northrup, who then was general counsel of the road. A few years ago, on this same car on which I had been the recipient of the most generous hospitality from an absent host, Mr. Spencer, who was one of the kindest and most considerate of men, met his death in a head-on collision.

I received the news just as I was about to go to a dinner given by the Colgate-Hoyts of Long Island at Thanksgiving time. I was so shocked by the news that it made me ill. I could not even think of the dinner and was unnerved for days.

Before this happened, while I was still using my cane, I went to visit Mrs. Samuel Spencer at her home in Tuxedo Park in order to attend the wedding of Zelda Hull to Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, having, as I have before recited, introduced them to each other. I felt therefore in a measure,

responsible for the marriage. Indeed they called me, and do to this day, "Fairy Godmother," and they named the cane that I carried "my wand." I rejoiced in their happiness and it was pleasing to feel that I had helped to bring it about.



CHAPTER XXI

Widowhood and Readjustment

IN THE autumn, after another visit to the sanitarium, I returned once more to Charleston where, shortly afterwards, saddened and utterly depressed by my recent visit, I received the news that my poor husband's trials were ended and he was at last at rest.

I was glad to be with his mother when the end came. She showed all the fortitude I could expect from that Spartan soul. After the interment at Magnolia Cemetery in Charleston, she told me with tender sympathy how she loved and honored me for my loyalty and my care for her son. She said she realized that my position had been a trying one, but I had done all that was humanly possible for Andrew, and she wanted me to feel she was with me in every way, as she always had been. She wished me to not wear heavy mourning, as she considered that my days of anxiety and mourning were over and that I should feel that the heaviest burden of sorrow had finally been lifted from me.

I felt, at last, that I could square my shoulders and live my own life with a consciousness that I had done my full duty, but I cherished her words as a most precious gift. She lived up to them to the fullest extent, and a further example of this will be shown at the beginning of my Fourth Incarnation.

Margaret was just six years old, and but for her I might have felt that I had little for which to live. But, with my maternal duties calling on my courage, I knew that I must take up my affairs and make the most of life for my child, as well as for myself.

Andrew Simonds had, in the last years of his active life,

made some very unforunate speculations. At the outset of his illness his salary had been cut off as with a knife on his resignation from all his remunerative posts.

There were heavy debts against his estate, and I paid them all. Then I found that I was left with a large amount of valuable but unproductive real estate as my only assets. Fortunately for me, two or three months before Margaret was born, I had asked Andrew to alter his will, in which he had left everything to me outright, and to make in it a provision for his child. This was done very wisely, so that the property could not be disposed of, as otherwise might have been the case.

An illuminating illustration of the danger of this occurred shortly after Andrew's death when I thought I would ameliorate conditions by having a mortgage put on the Villa which was free of all encumbrance. While I was in New York I was recommended to a firm which did such business in the South, and if I had not been protected by the clause providing that the property was mine for life, but to go to my child or children after my death, it would doubtless have been gotten away from me, and I would have had nothing to show for it, as I discovered the regular form of procedure with this particular firm was to foreclose at the first opportunity. In several instances that I heard of afterwards, widows had had their property foreclosed on their failure to make their first payment.

Not being able to make any such disposition of my real estate, I cast about in my mind for a way to make it productive. Having had no past business experience whatever, my advisers were dubious of my plans.

The Simonds family offered me a refuge, but I have never been able to bear the thought of not being independent. Under the terms of the will, I could have sold the Villa for reinvestment. But I could find no purchaser for a

home so large, so I determined to turn it into a sublimated Inn, with southern ladies, who were notable housekeepers, to run it.

I called the inn "Villa Margherita" and mapped out a program whereby the guests could feel as if they were at a house party in which they could be independent factors. They were to have breakfast in their rooms, tea in the court, and their luncheons and dinners served like private parties, without menus.

I got up a little booklet describing what the Villa Margherita would give to its guests and I had my well-known crest at the top of the initial page, but changed the motto under neath to read, "*Sic tibi pecunia non intrare non licet est*," a rough Latin translation of the still more colloquial phrase, "If you ain't got no money you needn't come around."

This announcement I sent to people who had been our guests from time to time and told them that they could now come to the Villa at their own expense, if they wished to make it their headquarters in Charleston for the winter.

Mrs. Thomas Frost and her daughter Eugenia, who were well-known hostesses and connections of the Simonds family, were the first chatelaines of the Villa. I dictated the policy from behind the scenes and then disappeared for a time, allowing them a free rein.

The Villa Margherita was a success from the moment it opened its doors. It has remained so ever since, having maintained through successive administrations its reputation for having one of the best tables in the South. It is like a celebrated Inn of France, taking in most of the surrounding houses. In the ball room, after supper, there are card parties, conversation and music, and other forms of entertainment, and the guests are introduced to each other.

The present holder of the post of chatelaine of the Villa is Miss Lisa Dawson, to whom I have recently sold it. She

belongs to one of the "Sacred Families" of Charleston. Through Miss Dawson, the girls stopping at the Villa, who are entitled to the honor, are invited to the St. Cecelia balls and her guests have the opportunity of meeting "the best people." She has managed the Villa for some years now, and has made there a circle of friends extending around the world.

After doing the Villa over from a private home to an inn, I sold, for reinvestment, Andrew's hunting island off the coast of South Carolina, his yacht and a few other pieces of property and then turned Southern Wharf into account.

On Southern Wharf was the first Cotton Warehouse in the United States, an old brick structure very picturesque in its outlines. There was also an old Colonial mansion built over a fort, which had been, when I went to Charleston, the home of Mr. William L. Trenholm, who was then Comptroller of the Currency in Washington.

The Wharf also had a long, low brick building with a series of oriole windows, which was another warehouse. I sold the latter building to the Carolina Yacht Club and it is used by them today. The old cotton warehouse and the Colonial mansion I threw together with a picturesque connection and turned the whole thing into another inn, which I called "Shamrock Terrace," as it stood on a wide, grassy terrace directly on the edge of the harbor. This became very popular with the Captains of the United States Navy and the yachtsman who came to Charleston, as they could see their boats riding at anchor in front of their windows. While this inn was in no way connected with the Villa, it profited by the latter's popularity, which drew so many people to Charleston that another such inn became necessary. Later I purchased property nearer to the Villa to take care of an ever increasing overflow and today practically all of the available space in houses of that part of the city are used for Villa guests.

I then took an old house opposite Shamrock Terrace, at 53 East Bay, and remodeled it, keeping all of the Old World features but adding new ones which were in character and furnished it throughout with Colonial furnishings of the same period as the house itself. This I made into a home for myself and my child. It was a pleasure to entertain there the interesting guests of the Villa and of Shamrock Terrace.

Among the first comers to this new home at 53 East Bay were John C. Wise, Medical Director of the United States Navy, and Walter Weyman, Surgeon General. I find in my guest book of that period, on the 9th of May, 1907, the signatures of Edward D. Sturdy and Sir Esme Howard, the latter formerly Ambassador from Great Britain. Sir Esme and his gracious wife, Lady Isabella, were the Doyen and Doyenne of the Diplomatic Corps. I can truthfully add that, within my memory, never has there been so deservedly popular a Diplomatic pair in Washington.

I find there also the signatures of Sinclair Lewis and his wife, Grace Livingston Lewis. Mr. Lewis finished "Main Street" while he was a guest at the Villa, which is mentioned in its closing pages.

Julian Street's name is also there. He was writing a description of Charleston, with illustrations by Mr. Morgan, who elaborately illustrated the pages of my guest book, the illustrations being as gay as was the humor of this gifted pair while they were in Charleston.

The front of the house was covered with a lattice for vines and the drawing room with its balconies was on the second floor. Mr. Street and Mr. Morgan always chose to enter the drawing room by climbing the lattice, Romeo fashion, and knocking for admittance from the balcony.

Another noted guest was Chief Justice William Howard Taft when he was President of the Red Cross. He came to

Charleston in behalf of the Red Cross, accompanied by his wife, also by Miss Mabel Boardman, who was and still is the Secretary of the American Red Cross. It was then I predicted that Mr. Taft would be the next President of the United States; though he was not then a candidate.

Also in May, 1907, I find the name of Holden Weeks of New York, who wrote this charming descriptive verse:

"The flash of light on Charleston Bay,
The perfume of blossoms, the gray sea wall,
The haunt of fair memories over the way;
The charm of your presence pervading all."

The names of Col. and Mrs. Cheney and of the then Ambassador to France and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Riddle are among the distinguished guests I remember with the greatest pleasure.

However the names I most treasure in that book are those of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar S. Straus, those gentle souls who performed so many philanthropies together and left life, the greatest of all, in their fearless death on the Titanic. When they were told there was room for only one more in the life boat, they chose to drown together, clasped in each other's arms.

I traveled a good bit and always had 53 East Bay as my *pied a terre*, and while there I heard that General Leonard Wood had been transferred from the Northwestern Department of the United States Army to the Southeastern Department, with headquarters at Charleston.

As I had known General and Mrs. Wood before and felt near to them through Mrs. Wood's sister Alice, who was then Mrs. Cambridge Livingston of New York, and had frequently visited me, I moved to the Villa Margherita in order to turn 53 East Bay over to the General for himself and Mrs. Wood

and his officers. I knew it would be perfectly suited to their needs.

When they first arrived in Charleston I gave a dinner at the Villa for the General, Mrs. Wood, his own officers and all of the notables of Charleston including the Mayor, Goodwyn Rhett. The dinner had quite an historical significance.

The Charlestonians were delighted to honor General Wood and to have the headquarters of the Southern Department there and there were many speeches of congratulations and welcome during the dinner. In response the dear General, who was always frank, said that while he deeply appreciated the cordiality of the Charlestonians and was most happy and comfortable in his new quarters, and delighted in the beauty of the city and the surroundings, he felt that his transfer had been "a piece of petty politics." This was not very diplomatic of the General and unfortunately some one at the dinner, whom we could never imagine—it may have been a traitor in his own ranks—reported this speech to Washington. Thereupon the General was shortly transferred to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and had to give up what promised to be a most important post, as he had under his command as head of the Southeastern Division, the sixteen Southern States, a much larger command than the Northeastern Division.

We all regretted his departure, but I think no one regretted it more than the General himself. For he was learning to appreciate the opportunities of his post when he suddenly received his orders of transfer.

The early winter following Andrew's death, his cousin, Pat Calhoun, who had introduced Andrew to me in Macon, brought his wife back to Charleston. He had married a daughter of Mr. George Williams, who was formerly a partner of Dr. Simonds in the banking business, and later established a successful bank of his own.

Pat Calhoun was at that time in the zenith of his career. He had acquired through his own efforts a fortune variously estimated at from twenty to one hundred millions and had built on Euclid Heights in Cleveland, Ohio, which was his home, a house that deserved the title of "palace." His daughter Martha was of the age to make her debut and he naturally wished her to make her bow in Charleston to "the most exclusive society in America"—in his own native State of South Carolina.

The Williams home, which then belonged to his wife who was the eldest daughter of George Williams, and which is now called the Calhoun mansion, was entirely done over for the occasion. It was lined with portraits of the Calhouns; Pat's own grandfather, the great John C., his forbears and descendants; portraits of his mother's family who were the Duff-Greens of Georgia, and portraits of his wife's family on both sides. It was refurnished by Herter and Tiffany.

A special covered driveway was built from the street to the side entrance, the big conservatories were arranged so they could be illuminated and made a part of the entertaining facilities of the house, which, with its ball room, its banquet hall, picture gallery and wide halls, already afforded more than the usual facilities.

Here Pat arranged to give "the entertainment which set the whole State talking." People from all over the South were invited as well as friends from other sections of the country. Pat brought down on a private car from Cleveland Mr. and Mrs. Myron Herrick, their son Parmalee; Governor Warfield and his daughter, from Maryland and other distinguished guests. Mr. and Mrs. Herrick were then in the prime of their lives. I thought I had never seen a handsomer man than Mr. Herrick. His devotion to his dainty wife was as striking as his appearance.

Although I was in mourning, Mamma Simonds approved

of my doing all I could to add to the pleasure of the party and I entertained for them at 53 East Bay. Sallie Calhoun, Pat's wife, had been my friend on my first visit to Charleston. He could not have had a more able or more splendid help-mate; strong, buoyant, with a well-stored mind, she was all that could be wished for as the wife of a statesman, which at that time seemed the future destiny of her husband. He was fitted for such a role as few men are, not only from his heritage, but by reason of his own keen intellect. He was possessed of a political acumen and grasp of national and international affairs. He had no more enthusiastic admirer and adherent than I was and have always been. But, alas!—he was not to wear the mantle of his grandfather—fate decreed otherwise.

He had interests in California where he had acquired large tracts of land and had just obtained a franchise for building Street Railways in San Francisco, where he had many valuable holdings.

During his absence a conspiracy was formed and a labor ring made an attack upon him, which is part of California history.

The story of his leonine and dignified conduct during the trial, won for him to an even greater degree what he already had—the admiration and support of the best people of San Francisco. But through manipulation and treachery the trial went against him.

Just at this time the San Francisco earthquake and fire took place and frightful inroads were made upon his private fortune. It was the commencement of the end. In less than three years after that his millions were swept away. But he had the rare ability and the steadfast courage that have enabled him to rebuild on the destruction of his fortune. He is one of the few exceptions I know of where a man of middle

age with the accumulations of a successful life torn away, has "come back."

Through all his misfortunes his wife stood by him with the same spirit and gayety that she had in the time of his triumphs. They had ten children and eight were living. They were served by a devoted family of colored people whose parents had belonged to the Calhouns; butlers, second men, cooks, maids and nurses. All were the children of one grand old colored *lady*. A real lady if there ever was one, who always dressed in black silk with her white crimped hair parted in the middle, seeing that her children did their duty to the "fambly," as she called the Calhouns. She made them seem like story-book people.

Once the "fambly" went to Europe and took with them their entire menage, or, as Sallie called it her "menagerie," and drove along the Riviera to the villa they had taken at Beaulieu, in open carriages. In each carriage there were two colored servants with the children. They made a procession which people turned out to see.

Also during my early widowhood, while I was established at 53 East Bay, Mrs. Roger Walcott and her daughter Cornelia came down to spend one week with me and remained for three or four. Mrs. Walcott was, on one side of the house, related to some of the old Charleston families which made it easier for them to show they were no longer prejudiced against Yankees from Massachusetts. Their hospitality for Mrs. Walcott knew no bounds. She liked Charleston so much that she even resisted the invitation of Mrs. John R. McLean, who was Emily Beale and who had been her life-long friend and was known as Washington's most famous hostess. I considered this a great compliment to Charleston and to me that Mrs. Walcott several times deferred her visit to Washington while she was with me.

During Mrs. Walcott's visit I heard from the young sur-

geon who was still connected with the northern hospital. She had such kindly things to say of him I felt my own estimate was not at fault. He played in my life the part of a real Sir Galahad, a Knight Errant of pure chivalry. When professing nothing more than friendship (in all probabilities he had twice saved my life) and when, my own mourning being over, he told me he wanted all that was left of that life for himself, it was largely gratitude that prompted my tentative consent, nor shall I, as long as that life lasts or my consciousness of it exists, cease to be grateful to him.

The proposal of the surgeon made me both happy and miserable. There was a discrepancy in our ages, I being several years the elder. Apparently, today, this is to a woman's advantage if she knows how to use it, but I feared that I did not. Then there was the question of religion. I was orthodox, he was the reverse, I fear even a pagan in his proclivities. But he calmed my fears when I was with him and even offered to join my church.

Then my old friend, Major Mims of Atlanta, died. His daughter, Emma, Mrs. Joseph Thompson, wrote me that I would save her life if I would let her come to me. This, of course, I was only too happy to do. When she came I found she was very much broken in health and spirits.

It was while she was with me that a number of things happened which made me anxious to leave Charleston, as I thought, forever. Two of my old friends, then spending the winter in Charleston, whom I had regarded almost as brothers, decided to "declare themselves," as it is called. They only added to my perplexities.

Blue, and in the depths, I looked out of the window one morning and saw in the harbor the most beautiful yacht in the world, glistening in the sunshine like a floating palace.

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, "I wish we knew the owner and that we could be picked up for a sail around the world."

I had no idea that my wish was so soon to be realized. An hour later Goodwyn Rhett, who was then Mayor of Charleston, asked me over the 'phone to meet the yachting party at the Country Club.

The owner of the yacht was James Gordon Bennett, the well-known editor of the New York *Herald*. In his party were Lady Louise Maxwell, wife of the Chief of Staff to the Duke of Connaught; the Baroness de Reuter whom he afterwards married, with her son Ronald and his governess. The yacht was the *Lysistrata* at that time, next to the "Hohenzollern," yacht of the German Emperor, the largest in the world.

When Mr. Bennett was introduced to me at the Club and learned that I had been Daisy Breaux of New Orleans, the step-daughter of his friend Col. Gustave Breaux, and that we had many mutual friends in New York as well as in the South, he suggested that he would like to come to tea the next afternoon and indulge in reminiscences. He told me he had known "Gus" Breaux well at the close of the Civil War, when he himself had paid a visit to New Orleans. When I told him that my own father, Captain O'Donovan, had been unable to resist the appeal of the South and had been an ardent Southern sympathizer, he sprang to his feet, seized my hands and said, "God bless you, you are a double-dyed Confederate, aren't you?"

I found that though he had loaned his yacht, the "*Henrietta*," named for his mother, to President Lincoln for the Revenue Cutter service, and himself accepted a commission as a Lieutenant in the Northern Army, that all of his sympathies and the romance of his nature had been aroused by the gallant struggle of the South. He was the embodiment of chivalry,

not only for the Southern cause itself but for the Southern women.

After enjoying our hospitality he invited me and my friend, Mrs. Thompson, who also knew the traditions relating to the Civil War, to join his party for a cruise to the Mediterranean, the Dalmation Coast and wherever else we might wish to go, including also my child and her governess in the invitation.

He wanted to start at once. In a great state of excitement I consulted Mamma Simonds and my legal adviser, Mr. Kennedy Bryan, and also wired my own mother and Papa Breaux for their advice. They all thought it was a wonderful opportunity and urged me to go, particularly Mamma Simonds who, more than any one else, realized the long ordeal of the illness and death of Andrew Simonds and she wished me to have the relaxation of such an extended cruise.

She saw in Mr. Bennett, who was at that time over seventy, sedate and elegant, only the figure of a most perfect and correct host. He was tall, slender, lithe and active, with iron gray hair and curious gray eyes that expanded and closed like the jewel known as the "Cat's eye." When Mamma Simonds met him she was charmed with him. Newspaper editors were not then as distinguished in the South as they were in the North and while Papa Breaux, of course, knew that Mr. Bennett was the editor of a great paper and not only inherited but amassed a large fortune, he had lost touch with him after his visit following the close of the Civil War.

When, after having received the approval of my advisers, I felt that I could join the cruise, I had to explain to Mr. Bennett that we were not equipped with proper yachting things and with accessories suitable for such an expedition.

"That is simple," he replied. "We will run up to New York and you can fit yourselves out." So he arranged for a

private car and we started for New York the next day. There he took suites for the entire yachting party at the Holland House. In the intervals of our shopping he had us meet many of his friends at dinners and luncheons which were always arranged, as was everything he did, in the most royal fashion.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jay and their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Iselin, also Mr. Pollock of Pittsfield, Mass., were included in these parties, besides others of Mr. Bennett's friends and always some of the editors of the New York *Herald*.



CHAPTER XXII

Cruise on the Lysistrata

AFTER a week of shopping in New York we returned to Charleston, boarded the yacht and set sail on what happened to be my birthday, the 12th of May.

Mamma Simonds insisted on keeping Margaret and her governess with her as she feared the change of climate and food might not be good for the child at her early age. And so, with the addition of my ill friend, Mrs. Thompson, and myself to Mr. Bennett's party, the voyage was commenced.

The *Lysistrata* was superb in all its appointments. It was officered by Englishmen who had been in the English Navy. There were one hundred men in the crew, including seven Russian cooks. Three of these were for our own table, two for the officers and two for the men. Besides, there were the private servants of the yacht. Each woman guest had her own maid assigned to her and there were others for the additions to be made to the party at different ports.

Mr. Bennett had a corps of private servants and secretaries. At every port in which we dropped anchor representatives of the *New York Herald* came on board with the latest editions of the paper marked in red or blue pencil with the name of each reporter or author so that Mr. Bennett was not only in touch with the news but with the writers of his staff and even the names of the reporters. He wished to be, indeed, the Editor-in-Chief. He had bundles of the *New York Herald* sent on board and was closeted with his secretary every morning until lunch time going over every issue, which he read from the first line to the last.

As the name of the writer of each article was written across it, woe betide the man who wrote something that dis-

pleased him, were he editor or reporter. It is said he cabled the dismissal of a reporter named Boggs for writing something that gave him offense. The New York office cabled back, "There are three Boggs, which one is dismissed?" Mr. Bennett's reply was laconic and characteristic—"All of them." His swift repentances were equally characteristic. Learning that the elder Boggs was an invalid and innocent and that the other innocent Boggs had a family dependent upon him, Mr. Bennett pensioned them both though he would not take any of the Boggesses back on the *Herald*.

In the afternoons we had deck games while at sea, and water sports while in harbor. For these everybody had to be present whether they took part in the sports or not. There was an arrangement for swimming which was constructed with wire netting opening in telescopic fashion into the sea around the gangway so that when the yacht slowed down for our dip in the ocean we felt that we would be unmolested by the sea monsters.

In the evenings, after dinner, Mr. Bennett was in the habit of "fighting his battles o'er." He seemed unable to tear himself away from the subject of the Civil War and his eyes would contract and expand with excitement, particularly when we reviewed the skirmishes of the Confederate Generals.

Because I was "Gus Breaux's" step-daughter, Mr. Bennett seemed to think I had personally known Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Beauregard, and others whom we discussed. When I mildly expostulated and told him they were heroes before my time he would become very much annoyed and say decisively, "Nonsense, you must remember them perfectly."

Then, when he would build his bread barricades on the table cloth and charge them with the heavy artillery of knives and forks, he would call upon me to substantiate his state-

ments. So I entered into the games and was alternately Beauregard, Lee, Johnston, or Longstreet. On one occasion, remembering Papa Breaux' report of a battle, I was able to correct Mr. Bennett's statement about a certain engagement near Gettysburg. After that he *knew* I had fought and bled with the Southern side during the Civil War. He particularly rejoiced in an anecdote I told him about a young Creole in New Orleans who when asked his opinion of General Lee, said "Lee? Who was Lee?" Then suddenly seeming to remember said, disdainfully, "Oh yeah, I have heard Beauregard speak vera well of Lee."

Mr. Bennett was an exceptional host in every way, especially in his care for the comfort of his guests. He was ever somewhat of an autocrat. We had to obey almost as many rules as if we were in boarding school, but there was nothing left undone that could add to our pleasure. Our cabins were luxurious to the last degree and each cabin had its own sunken tub. On our bed-heads were owls, that bird of wisdom being Mr. Bennett's emblem. Owls were in the mosaics of the bath room and were used throughout the yacht.

There were real cows in marble stalls, milked by electricity into glass pails. There were chickens to lay fresh eggs for breakfast, automobiles to take us inland, and motor boats to speed us around the harbors. There were also sail boats with silken sails of different colors, woven in Italy. In the boat races, which were one of the forms of our amusements in the ports we visited, we could see, as far as the eye could reach, the colors of our sails upon the boats upon which we were betting.

Our first stop was at Bermuda where, after a week of boat races, swimming and all the sports that this delightful little island offers, we went on to Madeira. There we were the guests of Mr. Blandey, head of the famous Blandey vineyards. He had three villas on the island, one at Funchal, the Capital,

one half-way up the mountainside where he had a blue garden paved with blue and white tiles, with fountains spouting from blue and white Chinese vases. All of the flowers were blue and of the wonderful size and perfection that greet one in Madeira. The third villa was on the mountain-top, so, as the summer advanced, he could climb with the temperature.

The whole place was most picturesque and remarkable in its vegetation. The roses were the size of soup plates and the daisies almost as large; the heliotropes grew taller than a man's head and one had to stand on tiptoe to look into the lilies.

At Madeira Mr. Bennett thought we might be a little tired of the yacht, so he hired a hotel at the top of the mountain for the rest of the season—paying the proprietor to get rid of his other guests! Here he transported his own cooks and dismissed those of the hotel. We lived like nabobs for a period of ten extraordinary and delightful days.

There was a cogwheel railway up and down the mountainside, also sleds, which we preferred to use in coming down, for the pleasure and excitement of the trip. Had the attendants not held the sleds back with leather straps, we would have been dashed down into the sea like the famous animals of the Apocalypse.

There were no equipages in the city of Funchal, when we were there, other than bullock carts dragged over the cobblestones on wooden runners, like those of a sled. Bags of water were fastened behind the carts so that when the wooden runners became overheated and caught fire, as they frequently did, the drivers behind the carts would throw water over them. These carts were hung with little curtains which could be drawn, making them private palanquins.

The units of money were *riis*, and were counted by the thousands. If you had a light meal in a restaurant you might

get a bill for two or three thousand *riis*. Their bills unfurled like the bill of a comic opera and the people went around with bags of copper money. It was a little amusing for awhile but I should think it would have become monotonous for the resident.

We purchased freely of Madeira embroideries. As it was the days before prohibition I sent back skins of Madeira wine to some of my friends in Charleston.

From Madeira we cruised along the Mediterranean and then went to Mr. Bennett's place at Beaulieu. Here we were all lodged like royalty, and every evening Mr. Bennett would have a dinner with agreeable guests, most of them with old French titles, from the adjacent villas or from Nice and Monte Carlo.

Every day or so we would motor over the Corinche road to one or the other of these resorts, passing over the top of the Maritime Alps and looking down over the blue Mediterranean. It was a rare experience, for Mr. Bennett's guests dared not express a desire unless they wished him to take the trouble to gratify it.

A night or two after our arrival at Beaulieu I had a very distressing experience, which amused me later but was far from amusing at the time. My room was carpeted in a pale blue-gray Aubusson carpet with the Bennett device of the owl making an Empire pattern. The brocaded curtains were of the same style and design, the bed was of ivory and the lace covers were *pointe de Venice*. The bath room tiles were of the same pale blue-gray as the carpet, and had a sunken tub with gilt and ormolu fittings. There were also gilt and ormolu fittings on both the dressing table and writing desk. It was an exquisite room with a gallery looking out over the sea.

On this eventful night, just as I had gotten into bed I felt some mosquitoes buzzing around my head. I rang and the

maid appeared. I mentioned the mosquitoes and she brought some pastils and put them in a little gilt tripod at the foot of the bed.

I fell asleep with the smoke curling like incense around me, feeling like a Princess in a fairy story. From my dreams I was rudely awakened by a clap of thunder and one of the big plate-glass windows slammed to. I sprang up to close it and in doing so upset the gilt ormolu inkstand.

I found that the window had been shattered from top to bottom and the wind was blowing furiously in. When I turned around I saw that the tripod had upset and the bed was afire! I picked up the pillow and desperately beat out the flames but not before the lace spreads and cases were damaged beyond repair.

Then I turned to see, from the upset inkstand, a pool of ink upon the carpet. Rushing into the bath room I snatched up the large sponge that was in the soap bowl, common in foreign lands, filled it with water and rubbed soap on it and then tried to sop up the pool of ink. Of course, I only made it worse, spreading the pool into a lake and then into what seemed to be a veritable black ocean.

The window was shattered, the carpet was ruined, the bed was a wreck and, like Hannibal among the ruins of Carthage, I sat up and shivered until the morning, wondering how I could ever tell my host. He valued his possessions highly and, moreover he had a bad temper, owing to his indigestion.

After I had been fortified by breakfast and the maid had assured me it was as nothing for Mr. Bennett, I bathed and dressed and then sat down to compute what the damage must be. Alas, I did not think my letter of credit would cover it but I made out a check for what I considered commensurate payment and bravely marched down to the library door and knocked.

I heard a gruff voice say "*Entrez.*" I went in, and with

my knees shaking together, told Mr. Bennett that there had been an accident in the night, that the wind had blown over a pastil on my bed and caught it afire but I had probably saved the house from burning down.

Mr. Bennett said, "Well, what then? The house is saved, isn't it?" I said, "Yes." He said, "What more is there to say?"

I said, "The bed is ruined." "Not those lace spreads?" he growled. I said, "Yes sir, nor is that all, the window is broken." "What!" he said.

"Yes," I said, "and the inkstand upset and the carpet is ruined." "What's that?" said Mr. Bennett, his face getting more and more grave with each revelation.

He arose and walked up and down, snapping his fingers and looking very much disturbed.

I plucked up my courage and said, in substance: "You haven't said one word of how brave I was to put out the fire nor expressed regret at the night of misery I have spent and so I feel compelled to tell you that I think you have been most discourteous and I am going up to Paris by the first train, but not without giving you a check which I hope will cover the damage to your furniture."

The check I had written was for \$3,000 and as my letter of credit was for only \$2,500 I thought, if he takes it I will have to "swim the Hellespont." I handed him the check. He took it, looked at me a moment and then looked at the check, the while I trembled. The suspense was painful.

I mentally bade goodbye to the Paris and London shopping and to gifts for the friends at home. Indeed I saw myself reduced to the humiliation of cabling to my lawyer to send me more funds.

I thought I detected a gleam of satisfaction in Mr. Bennett's eyes as he folded the check and held it for a moment. Then, without saying anything he took out his pocketbook

and to my dismay, I saw him just about to place the check amongst his papers there. Then he seemed to start and come to himself. I suppose he had looked up and observed my drooping little body leaning against the door and the look of despair on my countenance, for I realized that I had been practicing a pure game of bluff and deserved to be caught redhanded.

Then Mr. Bennett laughed aloud and commenced to tear up the check into small pieces. My whole body seemed to be galvanized with new life. Mr. Bennett came to the library door and said, "Go to your room, child, I was in a bad humor this morning and did not realize half you were saying. You will certainly not go up to Paris before the rest of the party and you must forget the whole incident."

"Then I am forgiven?" I said.

"You must forgive me for my seeming lack of courtesy," he replied very gallantly.

So the breach was healed and I stayed on gladly, without a depleted bank account, and continued to enjoy Mr. Bennett's lavish hospitality and the scenery and diversions of the surrounding country.

In due course of time we went up to Paris in a private train of our own. There, for a fortnight, Mrs. Thompson and I were the guests of the beautiful Madame de Reuter in her wonderful home. Then we went to the suites that had been engaged for us at the Continental. Mr. Bennett lived outside of Paris near the Park of Versailles. This house had belonged to Madame de Maintenon. It had a picturesque *Laiterie* or dairy attached to the house and a great old linden in the garden which was hung with electric lights and under which we had our dinner at night when we were not dining with a special party at one of the lovely places on the Bois. The whole trip was almost perfect in its pleasure.

While in Paris on this trip, we happened to meet General

Miles again. I have previously spoken of his many kindnesses. One of the greatest of these was when he introduced to me his brother-in-law, Mr. Colgate Hoyt of New York, who had married a sister of General Miles' wife, both of them nieces of General Sherman and former Georgetown girls, but before my time there. Mr. Hoyt was accompanied by his brilliant daughter, Elizabeth, now Lady Ronald Lindsay, whose husband is the second son of the Earl of Crawford and was then Ambassador to Germany. He now has a portfolio of foreign affairs. Elizabeth was a girl of rare talent and great originality with a marked and most pleasing personality. With Elizabeth, Mr. Hoyt and General Miles, we paid a visit to Miss Elsie de Wolf, now Lady Mendl, at her home near Versailles where she entertained for us in her charming garden.

Mr. Hoyt then invited Mrs. Thompson and me to go with Elizabeth, General Miles and himself on a motor tour through France and Switzerland. At the last moment the General was deterred from going but Mrs. Thompson and I, obtaining leave of absence from our host, motored all through rural France; to the home of Joan of Arc at Domremy, up through Switzerland and back to Paris. This was probably one of the greatest pleasures of the whole expedition.

On our return to Paris Mrs. Thompson and I decided we would say goodbye to our kind host and go to London. So we bade Mr. Bennett and his guests farewell, with sentiments of the deepest appreciation for all his unstinted and extraordinary hospitality, never marred by the slightest untoward incident except for the accident of the fire at "Beaulieu."

CHAPTER XXIII

Romance and the Rebound

IT WAS on a morning in August that Mrs. Thompson and I left Paris and went over to London. We stopped at the Hotel Fleming in Half Moon Street, just off of Piccadilly; a quaint little English Hotel much frequented by the older English nobility.

Strangely enough, though we did not know it when we landed, one of our ship companions, Lady Louise Maxwell, who had preceded us to London, lived just across Half Moon Street almost opposite Flemings. When, according to previous promise, I called her up on the telephone what was my surprise to find that her windows looked almost into our own.

Lady Maxwell was giving a dinner that very evening for the Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, one of the Royal family. Invitations were at once extended to Emma Thompson, to me and to two extra men for this dinner. It was a very interesting occasion to me, as everybody really "walked backward" before the Princess and remained silent whenever she spoke, seemingly listening with bated breath.

Princess Louise discoursed at length on the statistics of African ivory. To me the solemnity of the occasion was quite disturbed by the *sotto voce* remarks made by the men on either side of me. How I kept a straight face and behaved as prettily as an American should on such an occasion I have never understood. I have, always, a wild desire to giggle when it is necessary to suppress laughter and I resisted only because of superhuman effort. Of course I realized that when royalty speaks every one else is expected to keep silent and that is never easy for me in any event.

I was taken in to dinner by Lord Robert Innes Kerr, a

younger brother of the Duke of Roxborough. Seated on the other side of me was Lord Garioch, only son of the Earl of Mar. I did not recognize the name Garioch and did not learn until after dinner that he was of the House of Mar. Then I told him of my mother's family and that one of my grandfathers had been urged to put in his claim while the estates were in Chancery, as being a descendant on the male line of the House.

Lord Garioch, who had heard of the family in America, was at once immensely interested and we had great fun in tracing back the lines. He became, after that, a most devoted and loyal kinsman and gave us a tea at the Bachelor's Club which is *the* smart club of Piccadilly and had some interesting English people to meet us.

We remained in London for two or three weeks and visited the historic places of the great city. We visited the London of Thackeray and Dickens; the scene of the Blue Coat Boys and of Pendennis; went to the old inns; the Cheshire Cheese—to the Regatta at Henley and to the different clubs around London. We dined at the Star and Garter at Richmond and ate there the famous white bait. We made expeditions up the Thames, enjoyed the Art Galleries and the music, went to Windsor and spent days exploring Westminster Abbey, and were smiled upon with the most beautiful weather.

Can anything be more lovely than the English gardens in the autumn—unless perhaps it is in June, the month of roses. But at any time the English garden, with its velvety turf, its shady trees and its wealth of flowers which English people know so thoroughly how to enjoy, is beautiful. Always, on fair days, they take tea in their gardens and make them really adjuncts to their homes, actual outdoor living rooms; a phase of life which Americans have only recently copied.

In the autumn on my return from London, following the tour on the *Lysistrata*, I again paid a visit to Mrs. Walcott of

Milton, Massachusetts. She was interested in all the details of the cruise and had me recount them for her friends.

At her home I met many acquaintances of previous years, among them Miss Sherwood, who had been in Charleston the year before and who had charmed me with her voice.

From Mrs. Walcott's I went to pay a visit to Baby Belle and Hollis Hunnewell at Wellesley Hills. Hollis, at the time, was absorbed by his latest fad of bookbinding. His hand-tooled leather volumes were really exquisite both to see and to handle. He had, it was said, the best collection in the world of Thackeray's drawings. To browse in his library was a treat.

Baby Belle, his wife, also had a new fad in a kennel of Boston Bulls. At the same time she was also propagating Gardenias in her conservatory; two hobbies with extremely different odors! I hardly knew which were to me, the most delightful, the puppies or the posies.

The caprices of Baby Belle varied with the hours. She was like a character of the seventeenth century, a mixture of religion, superstition, romance, gayety and pathos. With her son, Hollis, Jr., who was a baby at the time, she looked like a Madonna.

It was she who gave me anew the nickname of "D. D.," which had been mine as a child; but the initials as she used them were for "Daisy Darling," and by these initials the favorite friends of my inner circle continue to call me.

Baby Belle had, without exception, the greatest amount of personal magnetism I have ever known in any woman and she seemed to exert a fatal fascination over all male creatures who came near her. My surgeon friend, I fancied, was not exempt. He was frequently a member of her house parties and seemed to be, perhaps unconsciously, subjected to her charm.

With a strange pain in my heart I resolved to urge him to go on one of the exploring expeditions which were among his hobbies. I felt I knew exactly what Frank Stockton's heroine in "*The Lady or The Tiger*" had done for I would much rather have had any suitor of mine subject to the dangers of wild beasts than of wild women.

My widowhood was too recent for me to permit any man to be seen with me too frequently and under the circumstances I felt that he would be safer in Africa than in the social world where he, himself, was a lion.

It required very little persuasion to induce him to go. Almost eagerly he gathered up his kit and his scientific impedimenta and arranged to start on the next steamer to explore and hunt big game.

I saw him off in New York. As the steamer left the dock and he stood hatless under the floating Stars and Stripes he seemed like a figure of young American manhood going forth to conquer new worlds. I had a premonition that he was sailing out of my life forever. Disillusion had already commenced its deadly work but this did not prevent my surroundings from becoming suddenly dark and devoid of interest, for I have never known any one more swagger than he, or "swank"—in the parlance of the day. Mediocrity in anything was his particular *bête noir*.

Deep down in my heart I really wanted him to go. The discrepancy in our ages—the discrepancy in our temperament and the suffering I should have to endure when I saw him attentive to younger and more attractive women (a thing I had just experienced in our visit to Baby Belle) had led me to know that it would be a madness I should have to pay for with years of active unhappiness if I allowed the dream we had dreamed to come true. And so, in spite of my loneliness, I was glad that he had gone in order that I might thoroughly test myself during his absence.

When I saw him again he had indeed passed out of my life and I out of his.

I never saw the Hunnewells again. Hollis and Belle have both since joined the procession of people "one would like to meet again," in one of those planets to which, as I believe in metempsychosis, we travel on.

After I saw the steamer off in New York I returned to Charleston and again I was strangely restless and at loose ends. Nothing held my attention. I tried to absorb myself in domestic duties. I tried to write a play.

Finally, one day, my attention again became focused on a yacht in Charleston harbor. It was the yacht of Henry Walters, the *Narada*, and Mr. Walters had on board with him our friends Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones. I had known the Pembroke Joneses very well when, as a school girl, I used to visit North Carolina in my holidays. Andrew had been Pembroke's groomsman when he married Sadie Green, who was considered the belle of North Carolina. During one of those holiday visits Pembroke had named his favorite horse for me, calling it the "Imp."

The *Narada*, while not so large as the *Lysistrata*, was perfect in all her appointments. The *grand salon* had a frieze of paintings by Henner and an open grille over the dining table through which flowers hung so that they formed a canopy above the table and one looked up into the faces of flowers instead of down upon them in the usual fashion. I considered it a most poetic arrangement.

Mr. Walters, owner of the Walters' Art Gallery in Baltimore, could if he wished have lined his *salon* with different paintings by great masters for each cruise. He beautified the homes and the pathway of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones, for years. He and Pembroke had been friends during their bachelor days and some time after the

latter's death Mr. Walters married his widow. This was a happy sequence and all their friends rejoiced with them.

The sight of the *Narada* seemed to arouse a wanderlust again and I decided I would like to take another cruise. So I persuaded Mrs. Zoe Smith and her daughter Patty, old friends of mine who were then at the Villa, into accompanying me on a cruise to the West Indies which was being arranged by the Hamburg-American line, on board the *Bleucher*.

As I stepped on the gang plank of the *Bleucher* I met Mr. Eversman, then Secretary to Senator McKinley of Illinois, whom I had known in Washington. I was very glad to see Mr. Eversman again and introduced him to Mrs. Smith and to Patty, who instantly "registered." Patty had the features of a blond Greek goddess, inherited through her grandfather who had been an Admiral in the Greek Navy. Mr. Eversman told us that Senator McKinley was aboard with a party of Senators and Representatives and that they were booked for a "*cruise de luxe*" in honor of "Uncle Joe" Cannon. He also said that he would like to have us enjoy some of the pleasures that were in store for the party. It sounded very interesting.

That night, before dinner, we met Senator McKinley. I never knew whether Mr. Eversman had suggested it to him or not, but he reiterated what Mr. Eversman had said. After that our voyage was a succession of delightful surprises.

Mr. J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania, was the toast-master at dinner and afterwards wrote up the tour in book form under the title "With Speaker Cannon Through the Tropics." He refers to me in this volume as "Madame South Carolina" and to my constant attendant, Barker Gummeré, as "Mr. New Jersey."

There were fifteen or twenty Congressmen on board but among them all "Uncle Joe" was the King Bee. Such a man! With his soft felt hat at a rakish angle and his cigar at

another, walking around the deck telling stories, paying attention to all of the ladies, making good speeches at dinner and every night, when the band struck up, dancing with the ladies of his choice on the swaying deck from start to finish. He was then seventy-two and indeed a marvel.

There was one man of the party, however, who, after I met him, blinded my eyes to the graces and excellencies of all the others. That man was Barker Gummeré of New Jersey. Tall, with the fair coloring and bright blue eyes of a Norseman, he reminded me of a Viking. It was a mutual attraction from the first moment of our meeting. He, with his friend, William S. Hancock, also of New Jersey, who had always played Boswell to his Johnson, were included in the party because of Barker's political power. He was known as the "Warwick" or "King Maker" of New Jersey.

Barker Gummeré had remained a bachelor for fifty years as had also Mr. Hancock who, I think, hoped Barker was immune. His anxiety over Barker's attentions to me was most amusing. It was shown by the way he hovered around like an uneasy hen whose chick had just turned into a duckling.

On the *Bleucher* there were several close friends of Barker and Mr. Hancock outside of the Congressional party. We had the jolliest group imaginable and would gather every day in the rear smoking room, which we pre-empted for our own use. There we sang songs and had toasts before the luncheons and dinners.

As members of our group seemed to want an excuse for giving parties in the grill, which was on the upper deck instead of below, I obliged them by having a weekly birthday for which, each time, I grew one year younger. As a matter of fact, I felt I had slipped a decade from my shoulders at each festival. I was inordinately happy not quite realizing why.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Southern Cross

BARKER GUMMERÉ in his white flannels and I in my white chiffon dinner dresses would go out on the upper deck in the evening to look at the Southern Cross, imagining that our clothes against the white rigging made us invisible. It was not until afterwards that we knew by the verses and limericks about us that we had been the center of attention for the eyes of our party.

I never think of the Southern Cross now without the same thrill of romantic pleasure I felt when I first saw it. It seems still the symbol of those wonderful weeks on the *Bleucher* which were such a compensation for all the sufferings of my past life.

Before we reached our first port Barker Gummeré had proposed to me and I had made up my mind that he was the one man in the world I wanted to marry. I told him, however, that before I could consent to do this I must meet the members of his family and he must meet mine.

From then on the cruise was for me a series of romantic episodes. I look upon it now as the brightest spot in my life.

At each port we visited, the Governor or the highest dignitary met "Uncle Joe's" party as we landed, to show him honor. In the different ports different men of the party would give dinners at the best restaurants of the place. We made expeditions inland on which I did not always go with Barker, choosing sometimes to go with others, a fact calculated to make him miserable, but that made me equally so.

Some of these changes of partners resulted in little quarrels and then we would have delightful reconciliations. I felt like a girl in her teens and, perhaps, behaved like one. One day we nearly did have a real quarrel. It was in the harbor

of Port au Prince and it was extremely warm in my state-room. I had powdered my face and neck copiously with rice powder and, without looking in the glass, rushed up on deck to be in time to catch the first boat. This time I was going with "Uncle Joe" Cannon. Barker Gummeré, however, was waiting for me at the head of the gangway and I said, tipping my helmet forward, "Do I look all right?" adding, "I am going with 'Uncle Joe' and want to look my best."

Barker, with a low and derisive bow replied, "Even fairer than usual, Madame."

When I stepped aboard the boat "Uncle Joe" and all the others, looking at me, laughed. I, realizing that something was wrong, opened my bag to look in my hand mirror and saw that the powder had caked all over my face like thin dough, through which only the point of my nose shone refulgent!

I was perfectly furious with Barker Gummeré for not telling me the whole truth and would not speak to him all day. He only made matters worse by telling me that though I had been "making dough" there was no reason for me to "rise" in wrath. That evening I retaliated by flirting with others. It was all such fun! I utterly forgot all my troubles.

We touched at each port of the West Indies, saw the huge asphalt lake at Trinidad and then went over to Porto Cabello in South America.

From Porto Cabello we went down over the most wonderful elevated railway in all the world, through magnificent scenery, to Caracas. There, while the rest of the ship's company were lodged at the hotel, we went with Senator McKinley's party to the Villa Milles Flores, the former home of Castro, the President of Venezuela. Here we met our American Consul, Mr. Benson and had three most interesting days.

Our next stop was at Panama, one of the purposes for

which Senator McKinley's party was formed having been to inspect the Culebra Cut before the locks were completed and before the water was let through. We stopped at the big hotel in Panama, surrounded with its hedge of blooming hibiscus. After a few days of relaxation there, we continued on our way to Havana, the last stop before we reached New York.

While at Havana we witnessed the jaialai games. To my horror, I saw a young Spaniard killed by the force of the rebounding ball. "Uncle Joe" led me from the gallery, white and shaking, and was all that was most kind and sympathetic.

In Havana also, we had many private parties. I heard Rigi, the Hungarian violinist who had eloped with the Princess de Chimay, the former Clara Ward of Detroit. I must say he played like an angel—though a fallen one. We saw quite a good deal of him the next two days. He gave me a beautiful picture of the Princess from his collection telling me, when I chose a particular one, "I am glad you have zat one, Madame, for in zat one she looks joost like a lady!"

My quasi fiancé showered me with presents; Spanish shawls, fans, hand-wrought silver anklets that the natives wore, native necklaces and belts—all manner of beautiful things.

That trip, owing partly I suppose to the influence of the Southern Cross and tropic moon, played havoc with many hearts. There were five matches made aboard and one cold and haughty Bostonian would not even wait until we reached New York to marry his lady love. He went through all sorts of red tape and maneuvering in Havana and had the marriage performed then and there.

What was my surprise, just as we were sailing away from Havana, to see the *Lysistrata* in the harbor. I could only communicate with my former host by getting the Captain to put over a small boat and send a note aboard Mr. Bennett's yacht. Back came the boat with one of Mr. Bennett's char-

acteristic peremptory orders to have our ship stopped so he could come aboard. To this the Captain could not consent as he was sailing under orders and we had to proceed on our way. I expressed my regret by getting one of the officials to wigwag messages to the *Lysistrata*. Mr. Bennett's response was that he would meet us in New York. But he was prevented, and I never saw that prince of hosts again.

On our arrival in New York I found that Barker Gummeré had arranged by wire from Havana to have his sister, Mrs. Hugh Hamill, and her lovely daughter, Mathilde, there to meet me. They were tall, stylish, good-looking women, the same type as Barker, and I was enchanted with them.

We lunched at Delmonico's and they asked me over to Trenton, with Margaret and her governess. Margaret had behaved like a wild monkey on the whole trip. Her governess had no authority over her whatever. For her own convenience I had dressed her like a boy, in bloomers and middy blouses. In these the sailors taught her how to climb the rigging and she was virtually all over the ship. She had a little boy companion by the name of Freddy Stone and they were ubiquitous. It was the fashion then for children to make collections of cigar bands. Freddy collected them from every smoker on board and my stateroom was made a magpie's nest by their exhibits of these and other trophies of their travels.

One day I found Margaret with a bag full of money and upon my inquiring where she had gotten it she said to my horror, "I sits on gentlemen's laps and they pays me to kiss them."

I was so angry I was speechless, though when Freddy Stone clapped his pockets, which were bulging with money and, with a toothless grin, said, "I sits on the man's laps and they pays me to get off," it really was amusing. They were so funny—I had a hard time making them see the enormity of their behavior.

Margaret was not yet seven and I thought if anything could dissuade a bachelor from marrying it would be such an unmanageable child as she became in the *Bleucher* experience, with everybody on the ship spoiling her and I so absorbed that, to be frank, I did not give her the proper supervision. But Barker seemed to enjoy her and, from the first, they were sweethearts.

We went to Trenton from New York and there I stayed with Mrs. Hamill for a fortnight. I did not wait for Barker to meet my people, but accepted him while I was at his sister's house. He gave an announcement dinner at the Country Club to all of his friends and relations, at a big table like a horseshoe in the center of which we sat. As soon as the champagne was served he arose and, making a gallant toast to me, announced that I had promised to marry him and added that if he could induce me to do so the wedding would be on his birthday the fifth of June. It was then the end of April.

This took me by surprise but I made up my mind to carry out his wishes.

Margaret the next day upon being asked by some of the family what she would like me to wear, announced casually, "Oh, that's easy, mother is *always* married in pink!



THE CENTRAL GROUP OF THE WEDDING PARTY

Showing the bride as Daisy Gummere, Barker Gummere with his hand on Margaret's shoulder, his best man,
Mr. William S. Hancock, in the rear, my mother and Papa Breaux at the left
(The rest of the group too large to be reproduced here)

FOURTH INCARNATION

INTRODUCING DAISY GUMMERE / OF NEW JERSEY

FOURTH INCARNATION

INTRODUCING DAISY GUMMERÉ OF NEW JERSEY

CHAPTER XXV

Marriage at the Villa and Halcyon Honeymoon

MY FOURTH Incarnation commenced most happily with the wedding at the Villa Margherita on the fifth of June, Barker Gummeré's birthday, he having meantime made three trips to Charleston. During these visits Mamma Simonds took such a fancy to him that she called him "her new son" and kept his photograph on the table at her side to show to callers. She continued to consider me as a real daughter. She again gave proof of her affection for me by insisting upon giving us the wedding with a most elaborate wedding breakfast; floods of champagne, music and all the decorations.

Mr. Hancock, Barker's running mate, by this time more than reconciled, had engaged a private car and brought down to the wedding all of Barker's immediate family; his married sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hamill, their two sons, Barker and Hugh, and their daughter Mathilde; his two other sisters Isabelle and Gertrude Gummeré, his brother Charles Gummeré and the latter's wife; his uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Stryker; his cousin, Miss Katherine Stryker; also Mr. Hugh Hamill's brother, Mr. Saumel Hamill, and his wife.

My mother and father came up from Louisiana and I had my especial friends in Charleston as attendants; Mila and Margaret Darby, Jeanne Roman, Kate Anderson Crafts, Mrs. Corrie Farrar; Mathilde Hamill, and Katherine

Stryker from the North; and Mrs. Campbell who, as Miss Mary Dunbar, had been a beauty of Augusta, Georgia.

The best man was Mr. Hancock and the ushers were Barker and Hugh Hamill, Edward Simons, Wilmot Porcher, Thomas Della Torie, William Robertson, Dr. Edward Parker, Donald McKay Frost and John Marshall of Virginia.

The ceremony was at an improvised altar built in the bay of the golden drawing room with an arch above it formed of orchids and daisies. Father Budds, a Catholic priest of the Cathedral officiated.

Mamma Simonds walked into the room on the arm of Barker Gummeré, my mother on the arm of Mr. Hancock and I on the arm of Papa Breaux. I was preceded by my attendants and, immediately in front of me, Margaret walked with her little cousin, Caroline Simonds, as my flower girls.

My wedding gown was not pink, according to Margaret's description, but as near pink as possible, being an orchid slip under a lace gown in princess fashion, woven especially for me in Ireland, and composed of all the different types of Irish lace. This was topped by a hat of thin horse-hair of the same shade of orchid, with a long, sweeping willow plume of three tones of the prevailing color. My bouquet was orchids and lilies of the valley.

My groom and his best man wore pale gray cutaways with daisies in their buttonholes.

My mother looked lovely in a mauve brocade gown with Duchess lace and with a small toque of mauve and silver; my attendants wore white lace princess gowns and picture hats and my flower girls little short lace slips. The ushers, as the wedding was in June and in the South, all wore white flannel suits with daisies in their buttonholes. This new idea of having ushers dressed in white was several times copied in the North that season for midsummer weddings and proved much more attractive than the conventional black.

At the wedding breakfast which was in the ballroom and the court of the Villa, many speeches were made. Many which had been prepared were not made; one by dear Dr. Parker which he afterwards wrote for me—delightful and witty as he always is—one by John Marshall and one by Goodwyn Rhett. The most touching one was by dear Papa Breaux, still erect and stately, but with a tremble in his voice he could not control, when he spoke of my leaving the South for what he called the “far North,” as New Jersey seemed to him in spite of his having been a Harvard man.

Every one became enthused with the occasion and Judge William Brawley, with brimming glass and sparkling eyes, announced that he would marry at once and bring his bride to join us in London on our wedding journey. This he did, following us on the next steamer with his beautiful young wife who had been Mildred Frost of Charleston.

We wound up the occasion by everybody singing in chorus, led by Barker Gummeré in his ringing baritone, the songs we had sung on the *Bleucher*.

How vividly it all comes back to me as I write of it, and oh, how happy I was!

We returned to New York on the same private car with the rest of the party who had come down from Trenton. Another time when the family of the bridegroom accompanied the bridal party! We had a great jollification all the way North, arriving in New York the day before our steamer sailed.

On the steamer we met Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farnam, formerly of Yale. Mrs. Farnam, who had been Ruth Sterling of Long Island, was afterwards decorated by King Peter of Serbia, with the Order of the “Sava” for her work on the battlefields during the Balkan wars.

On the steamer Mr. and Mrs. Farnam made us promise to stop off at Southampton, England, and visit them at their country place only a few miles distant from the port. It was one of the typical old English estates with glass hot houses,

lakes, rose gardens and so on, and where we had a most enjoyable week end.

From there we went up to London and stopped at the Berkeley, our rooms looking down into the gardens of Devonshire House. It was the height of the London season. Barker had made all arrangements to have me presented at Court. If I had been intending to spend the whole season in London, I should certainly have availed myself of the opportunity but we intended to spend only a fortnight there and then go up to Scotland and over to the Continent.

With my recent experience in having to turn some of my assets into money I had learned more sense of its value than I had ever had before. I did not see anything to be gained in a Court presentation save the gratification of personal vanity. So, in the true Charleston spirit which I had acquired, I told Barker I would wait until we brought out Margaret and then he could have us both presented together, spend the whole spring in London and reap the benefits. He seemed struck with the wisdom of my decision and we therefore confined ourselves to a reception at the American Ambassador, Whitelaw Reid's, and other affairs given for us by our English and American friends. We were also guests at a dinner which our American Ambassador gave to the Duchess of Albany, who had married the youngest son of Queen Victoria. The Duchess had with her as Ladies in Waiting two young German Princesses. It was a very grand affair and we had to be careful never to turn our backs on their Highnesses.

The end of the fortnight found us touring through the Trossachs and on up to Oban. We came back by coach through the Cathedral towns and the English Lakes—a honeymoon journey which was halcyon in every respect. The skies were blue and neither in England nor in Scotland did they do aught but smile. Loch Lomond even consented one evening to give me an unsought baptism in her crystal waters.

Just before dinner, arrayed in a trousseau gown of filmy lace, I followed Barker on some slippery stepping stones out to look at the falls. In my high-heeled slippers I suddenly lost my balance and fell between two stones and was completely submerged beneath the surface of Loch Lomond. Barker, in his dinner clothes, plunged after me and we emerged, a dripping but laughing pair, and had to make a complete change of toilet.

We were so late for the table d'hôte dinner that a delightful Scotchman who had seen our plight when we ran in to change our clothes told us of a little inn near by and came with us, giving us some of his own good Scotch with which he so warmed the cockles of our hearts, and his own, that we became boon companions. He brought his party to meet us and invited us to take a seat on his coach for the rest of the journey. Our pleasures through Scotland were thereby intensified by traveling with native Scotchmen who could point out historical bits and places to us that we might otherwise have missed.

In coming out of St. Giles in Edinburgh while Barker and I were there, we saw the Seaforth Highlanders (who always sang at the Sunday services) march by with their great busbies of marabout, the soft little plumes fluttering in the wind. I told Barker there was no sight on earth I would like so much to see as the several regiments of Scotch Highlanders with their kilts swirling and their bagpipes squirling. There was something in me that positively thrilled at the thought. Barker, whose one wish seemed to be to gratify my desire, said he thought it could be arranged.

I bethought me that the Captain of the Black Watch whom I had met in Toronto, happened to be living then in Edinburgh. Barker telephoned him recalling me to him and asked him to the hotel to dine with us.

It was arranged that we were to go to see the encampment

of the Scotch Regiments some miles below Edinburgh. So, a day later, we started out in high glee to see what I felt would be a sight to stir my blood.

We had to travel for three or four hours by train then take a dog cart, which was waiting for us at the station to drive us to the encampment. The General's tent was on top of the hill and through my friend, the Captain of the Black Watch, we were invited to lunch with him. After lunch we sat on the platform to see the Scotchmen come up over the hill where they were to parade before us. What was my astonishment to hear in the distance, instead of bagpipes, an ordinary brass band playing an air that seemed familiar. I asked the General what it was and he told me, with a gallant bow, that it was an air he had asked them especially to play for the American lady, "Marching Through Gorga." I heard a burst of merriment behind me and turned to see Barker laughing at me as the tune was "Marching Through Georgia," the most obnoxious air in the world to any one with Southern sympathies. To cap the climax I saw, marching up over the hilltop to this odious refrain, all of the regiments in plain khaki coats and with the ugly plaid trousers of undress uniform—not a kilt among them! Thus were my hopes dashed and the day ruined. I returned to Edinburgh, a crestfallen Scot, if ever there was one.

But everywhere we went we made friends. When we returned to England Lord Garioch came down from his shooting box in Scotland but we could not partake of his hospitality as we were already booked for Paris. From there we were to set out on a motor tour of the Valley of the Loire. Here as elsewhere, I found my husband's well-stored mind an invaluable asset. Not only did he know the history of the different chateaux but all sorts of romances and sidelights in connection with the lives of their historic owners.

The real aim of our journey was the tour we expected to

make through Spain, where I had never been, and to Morocco, where Barker's brother, Sam Gummeré, was our American Minister.

I shall hasten through our experiences in France, delightful as they were, pausing for a moment to speak of our journey through Spain and of the most extraordinary act of kindness of Mr. Collier, who was then our Minister to that country.

When we arrived at Madrid we discovered that our luggage had been held up on the border at Irun. Mr. Collier was then at San Sebastian, as we found upon presenting our letters at the Legation. There I told one of the Secretaries about our plight with the luggage. He telephoned the Minister who had us send our keys over to San Sebastian. He then sent one of his own attachés over to Irun to get our luggage and bring it to us at Madrid. He could not have done more for our convenience than that as we were so anxious to get on to Gibraltar, for Sam Gummeré had wired us that if we would come at once to Tangier he would return and make the tour through Spain with us.

Delighted with the prospect we made haste to reach Gibraltar. There, the morning after our arrival which happened to be on a Sunday, I was delighted to hear in the English Church a full regiment of English soldiers singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" with Barker's rich voice adding color and harmony. It was one of his favorite hymns. The voices of all those men in chorus seemed to me to have the strength to reach High Heaven. I never hear "Onward Christian Soldiers" without thinking of those English soldiers and why it has since become to me the saddest hymn in the world.

When we arrived at the Port of Tangier the steamer had to lie at some distance from the dock and Sam Gummeré came to meet us in the private boat of his Legation, manned by Moors garbed in the red, white and blue of our National colors, with the American flag at its prow.

From that moment our stay in Morocco was a tale of enchantment. The arched gateway—the gate between the Orient and the world I knew—led us into a life so different from any of my former experiences that each picture is today as distinct as if I had seen it yesterday. There was not, at that time, a wheeled vehicle in all Tangier. Transportation was entirely by means of camels or donkeys, fitted with Spanish chairs.

Our visit was just after the kidnapping by bandits of Said McLean, which followed the rescuing of Perdicairis. People still remember the prompt action of Sam Gummeré and President Roosevelt in the matter. Sam Gummeré cabled the President about the kidnapping of Perdicairis, adding that he wished to use the American gun boats, President Roosevelt's reply was instantaneous, giving him full permission to train the American guns on the camp of Raisuli with the famous message, "Perdicairis alive or Raisuli dead." This was enough. Perdicairis, who was an old friend of Sam's, having been a former resident of Trenton, was delivered safely into his hands without the demanded ransom of American money.

Owing to these attacks by bandits we traveled the whole time we were in Morocco with an armed escort. At night when we went out to dinner a guard of Moors in the costume of our Legation—white cashmere liveries covered with cloaks of bright blue and with red turbans on their heads, carrying the long Spanish guns and lanterns—would walk on either side of our donkey-mounts to and from the different Legations where we would be dining.

Sir Gerald Lowther, with his lovely wife who had been Miss Blight of Philadelphia, was then representing Great Britain. Count de Buisseret with his American wife, formerly Miss Story of Washington, was representing France,

and Mr. Bodkine, who had also married an American girl, was representing Russia.

Every night of our stay in Tangier we either dined at a foreign Legation or had a brilliant dinner at our own. At one of these dinners I met the Scherifa of Wazan who had married the Scherif, a descendant of Mohammed, Wazan being "the home town" of Mohammed. The Scherifa, who had come to Tangier as an English governess in Mr. Perdicairis family, had, with her beautiful voice, won the heart of the Mohammedan Prince. When he obtained the consent of Mr. Perdicairis and her family to marry her, he had promised to put aside all of his Mohammedan wives and become a monogamist, in English fashion. He did not at first keep this promise and the experiences of the Scherifa form a tale of terror from threatened assassinations which makes a story of absorbing interest. The Scherifa herself has written the story under the title of "*Emily the Scherifa of Wazan.*"

Abdul Az Iz, the Sultan (afterwards called "As Was"), invited Sam and his entire Legation to visit him at Fez, thus expressing his gratitude for what Sam had accomplished in checkmating his enemy, Raisuli. The story of the journey by caravan across the desert makes a picture of luxury in traveling not to be excelled by any other method. Camp was pitched every night on the warm sands which were covered by Persian carpets under the tents, the dinner table was set with flowers and candles as they would be in England. In the dressing tents the dinner clothes were laid out and the baths prepared in the English "bat" tubs.

Through Sam Gummeré's popularity with the powers and Princes of Morocco we received an invitation to attend the wedding of a native Prince inside his walled palace, in the center of his harem. This is such an unusual thing for an American to have the privilege of seeing that I must describe it as we saw it.

The marriage between a Moorish Prince and the girl who is to have the honor of being his bride is always arranged by male intermediaries. Some member of his household visits the family with which he wishes to be connected and who has a young daughter of marriageable age which, in Morocco, is between thirteen and fourteen. If the report of her beauty is satisfactory, the marriage is arranged without the bride to be and the Prince ever having seen each other. She is then dressed in all the jewels that the women in her father's harem lend her for the occasion and is literally packed in a box having silken curtains in the apertures or windows and the opening which answers for a door.

The bride, thus boxed, is placed on top of a camel and, swaying back and forth with the rocking motion to which she is accustomed, she is transported through the streets of Tangiers with all the male relatives doing what they call "powder play" around her; that is, firing off their long guns at intervals, with the servants going ahead and beating tom-toms. Whenever we heard this noise we knew a wedding procession was passing by.

Arrived at the bridegroom's house, the box is lifted down and she is taken from it, heavily veiled, and passes under the bridegroom's arm through the door of his house into his courtyard. He extends his arm across the door in token of his protection of his bride, and she passes under it in token of her submission. She then raises her veil and he looks upon her for the first time. If the "goods" are not as represented—in other words, if she squints or, on smiling shows bad teeth, and the bridegroom is not satisfied, she is repacked in her box and returned to her father's house and the dower is not paid.

It is the custom in Morocco for the Prince to pay a dower to the family of the bride. He is the purchaser of the goods and if he is not satisfied he cancels the contract. But if he

is satisfied the poor little bride has to run the gauntlet of the eyes of all the other curious wives who are there to receive her. She is then seated upon a high dais and all the women of the household make obeisance. They each, for this occasion, wear gaily colored silk squares over their heads and sit around on cushions beating different instruments with which they torture the ears, in the name of music.

At the wedding we attended, Sam had warned us to wear washable dresses and I soon found out why. As we entered the courtyard, women slaves seized us and proceeded to fumigate and perfume us. These slaves, by the way, are frequently branded on the cheek or forehead, like cattle, with the name of the house to which they belong.

When a guest enters the enclosure of their master, if they be foreigners like ourselves, they have to be not only fumigated but drenched with rose water. They are then fitted to enter the presence of the other women.

The wedding party always takes place in the court of the palace and every one sits on silken cushions on the floor. Tea is served in tiny cups from beautiful brass braziers and the hot, sweetened tea is poured over crushed mint and rose leaves. It is like a delightful hot mint julep without the "authority" of the real beverage, but quite delicious in its way.

Then comes the wedding feast, with a dish made of rice, almonds, orange peel and chicken, called *cous cous*, I think, also sweet meats of all the oriental varieties, and sherbets.

One is privileged to bow before and speak to the bride, who has her hands and feet painted in herring-bone patterns of henna, her eyes blackened with kohl and the edges of her white teeth lacquered with red or black. Her head dress and long braids are always encrusted with jewels if she be of the wealthy families, and it was one of those that we saw.

While there we had tea with the Governor. To my horror, as a Southern woman, I found him blacker than anything I had ever seen; really the color of ebony, but a Prince of high

degree, and very intellectual, I was told. I discoursed with him in French and found that he spoke like a student of the Sorbonne, but I could not feel quite at ease in taking tea with him.

Sam's house, with his Spanish servants and with his own wit and gayety of personality, made me number the days of our visit like different jewels each in a new setting. When we left, according to his promise, Sam accompanied us together with his sister, Gertrude Gummeré, who was visiting him at the same time. His man "Friday" by the name of Martin, also went with us. Martin's wife was Sam's accomplished housekeeper and Martin, who was valét, courier, secretary and friend went everywhere with Sam and was with him until the day of his death.

In coming back through Spain we sent our luggage straight on to London, to the American Express, as I had everything I needed in one large Gladstone bag. My hats were crushable. My shoes fitted on trees in the bottom of the bag and my tray of dressing implements in the top of it. So, with the one piece of luggage I felt equipped for a world tour.

In Spain we had a journey of unparalleled pleasure. Sam and Martin knew all the secrets of the country; the best hotels, the places to dine, where to hear good music, to see the dancing and the sports.

One of the most interesting parts of our visits in Spain was in Ronda, which is the scene of Mrs. Fiske's great play, "*Miranda of the Balcony*." Likewise Granada, with that marvelous Alhambra, which no one need attempt to describe since Washington Irving has done it. I felt like going through it on my knees in adoration of the lacy intricacies of its architecture, the glowing tiles, the Court of Lions, the whole honey colored structure against the blue of the Spanish sky and with the snow-capped Sierras as a background.

I found afterwards that the sherbets served in the streets of Granada were sometimes simply made from the snow of the Sierras, flavored with pomegranate juice and sweetened.

Here Barker bought me some fans and a gorgeous Spanish shawl with a romance of murder and blood stains still upon it. The shawl gave me the inspiration of a musical sketch I afterwards wrote with the Alhambra as its setting.

We were not in Seville during the orange-blossom time, but during the fruition of the golden fruit. I was surprised to find that pulp of oranges shipped from Spain is used for the orange marmalade of Scotland which is the chief source of the wealth of Dundee. It seemed odd that the manufacturers should be so far from the source of supply. I cannot yet understand why the marmalade is not made on the spot where the oranges grow, thus eliminating the cost of transportation of the raw material.

While in Seville a Spanish Grandee gave me a recipe for marmalade, long a secret in his family. Mingled with the ingredients were the crystalized petals of the blossoms that carry the taste and aroma of the sweetest smelling flowers in the world. When I returned to America I made some of this marmalade, simulating the orange petals so perfectly they could not be detected from those of the real blossoms. Later I gave this recipe to a widowed friend who tried it in Florida and had a most flattering offer from a big orange grower there to use all his windfalls or the fruit too ripe for packing. I am convinced she would have made a good income had she not been prevented by family reasons from accepting the offer.

Some day I may give this formula to some one else as a heritage, together with other recipes famous in our family or which I have gathered in Europe. Some of my special

recipes were published recently in the New York *Herald-Tribune* in an article entitled "Dishes to Set Before a King." These were selected from various entertainments I have given to members of Royalty and to nobility visiting in this country.

But this is a far cry from Seville. I must hark back to recount my pleasures in seeing the great collection of Corregio and to relate an incident which illustrates the fair dealing and generosity of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. We came across a blank space in one of Seville's cathedrals, where a painting of St. Anthony had hung. We heard it had been stolen from the cathedral and sold to Mr. Morgan by a dealer who had bought it from the thief. When Mr. Morgan heard of the transaction he promptly returned it to the Spanish Government to be replaced in the cathedral accepting his very considerable loss. As Americans we were proud to hear of this.

I was amazed to see in Spain the number of blondes and also black-haired people with blue eyes, short turned up noses and long upper lips; a type I had always associated with a certain Irish class. But when I learned that the Spanish and the Irish had the same forebears in the Celts, the similarity was to be understood.

We had been warned about the lack of good food in Spain, that is, suitable for American palates. We found that the "Hotels de France" in all of the Spanish cities had as good French cooking as in France itself, and of course delicious wines. At a hotel in Seville we were served with French artichokes boiled in olive oil. I have never tasted anything of the vegetable kingdom more delicious.

Of course we saw a bull fight and it made me sick. The poor frightened little horses screaming and groaning as they were gored by the bulls and dragged out of the ring, form such a ghastly memory that I shudder in retrospect. In spite of

the vivid and picturesque beauty of the sport, I consider that it has no place in present day civilization.

While in Seville I had a great surprise in learning of a belated heritage from my own father. It seemed that when I was born he had invested in some Lehigh Valley Railroad stock for me and it was still in my name on the books of the company. For years the company had sought the owner or the heirs, but Cornelia O'Donovan had been lost sight of on account of my mother's remarriage and my change of name. Just as the stock was about to revert to the company one of my cousins, Judge William Marr, who was lunching in Philadelphia with one of the trustees of the company, heard of the incident and was able to assure the company that the missing stockholder was his cousin who had recently married Barker Gummeré and was then traveling in Europe. They verified the data he gave them and I received the news by cable. Of course I immediately decided to divide with my mother and also gave a party to celebrate the occasion, then I started out in search of trophies to add to our collection. Among other souvenirs of Spain, two rare lamps from a cathedral that was being taken down to be rebuilt now hang at Rossdhu.

We said goodbye to Sam and his party at Seville and, after a short stay in Vichy and Paris we again went to London.

When the day of our departure arrived we found that Sam Gummeré had added another evidence of his thoughtfulness by having procured for us the courtesy of the Port and we took all our "plunder" through the customs house without trouble, including the painting of my father which had been in storage for more than a year.

CHAPTER XXVI

Savoring Happiness

WHEN we reached Trenton I found Barker's old family home all freshly done over for us. He had entrusted the mission to our architect friend, Stowe Phelps of New York, who had done it well. I had the pleasure of refurnishing it and we settled down to live in the old town on the Delaware where Barker had been born and bred, surrounded by his family and their friends.

My dear mother had had charge of Margaret and her governess during our tour. As soon as the home was settled they came to us. My mother, however, paid only a brief visit as she had to return to Papa Breaux and the plantation in Louisiana.

Barker was one of a family of eight children, all then living. His eldest brother, Will Gummeré, was and is Chief Justice of New Jersey. Charles E. Gummeré was counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad and Sam, as you have seen, Minister in Tangier. Barker, himself, was head of the Trenton Trust and Savings Bank and had many other business interests in Trenton. There were four sisters, Mrs. Hugh Hamill and the Misses Gummeré: Mary, Gertrude and Isabelle, besides nieces, nephews and cousins, also his uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Stryker of Philadelphia, who were frequently with us.

Every member of the family sang and all had beautiful voices so that it made an unusually delightful gathering whenever they were together.

Our best friends in Trenton were the Stocktons, the Daytons and the Dickinsons. The group was not large as Trenton had become, in late years, almost exclusively a manufacturing town and the original old families have almost entirely deserted it.

With such congenial home ties, outside affairs did not hold for me the importance that they should have held. MY INWARD happiness was so great I could not believe that it was real. I used to pinch myself in the orthodox fashion to find out if I were dreaming or really awake. The companionship between Barker Gummeré and me was so complete, so ideal in every respect and we had the same taste in literature, in music and in all of our pleasures. We saw the humor of a situation in the same way at the same time. A glance between us was sufficient to tell each other almost what we were thinking. Although we enjoyed being with others we enjoyed best being by ourselves.

Our little "honeymoon parties," as Barker called them, to New York and Philadelphia for the operas with the dinners that preceded them and the suppers afterwards, and some dancing before we went home, needed no concomitant of other people. We were sufficient unto ourselves in every sense of the term.

He was a great connoisseur of everything that was good, beautiful and enjoyable in the world and knew how to get the best. He had my father's theory, who once said to my mother, "Jo, some things may be beyond us but nothing on earth is too good for us that we can afford to pay for." It was a delightful theory and one that I thoroughly enjoyed living up to.

Barker's gayety and enjoyment of everything that was good in life were unfailing inspirations for joyousness in others. But underneath his gayety, which I always thought came from the French strain of his Huguenot blood there was a deeper note, of profound religion. No matter what the distractions of the day had been or how late into the night the gayeties may have lasted, no day was complete without reading a chapter in the Bible, or a Psalm, followed by evening prayers.

At this time there commenced for me a strange spiritual upheaval. I was so divinely happy and in such close accord with my husband that I could not bear the thought that any barrier should come between us, above all, a religious one. I had always been orthodox in my faith and he in his. I felt that any creed good enough for such a man was good enough for me. I could no longer believe that there was no salvation outside of my own particular faith, but I realized that the Mother Church had, in a way, to place restrictions on her flock to keep them all in one fold.

Barker's people had been Huguenots and were all members of the First Presbyterian Church, the nearest approach available to their original faith. There was such real love among them as a family that I felt I could not in any way disturb its true harmony. I have spoken before of their beautiful voices and how on Sunday evenings we used to gather at the home of Barker's sister, Mrs. Hamill, and sing hymns without accompaniment in close harmony. Their rendition of such songs as "Now the Day is Over, Night is Drawing Nigh," was so touching that I can not hear the refrain today without tears.

As usual, Barker was wise and generous. He reminded me how my mother had kept her own natal Protestant faith undisturbed though twice married to Catholics. She had not been hampered by them nor they by her. He smilingly reminded me that all roads led to Heaven, if not to Rome, and recommended me to read a book called "Ten Great Religions" by James Freeman Clarke, showing that every great religion has had a Redeemer and a prophet, that all were uplifting if rightly followed and that if each person but followed the light *revealed to him*, he could not go wrong.

I read "Ten Great Religions" and found my faith not destroyed but only made broader and more tolerant, and so

the cloud of fear was dispelled and I was at peace with myself once more.

Happy as I was in my home life and really needing nothing outside Barker persuaded me, nevertheless, to fill my leisure moments by becoming interested in civic affairs.

I was shortly elected president of the Contemporary Club of Trenton one of the most active and influential women's organizations in the State of New Jersey. I had the honor, during my incumbency in office, of paying off a large part of the club debt and in inspiring the purchase of a club house. This they had always been afraid to venture upon until I evolved a plan of financing it which made it easy of accomplishment. Today their ownership of a club house and auditorium is a concrete fact.

During my presidency of the Contemporary I had the first debate ever held in Trenton for Woman Suffrage. The Reverend Doctor Anna Howard Shaw and Mrs. Ida Husted Harper were to speak for Suffrage; Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Mrs. Gilbert Jones, wife of the editor of the *New York Times*, were the Anti speakers.

At the last moment Mrs. Mackay could not come so the debate was between Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Jones and Doctor Shaw was to make the closing address.

Spice was lent to the affair by a tilt between the two opposing ladies before the debate opened. Both Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Jones were dressed as girlishly as possible, though not wearing the abbreviated skirts of today.

Mrs. Jones approached Mrs. Harper and said, with a flutter, "I am such a novice at debate, Mrs. Harper, and you are such an *old* hand at it I fear you will have me at a disadvantage."

"I think not," replied Mrs. Harper, "I have done all my campaigning so far with my pen."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jones, "I am sure you are mistaken, I

remember having heard you on the platform while I was still in my teens."

Mrs. Harper, with a flash of the eyes, returned, "Surely it is you who are mistaken, I was not speaking in public *forty years ago!*"

I stepped into the breach and as the debate was conducted along parliamentary lines no further fur flew, but Mrs. Harper won the day for Suffrage.

Dr. Anna Shaw in the closing address, made the speech of the occasion and then I heard that once when some one told her she had the brains of a man she replied in her deep voice, "Before I thank you for the compliment, *show me the man!*"

Added to the calls of the Contemporary Club and my duties as homemaker and civic worker in my new life at Trenton, I commenced again to write plays. "The Favorite" was written at this period, also "The Tale of Two Shawls" from the inspiration of the Spanish shawl gotten in Granada and of a Paisley shawl from Nantucket. The vivid color of the Spanish romance contrasted well with the cool gray of the Puritan. The music for this sketch was composed by a talented Princeton youth, Franklin Ford, son of Professor Henry Jones Ford who inherited the chair which had been occupied by Woodrow Wilson at the time he was promoted to the Presidency of Princeton.

CHAPTER XXVII

Perils and Sorrows

MY FIRST house guest was a woman of whom I had recently become very fond in Charleston. I invited her to visit me with the open and avowed hope that she would marry one of Barker's bachelor friends. Of these he had several who were both wealthy and generous. My guest was a widow of unusual fascination and I predicted that I would have the pleasure of having her as a neighbor. I was so radiantly happy myself that one of my greatest desires was to bring a like happiness to others.

She, subsequently, did marry one of Barker's close friends whom she met in our home—a semi-invalid but a man of real distinction to whom she made a most sympathetic and devoted companion.

Just at this time I received a telegram from John Simonds in Charleston saying that dear Mamma Simonds was very ill and for me to come at once. I therefore left my guest to keep house for Barker, Margaret and her governess, and hurried to Charleston. But swift as was my action, I was not in time. When I arrived Mamma Simonds was gone and I had lost one who had been not only a dear friend but a second mother to me.

It was a consolation to think that she, herself, had never been bereft of daughterly care for her niece, Minnie Lomax, who had married Alston Pringle of Charleston had, since the death of Mamma Simonds' daughter Sadie, filled that role in her home.

Barker, who was sincerely devoted to Mamma Simonds, shared my grief with me, and did everything to assuage it.

Later in the season I was somewhat diverted by the arrival of Mary Peck in Trenton. She was the best example I ever met of the adaptability of American women. The minute she opened her mouth to speak, I sensed the change in her from the time I had seen her last. But I did not grasp all of it at once. I have written before of her voice which, in spite of her mental cultivation had an unmistakable mid-western intonation. Gone was the twang forever. The provincial note had also disappeared. Her voice was like Keat's "Lamia" "Liquid Honey," and her intonation that of a cultured English woman.

On my inquiry as to where she had been since we parted in Charleston she replied, "For the lahst two yeahs I have ben in Bermooda."

I have tried to spell the words as she pronounced them but they did not sound in the least affected or overdone. Her pronunciation and her manner were both perfect reproductions of the best English tone.

She went on to tell me of the British atmosphere in Bermuda, of the kindness of the Governor of the Island, who was Lord Kitchener, a brother of Earl Kitchener of Khartoom; of her friendship with Admiral Sir John Fischer and of the charming women who were a part of the English Colony of Bermuda. Then I understood she was a perfect example of the human chameleon. She really looked English herself.

There was always something subtle about Mary Peck, something faintly ironical that made her captivating.

It was while she was in Bermuda that she met Woodrow Wilson, who had spent his vacations there. The acquaintance had rapidly ripened into friendship, as would have been the case between any man of discernment and such an interesting woman.

I think at this time she was getting a divorce from her "Peck of Trouble" and on account of her son by her first marriage, young Hurlburt, she was going to resume that name, which she subsequently did.

She was visiting, while in Trenton, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Washington A. Roebling and I was invited to lunch to meet her. Mr. Wilson dropped in informally and was invited also. It was a merry meal. Mr. Wilson, though a fine *raconteur*, keenly appreciated the good stories of others. He was great on limericks and I think he really did originate the one accredited to him, which runs in part like this—

"In beauty I'm away below par
There are others more handsome by far
But my face, I don't mind it
Because I'm behind it,
'Tis the people in front that I jar."

He didn't jar *me*. I found him highly attractive.

The next I knew of Mary Peck she was paying a visit to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson in Princeton to see her garden there, and this interchange of cordial hospitality continued for some time.

In the interim there came a battle royal between the President of Princeton University and Dean Andrew West over the proposed building of a graduate school. The war waxed so hot and the feeling in Princeton ran so high that it was like a family divided against itself. The people on the two opposing sides scarcely spoke to each other. Woodrow Wilson saw no use for a graduate college and bitterly opposed any rival building outside of his college campus and his own jurisdiction. Dean West had about given up the fight and it was said he was writing his resignation when suddenly the philan-

thropic Mr. Isaac C. Wyman died, leaving to Dean West—not to Princeton—millions to build a graduate college.

That settled the question and shortly afterwards Woodrow Wilson resigned as president of the University and went into politics, being elected as Governor of New Jersey. The story of his political career and of his election to the Presidency of the United States in 1912 by an overwhelming majority are facts too well known to be more than touched upon here.

After the election in November Mrs. Peck put her cottage in Bermuda at the disposal of the President-elect and his family for their season of rest and preparation for the inauguration. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and their three daughters accepted Mrs. Peck's invitation and spent some weeks in her Bermuda home.

Shortly after the inauguration Mrs. Wilson invited Mrs. Peck to visit at the White House. When she accepted the hospitality of the First Lady of the Land on a later occasion, I think she was a guest at the White House again.

I do not know in what year Mrs. Peck obtained her divorce from her husband, but her son's health was so poor that she went shortly after the inauguration of President Wilson, with her son to Los Angeles, California. There she was called by her first husband's name. Her divorce, at any rate, must have been granted before 1916, as I was then living in Washington and saw a letter written by her from Los Angeles to her friend and mine, the daughter of Rev. Sylvester Beach our pastor at Princeton.

I had to refute the fact that she was living in Washington at the time and was still called Mrs. Peck as I knew the truth to be otherwise and within the circle of my absolute knowledge.

The many wild and diversified stories about Mrs. Peck, I believe to be all absolutely untrue.

As for President Woodrow Wilson's policies, his triumphs and failures, the historians of today and tomorrow will have their different versions. Even for those who hold no briefs for his tactics, they must acknowledge his high ideals. What he was made to suffer on account of his ideals have made him a martyr and for the man as an idealist, I have a most solemn and tender reverence.



CHAPTER XXVIII

The Lure of Princeton and Visit to England The Coronation of King George V

AS MY circle of acquaintances in New Jersey grew, I became a constant visitor in Princeton. It had such a charm for me that I seemed to belong there. Aside from the quaintness of the town itself and its cultured circle I felt that I had more than an ordinary connection through the line of descent from the founders of the University and because of the fact that all of the men of my mother's family had acquired their education in its halls of learning.

Barker Gummeré, realizing this growing attraction and always wishing to gratify my every desire, told me if I could find a suitable house in Princeton we might try it for a season. I was fortunate in securing the beautifully furnished house and enclosed garden of Professor Frothingham of the Archaeological Department of the University. We took the place for a year. It proved to be a year so replete with every sort of compensation that we determined to make our home in Princeton, in spite of the fact that the home in Trenton had been newly done over for me.

We were fortunate in securing fifty-seven acres in the environment of Princeton, with an extensive view of the valley, part of it lying in the township and part of it in the county. Here Barker allowed me to design and build "Rosedale House" on Rosedale Road. While the building was under way, we were living in the Frothingham House on Hodge Road. There we had the pleasure of having visits from many of my old friends of other days; General Nelson A. Miles again amongst them, also Mr. and Mrs. Walter Denègre, the Cambridges, the Livingstons, and many others.

It was here I gave Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women"

with Dr. Stockton Axson, Professor of English Literature at Princeton and a brother of the then Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, taking the part of Tennyson. The roles of the "Fair Women" were taken by Miss Beth Hibben, daughter of the present president of Princeton; the beautiful Elaine Van Dyke, Felina Fine and others of Princeton's loveliest daughters.

I had a glade arranged in the conservatory back of the living room. While Tennyson mused by the fire the glade would suddenly become illuminated and with the accompaniment of soft music, the visions of fair women would appear as Tennyson spoke the verses aloud. Miss Hibben was Helen of Troy, Miss Van Dyke was fair Rosamond and Miss Fine was Joan of Arc. The burning fagots were produced by piled up wood with red electric lights behind them. Some of the Princeton students were concealed behind the fagots blowing through them the smoke from their pipes, which made the fire seem very realistic.

"The Dream of Fair Women" recurs to me chiefly because it brought about my acquaintance with Professor Axson through whom I caught my first intimate glimpse of the home life of the Woodrow Wilsons.

The sympathetic and congenial atmosphere of their home life made it a privilege to spend an hour among them. Mrs. Wilson was a horticulturalist and the garden of the president's home was, first of all, made by her the beautiful thing it is today.

The wife of Dean Elliott of Princeton was Mrs. Wilson's sister and the Elliotts as well as Doctor Axson remained devoted adherents of President Woodrow Wilson, not only during the life of their sister but after Mr. Wilson's marriage to the lovely Mrs. Galt.

I found in the University town some dear old friends, Mrs. Horatio Turner, who had been Grace Miller, and Mrs. Henry Lane Eno, who had been Edith LaBouisse, both of

New Orleans; also Mrs. Moses Tayloe Pyne, who had been Margaretta Stockton of Trenton, a great friend of my husband. I was delighted too, to find ex-President Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland living there just opposite Dr. Henry Van Dyke, both near neighbors. Our surroundings could not have been more congenial.

Before Rosedale House became a reality Barker made all arrangements for us to go to London for the Coronation of King George V. His brother, Sam Gummeré, who had just retired from Diplomacy and taken Denmark House in Wimbledon, invited us to come over to be his guests for the occasion.

My mother, who had been making a tour of Egypt and the Holy Land with my aunt, Mrs. Knight, was to meet us in Paris, where we were to place Margaret in a little French school we knew, at Auteuil, while we went on to London for the festivities.

At the last moment Barker found that he could not get away and so I sailed with Margaret, from Montreal, without him, feeling that I was leaving my greatest pleasure behind.

After taking Margaret to Les Marrioners at Autueil, near which my mother and aunt decided to take a cottage so they could have her with them for the week-ends, I went on to London to join Sam Gummeré and his sisters. The place where Sam lived was enchanting. He had made every provision for our entertainment and had procured seats in the front row of the balcony of one of the smart clubs of Piccadilly, from which vantage point our faces were almost on a level with those of the Royalties in their glass coaches as they rode by.

The band of the Royal Fusiliers was stationed just beneath our gallery. On the day of the Coronation we had to be in our places at seven o'clock in the morning as an edict had gone forth to close the gates of London shortly after that hour. As the Royal cortége was not to pass until two o'clock

or thereabouts we took a hamper of luncheon with us, preferring this to the buffet of the club. Most of the guests on our balcony had done the same thing and at noon we had one big spread in the lounge. Champagne was uncorked for our grouse and chicken and in this informal way we became acquainted and had a delightful time.

The genial John C. Calhoun, who had a house in London for the season, with his hearty Southern friendliness made everybody acquainted with "my cousin Daisy" as he called me. As he rarely mentioned my last name all my new-found English acquaintances called me "cousin Daisy" too, and we were "off," as the saying is.

The flutter that ran down crowded Piccadilly when the buglers announced the coming of the King and Queen in their lumbering state coaches, with outriders in velvet liveries, filled me, as an American, with an excitement which I can still feel.

I could not help laughing as the coach of the King and Queen came opposite our eyes. Queen Mary, stiffly corseted, sat bolt upright on the edge of her seat, her scepter clasped in her hand, bowing as she was expected to do, from right to left. But poor King George, evidently worn out with the long ceremonies, had collapsed into his corner, his crown a little on one side of his head, giving a bored nod now and then to the applause of the populace but looking so natural and so evidently betraying the feelings that anybody would have after such a long and trying ceremony that the sympathy of the crowd was with him.

Then came the coach with the little Princes and Princess Mary. They were all such bonnie children and so well mannered, bowing and smiling to the throng in true princely fashion, that the cheers and applause were almost deafening as they passed. The English people certainly do love their Princes, more dearly I think, than they love their rulers.

After the Princes came the Dukes and Duchesses, the Earls,

and so on, in the order of their precedence. It was a great unrolling of the scroll of the English nobility. I was duly impressed by it and am grateful to this day that I was permitted to see it at such close range.

One of my most vivid recollections of that visit is the Sunday morning American breakfasts which Sam Gummeré was in the habit of having for his English friends; waffles, fried chicken, corn pudding and so on. The corn pudding was a source of unfailing comment from the English people. Sam had the concoction made from dried corn sent from this country. The English people, who do not know corn as an edible grain but who liked it nevertheless, always made amusing inquiries about it.

One old Duchess said, "Sam, what is this stuff?" He replied, "Corn pudding, Your Grace."

"What kind of pudding did you say?"

Sam spelled it, explained how it grew and all about it, to which she replied, "We call that *maize* and give it to our cattle. How American to turn it into use for food!" The dear English are nothing if not frank, which reminds me of another Englishman who told me he was booked for lunch and dinner every day for the season.

I innocently asked, "When do you have time to return any of this hospitality?"

"Return?" he said, screwing his monocle in his eye. "Return?—What an utterly American ideah!"

But I found out that he did what we would call "return hospitality" for he invited the friends who entertained him during the season in London to his shooting parties in the autumn.

When I returned home I brought back Margaret, but my mother and aunt did not return with me as they wished to stay on in Paris. It was indeed a real joy to be at home again and to supervise the completion of our new home and the landscaping of our grounds.



ROSEDALE HOUSE WITH GLIMPSES OF ITS GARDENS AND ITS WIDE PARK

CHAPTER XXIX

The Housewarming at Rosedale

IT WAS not until the following spring that Rosedale House was ready for occupancy. The housewarming, which occurred on our "Wooden Wedding" day, marked our fifth anniversary.

The Reverend Doctor Sylvester W. Beach pronounced the benediction. Dr. Henry Van Dyke though unable to be present on account of illness sent the following original poem written for the occasion:

"A house that fits into its place
As if it grew by nature's grace,
A view o'er tranquil dale and hill
That charms the heart and makes it still;
A rest of love beside the road
That leads through life to God's abode."

The house is of gray stone of the New Jersey Colonial type built on the second of five broad terraces that lead down the valley to the lake which we had constructed at their base and which is formed by two streams that outline the lower terrace.

On account of the formation of the valley I named the place "Glen Gummeré." Mr. James Alexander, one of the trustees of Princeton University, whom we called "Cousin James" through our mutual relationship to the Cabells of Virginia, had many a heated argument with us about what constituted a *glen*. He wrote the following humorous poem for the housewarming:

"We've met upon this Wooden-Wedding day
 To 'warm' a 'Rosedale House' within a 'Glen.'
 Fit subject for our Poet Laureate's lay,
 But quite too lofty for my awkward pen.

"As to what makes a 'Glen,' opinions vary;
 The way of some is slavishly to follow
 The ruling of the 'Standard Dictionary'
 Which says the word means 'a secluded hollow.'

"On such a spot we now our hostess hail,
 And if you're critical about topography
 Remember, whether it be 'glen' or 'dale'
 That maps are changeful like geography.

"And what do lexicographers avail?
 Are we to be confined by dictums summary?
 Our 'Glen' is not an ordinary 'dale';
 'Tis up to date—in short, it's a 'Glen Gummeré.'

"In this low-lying land a DAISY grows
 Also a lovely little Marguerite;
 The place itself is called a Dale of Rose
 —A flower garden wondrously complete.

"Call it a prairie or a pasture, if you choose,
 A moor, a flume, a valley or a fen,
 A mead, a bottom-land—but *I* refuse
 All names but Mrs. Gummeré's Glen.

"'What's in a name?' 's a query often heard,
 But lurks there here a soul so dull or crazy
 As in 'Glen Gummeré' not to see a word
 Which breathes (like 'Rosedale') aroma of a *Daisy*?

"'Rosedale' assumes a meaning of its own
 Its happiness and mirth without alloy;
 'Glen Gummeré' will always hence be known
 As synonym for rest, content and joy."

Among the names in my guest book at the housewarming I find John Greer Hibben, later president of Princeton; Ruth S. Farnham, who raced out from New York with a motor full of flowers; Mr. and Mrs. Moses Taylor Pyne, who literally sent a wagon load of blooms from their greenhouse;

Mrs. Pyne's sister, Mrs. George W. Burleigh; Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Eleanor R. Wilson, also hundreds of others who were present from Princeton, Trenton, New York, Philadelphia, Charleston and New Orleans.

Our friend Mr. Hancock came across the field with a bouquet of American Beauty roses as large as himself, leading Trenton's best band, which was his contribution to the occasion.

The supper was spread on platforms on the second terrace, which was afterwards to be occupied by the formal gardens but which were not then made.

When we were settled in Rosedale House, Barker's *Vade Mecum*, Mr. Hancock, virtually lived with us. There was a room we called "Bill's room" which he felt free to occupy whenever he chose. He and Barker were in all their enterprises together and used the same motor car. All their interests were in common and had been so for years; they were respectively president and vice-president of the Trenton Theater; in fact there were a dozen enterprises in which one was president and the other vice-president. Barker was president of the Trenton Trust and Safe Deposit Company and Mr. Hancock was on the Board.

With Mr. Hancock it was a case of Barker's people being his people and Barker was in every way his idol. So our family was like his own. He told us and every one that Margaret was like his child and that she was to inherit from him as if she had been. He was devoted to her, as she was the only young thing in his otherwise lonely life.

The year after Rosedale was finished Mr. Hancock asked me to remodel and refurnish his old home in Trenton, for which I had no restrictions whatever other than to make it lovely. This was done to his entire satisfaction and my own, for every one pronounced it a gem.

How fortunate it is that there is a curtain between us and

the future. We were only to enjoy Rosedale, our "rest of love beside the road" for two short years. Had we glimpsed the future, we would have been able to enjoy nothing at all. As it was like the Rosary, each day was a pearl.

I was so happy there my mother used to say to me, "Savor the instants as they pass, do not take your happiness, as so many do, for granted, but treasure every moment, realizing what the moments mean."

It was a consolation afterwards that I had been able to do this for never was there a greater companionship, love and understanding. Looking back upon it now, I can say—what cannot truthfully be said by many human beings—those years were seven years of absolute perfection so far as our own life was concerned. Not one cloud marred our horizon. In all that time I do not think tears ever swam before my eyes, except for others' sorrows.

The deaths of dear Mamma Simonds and of dear Papa Breaux brought a deep grief to me, which Barker assuaged in every way by his tender sympathy.

This latter grief resulted in a compensatory blessing for it brought my dear mother to Princeton where she built a bungalow in our grounds to be near us, though not with us as we wished her to be. She was far too clever for that, as it was her feeling that every family was a separate entity and entitled to live as such.

We had our guests and she had hers and we interchanged hospitalities. This had only one drawback, it made us too independent of the outside world. But this, in a way, was an advantage.

I had frequently heard of the insularism of University towns but I never quite realized what was meant until I went to Princeton.

Though we had such a circle of friends, I could not help feeling that the faculty of the University and their wives

regarded the people not connected with the University itself, or graduates of it, as rank outsiders and as people not really able to speak their language. I suppose, in a measure, this was true but the air of patronage assumed by some of the faculty members' wives was most amusing, particularly so in the case of the wife of one of the high officials—an intelligent woman with beautiful teeth and a charming smile. Her smile always reminded me of Tennyson's line, "faultlessly beautiful, icily regular, splendidly null." It affected me like a sudden sun on the distant ice-clad summit of the Alps. The amusement with which she filled me, however, was always good-natured as I could not help realizing her point of view and that I must be to her, after all, non-existent as not of the University family.

So many interesting people came to us, as our guests in Princeton, that we never had a dull moment. Names that stand out in our guest book among our most welcome visitors include Samuel Gummeré, who came to spend one winter with us; and his friends the Viscount Anse and the celebrated André de Fouquières, who visited us while Sam was there. The latter had played joint host with him for Mrs. Hughes Hallett at Dinard, which Sam named at one time "a *sunny* place for *shady* people." But Mrs. Hughes-Hallett drew a severe line on the shady ones.

It was while Sam was with us that we gave a cotillion of the sort that André de Fouquières was in the habit of leading for Mrs. Hughes-Hallett. I can still see Esther Cleveland, in a figure in the German. She was dressed in rose color and was mounted on a gilt chair covered with rose brocade. High above her head she held a long gold candlestick with a rose candle and the men had to leap to try to blow it out. She was so tall she had to lower it a little to put it within range of the fortunate one with whom she wished to dance.

Among other favorite guests were Eugene Thiebaut and

his wife, Regina, while he was Minister from France to Norway and Sweden; Major William Sterling and his wife, who was Ethel Robeson, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy under President Grant; Isodor Braggiottio, with his superb voice; Kurt Diedrich and Mrs. Enid Slater from Washington; DeLancey Nicoll from New York; the Minister of the Netherlands, von Rappard; Baron de Nagall and Julia Calhoun; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Nixon, Judge and Mrs. Elbert Gary; Prince Zechalski of Russia, Mrs. Ulrica Dahlgren Pierce, the Cambridge Livingstons from New York, and so on and so on.

A year later Julia Calhoun, daughter of John C., married Baron de Nagall, making one of the most fortunate foreign marriages of any American girl I know. The Baron was then one of the Attachés of the Netherland Legation.

I had always been especially fond of Julia from the time I had first known her as a child and after her marriage she and Baron de Nagall spent their honeymoon with me in Charleston. Julia produced an immense impression with her handsome blonde husband tall and distinguished like herself. When they went to the St. Cecelia Ball he, with his foreign orders on his coat, and she in amethyst velvet, wearing the de Nagall jewels which had been given to the family by the late Czar—strings of pearls caught together with amethysts, coronet and all of the accessories in pearl and amethyst—they both looked like an illustration for one of Anthony Hope's novels.

Baron de Nagall's career has been everything that Julia's friends and family could have most desired. He inherited a fortune from one of his aunts and is the Ninth Baron of his name. He is now a full fledged Minister from Holland with a post in Bucharest, Roumania. I sincerely hope it may be my good fortune, some day, to see him Minister from Holland to this country so that he may bring his stately wife and two

children to Washington before I am translated to my next sphere.

Our days at Rosedale House were made up of the pleasant round of house parties at our own home and in the homes of the Princetonians. Barker, as president of the Trenton Theaters Company, had a box for all the good plays and we continued to go frequently to New York and Philadelphia for the opera.

The second winter at Rosedale, at Thanksgiving, we had a house party and an especially merry time. I remember Mr. John M. Dickinson and his wife, who had been Bessie Sands of New York, were among us. We danced the reel at midnight and as Barker and I were going down the middle he whispered to me that he had almost too much for which to be thankful.

Just after this, we had such a heavy snow storm that Barker suggested we close the house for awhile and go to New York. But two days later I was called South to my mother, who was not well. She returned with me for the holidays and we, Barker and I and my mother, spent Christmas in Mr. Hancock's cosy home in Trenton.

It was a bitter winter and, as I was fond of the convenient little Hotel Webster in New York, which was run by a former Charleston friend of mine, we took an apartment there until the weather should moderate. But it continued to be a season of blizzards and we stayed on in New York.

CHAPTER XXX

Into the Depths and the Struggle Upward

ON OUR return from the opera one evening, during our stay at the Webster Hotel in New York, my husband complained of a pain beneath his shoulder. I cannot write of the days that followed. His one thought was to save me from anxiety, but the third day after I knew he had pneumonia, March 9, 1914, he was gone. Seven years to the day from the time I met him.

Something, fortunately for me, clicked in my brain and for a time I was entirely numb. The only thing I clearly remembered through the dullness of the pain was that I asked them to sing in Barker's own church where the funeral ceremony was read, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

* * * * *

I was taken to Atlantic City by my mother, where the days ran into one another and nothing mattered until suddenly I awoke to the devastating sense of my loss and became so ill I had to be taken to a hospital. For weeks I lay, hoping that death would relieve me of my misery as I could not bear the thought of returning to my life at Princeton.

But, under my mother's wise ministrations and counsels, I struggled back to life once more and to a sense of my responsibilities. When I was able to leave the hospital we three, my mother, Margaret and I, went to Charleston to spend the autumn and winter. There I placed Margaret in a private school, "Ashley Hall."

At Christmas our old friend, Mr. Hancock, who had felt the shock of Barker's passing so keenly that it affected his general health, ran down to see me. The change in the poor man was appalling.

While he was there he told me he felt that he was not going to live long and that he wanted to get his estate, which was somewhat entangled with that of Barker's, arranged and in order before he died. He also talked of the provisions he wished to make for Margaret in his will. I did not wish him to talk of this but he insisted and his visit to us at the Villa was a sad one.

A short time after he returned to Trenton he telegraphed me these five words, "Very ill, please come immediately."

I wired I would arrive on the next train. When I arrived two of the trustees of the hospital of which Mr. Hancock was the president met me at the train and told me it would be impossible for me to see Mr. Hancock as the doctors feared any excitement. I had, therefore, to content myself with letting him know that I was there within call if he was allowed to see me—and the doctors and trustees of the hospital would allow it.

After remaining a day or two and feeling that the doctors were averse to my visit I went to Washington to join my friend, Mrs. Tay Pay O'Connor. We took a pleasant house on N street, by the month, where I thought I would be in easier call if Mr. Hancock's illness took a favorable turn and he became able to see me. I never did see him again, however, as he died a few months later, evidently without a chance to revise his affairs as his entire fortune went to the Trenton Hospital in which he and my late husband had been so deeply interested.

Always feeling that I must be "up and doing," the following winter I designed and built around the second court of the Villa Margherita.

Coming North to furnish this I had a dreadful accident at the old Holland House. I tripped getting into the elevator and the operator, seeing me fall, let go of the lever to pick me up. The car rushed up with my body prone on the floor

and both legs on the outside. Had I lost my presence of mind both limbs would surely have been cut off, but I called to the operator, "For God's sake stop the car!" He did so but barely in time to prevent an amputation, as it was, one limb had been cut to the bone and the other crushed and broken.

I was not taken to the hospital, as my suite at the front of the Holland House was so comfortable I remained there and my accident proved a blessing in disguise. Apart from the shock to the nervous system and the lack of sleep I had really a very comfortable time of it and an enforced rest, which I had not had for years.

I lay in plaster at the Holland House for three months and during that time I was the recipient of such kindness as I did not know existed in this busy world.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Denègre who were then living in New York, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Duke, the Pat Calhouns, who were staying at the Holland House, also numerous other New York friends, but above all the Lewis Nixons, who kept my rooms like a display of flowers at Thorleys. During the whole season of bad weather, there was scarcely a day that the dear Nixons did not come to cheer me. They never came empty handed and toward spring they took me in my rolling chair to see a play given by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, "*Miranda and Her Sisters*." Through such kindnesses I came to appreciate as never before the heights to which real friendship and sympathy can ascend.

Dinners served by club waiters were sent in from the different clubs, opera singers were sent to sing for me and, when I was well enough, bridge parties were arranged around my couch; so I never was bored for an instant. Every afternoon at five o'clock my drawing room was a gathering place for my women friends, shoppers and business men on their way from downtown to their homes. Thus I heard the latest war news, the best political discussions, and was kept informed on cur-

rent events. I was really sorry when I was well again and that I did not, like a centipede, have more legs to break!

I knew that as soon as I could be out again I would commence doing something more and become so absorbed in activities that to be the quiet center of a circle would be impossible.

And so it was, for as soon as I was able to be out I noticed that my child was run down and anaemic. She, too, had felt the great loss we had sustained. Barker Gummeré had been a wonderful friend and father to her. This loss had made more of an impression than I realized, just budding into young womanhood as she was fourteen.

She had not thriven at the school at Ashley Hall and I felt that she ought to have a well-balanced, outdoor life. So I conceived the idea of a school especially suited for her needs.

I had Rosedale House at Princeton, where I could not live and I also had 53 East Bay in Charleston, with a long annex at the rear. I determined to convert both of these houses into use as schools so that pupils could have the advantage of an all-year, outdoor life, commencing in the autumn at Princeton, going home for the Christmas holidays, reconvening in Charleston after Christmas, going home again for the Easter holidays and then reconvening in Princeton for the rest of the school year.

Thus they escaped the cold winters and had the advantage of two springs, the early and beautiful spring in South Carolina and the later one at Princeton, after Easter. It was also planned, if the parents of the pupils wished, that the girls could travel in the summer with their teachers to carry on instruction along with their sightseeing and diversions.

And so the "School of Four Seasons" was created. It proved to be a most auspicious undertaking. As the war was on in Europe, it was not a difficult task to get a fine faculty of

teachers from the foreign schools. I succeeded in getting the Principal from the Ecole Internationale of Rome; for a French teacher, one who had been governess to the Royal English children; two of the chaperones were Mrs. Coates of New York, mother-in-law of Cosmo Hamilton, the writer, and Mrs. Foote of Cleveland, Ohio, mother of John Painter Foote, the playwright.

I gathered a faculty of nine accomplished teachers, all with college degrees; Miss Agnes O'Neil, niece of Admiral O'Neil of Washington, who had studied the singing method of voice production in Italy had charge of the department devoted to dramatic art and voice culture. This department was of especial interest to me as I have always been a great stickler for a beautifully modulated voice as one of woman's chief charms.

There were arrangements for riding and swimming and all the outdoor sports and athletics both at Princeton and Charleston. I remodeled the annex to the Charleston house in a symphony of white and sunshine yellow, with plenty of running water and baths for the girls, using the main house for the faculty and rooms for recitation.

The School of Four Seasons opened in Princeton in the autumn of 1915 with just the right group and number of girls to carry all of its expenses. The plan of the school gave every advantage of climate and culture and was designed to give Margaret the balanced finish that I desired. I hold, however, that a girl's schooling is only the foundation and beginning of her real education in the school of life.

After Margaret's course in the School of Four Seasons her health was entirely re-established, she had learned enough domestic art to make her a good housekeeper, also the necessary accomplishments for social life, she had a well modulated speaking voice and was proficient in all the sports.

I felt that my work for her along these lines had been fully

consummated. As my chief interest in the school had been on her account I allowed the School of Four Seasons to terminate and for a time leased the Princeton property to Miss Laura M. Gildner who conducted a purely academic school of her own, eliminating the Charleston branch.

Fine as Miss Gildner's college preparatory courses were, I felt that such a school in Princeton was more or less of an experiment as there was a day school giving college preparatory courses already well established and backed by Princeton trustees.

Eventually, when my interests were transplanted to Washington, I determined to sell beautiful Rosedale but gave Miss Gildner another year in which to re-establish herself. It was not without poignant regrets that I saw the school close as I have always had a deep and, I suppose, an inherited interest in the cause of education.

Had I remained free to do so, nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have developed the growth and expansion of such a plan as the School of Four Seasons, practical and ideal as it was.

After the United States entered the war I had Margaret with her other studies take up occupational therapy and I, myself, applied to be sent over seas in any capacity in which I could be of use. As there was nothing offered I joined first aid classes in Washington, making bandages and attending Mrs. William Corcoran Hill's classes for making clothes for Belgian babies.

To go back to my own experiences, after I had converted both my Princeton and my Charleston homes into schools and not wishing to live at the Villa Margherita, I determined that I would make a home for myself, my mother and my child in Washington where I could bring Margaret out when it was time for her debut.

Having been fortunate in purchasing a site in the very midst of Mayfair, I drew designs for a new home at 1519

New Hampshire Avenue. I had Robert Rhodes McGoodwin, who had married the daughter of my Charleston lawyer, Kennedy Bryan, draw these plans to scale and elaborate the facade. The house I had constructed, on the site of the offices of the old Spanish Embassy, though small, was so in conformity with the fine mansions around it as to lose nothing in dignity. It is tall and deep, though narrow, and is considered one of the choicest bits of Washington architecture. It is a fascinating little house and was called first "The Widow's Mite" and then "The Might."

I had always been a slave to house parties so I thought I would make this house *guest-proof* by having only a boudoir bedroom for myself, a room for my mother and one for my child.

It is an English basement house with a long drawing room on the main floor, a beautifully proportioned dining room at the rear, the two connected by a passageway which I treated as a conservatory and which was also the staircase landing. There was in addition a roof garden, and every inch of space was utilized.

The house was commenced in midsummer of 1917 and I moved in on the tenth of the following March, which was my mother's birthday and which we celebrated with a house-warming.

I had spent the interim in Charleston and Princeton, going to Rosedale House after the school had closed for the summer months. At first, I thought I would not be able to bear it, but the place was so bewitching and the summer weather so delightful I stayed on and was the better for having done so.

Cousin John C. Calhoun was a frequent guest in Washington. On one occasion, at a dinner for the Calhoun Clan given by Mrs. James McDonald, widow of the oil magnate, who had a handsome home on Sheridan Circle, I was introduced to a member of the family I had never seen before, Captain C. C. Calhoun, who sat by me at dinner. We were

at one end of the long table and Mrs. McDonald and my cousin were at the other. Before the dinner was over Captain Calhoun and I had claimed each other as cousins, too!

As my New Hampshire Avenue house had been built during war times the contractor had made it possible to more than double the contract price. I asked Cousin John C. Calhoun what I should do and he advised me to see our kinsman, Captain Calhoun, saying he was the best lawyer he knew and could straighten out the problem if anybody could.

A night or so after the dinner, I sent for C. C. Calhoun and put the matter in his hands. He brought the contractor to terms and I then put other matters in his hands which he also satisfactorily managed.

A little later I invited him, Mrs. McDonald and Senator Nicholson of Colorado to pay me a visit at Princeton. We all motored up together. The evening after our arrival the Senator took Mrs. McDonald into the rose garden from which he came back, deeply depressed. She, in a laughing mood, told me not to go near the rose garden with Mr. Calhoun as it was a fatally romantic spot. Mr. Calhoun overheard her and urged me to take a stroll with him there. In a spirit of banter, I acquiesced and there, by the sun-dial, I received a most poetic declaration. Of course I refused, at the time, to give it serious consideration.

After his first visit to Rosedale Mr. Calhoun's courtship was very characteristic and amusing. There were other "Richmonds in the field." When Mr. Calhoun came to the house he would see vases filled with American Beauty roses and find me wearing corsage bouquets of orchids which one of the "Richmonds" sent to me daily. But Mr. Calhoun, during that time, made me no floral offering whatever.

One day in Washington, while walking through the park to my home he picked a blooming linden leaf and, in the presence of two of the "Richmonds" and my mother, pre-

sented it to me gravely. Later my mother noticed that I opened the pages of a book and put the linden leaf between them. "Ah," she said, when the others had left, "the linden leaf will be there when the flowers have faded. Take my word for it, it is a symbol of the value of the man. He will outlast the others."

One of the other men was a multi-millionaire but my mother called him, as she had called others in my time, "a Commoner." To my growing preference for Mr. Calhoun she added weight by saying, "he is one of *us*, you will make no mistake, my dear, if you trust yourself to him."

My mother felt that I was not one of the women fitted by nature to live alone and was doing her best to encourage me to marry again. She felt that I would be safe with Mr. Calhoun and I commenced to have an amused interest in his tactics. He had immensely admired my mother from the first time he saw her and had paid her assiduous court. Though he brought *me* no offerings he brought her books and paid her many delicate attentions. These bore good fruit.

As I came to know Mr. Calhoun better in the respective roles of gallant and adviser as well as kinsman, he attracted me by the rare sweetness and unspoiled simplicity of his nature. An idealist and a dreamer, more than a lawyer or business man, these latter aspects were what the world saw but I found in him no traces of materialism and no worldly sordidness.

I knew that Mr. Calhoun was reputed to be one of the distinguished lawyers in the Nation's Capital. From his friends I learned that he was quite as distinguished elsewhere, particularly in various State Capitals, as he had won some of the most famous claims growing out of the Civil and Spanish-American wars. For his own State, Kentucky, which had found a claim of some \$1600 only, he unearthed, by his patient and persistent research, claims amounting to \$1,600,000, which he won and which enabled Kentucky to

build its State Capitol, sometimes referred to as "the Calhoun monument."

He also won large claims for fifteen other States and had the further distinction, although a Democrat and a Southerner, of being appointed by a Republican Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at the request of the Attorney General (also a Republican), as Assistant Attorney General for that State in which capacity he won for it a large claim against the Federal Government. I had the pleasure just recently of reading the letters of congratulation from the Attorney General which were couched in terms of the highest encomium.

Mr. Calhoun possessed also the added qualities of a student and a scholar which made him a delightful companion.

I was giving a house party at Princeton in June, and Mr. Calhoun was invited for the week end.

One afternoon Princess Ghika and I had tea with Mrs. Henry Lane Eno, in Princeton. Mrs. Eno had a gift for automatic writing and gave me a message exactly describing Mr. Calhoun, whom she had never seen. It was to the effect that my destiny lay with the man she described and that we had a great work for the world which we were to do together. I always laughed at such things, and had no faith in them but nevertheless, the impression remained.

Princess Ghika, having in mind Mrs. Eno's prediction and knowing the dangers of the rose garden, urged Mr. Calhoun that evening to take me there again. In the moonlight, by the sun-dial, I once more listened to his eloquence and this time his pleadings were not in vain.

"Why wait?" he urged, "when life is holding out to us a compensation for our sorrows." For he, too, had suffered deeply.

He had been born on the thirteenth of September and I at midnight between the twelfth and thirteenth of May, the

thirteenth being Friday so as the thirteenth of June had already passed, we decided to be married on the thirteenth of the following month, July.

Friday, the thirteenth, which is considered unlucky for so many was, on account of our birthdays, adopted by us as the luckiest number in the year. And so it has proved, for, after ten years of union, though we have been obliged to pass through the fiercest of fires for our ideals, I trust we have come through them more fully tempered for service.





1519 NEW HAMPSHIRE AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Called "The Widow's Might," by C. C. C.

FIFTH INCARNATION

DAISY CALHOUN OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

FIFTH INCARNATION

DAISY CALHOUN OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHAPTER XXXI

Washington and Its Ways

IT WAS, therefore, on the thirteenth day of July, 1918, that I commenced my Fifth Incarnation as Mrs. Clarence Crittenden Calhoun.

Mr. Calhoun and I were married by the Reverend Sylvester W. Beach of Princeton, New Jersey, in the large hall of Rosedale House. We had planned a wedding ceremony in the garden but as the weather was uncertain we converted the great hall into a garden and so were married there. I wore a cream lace gown, a leghorn hat trimmed with roses, and a shower of tea roses.

Only Mr. Calhoun's attendants and my house guests were present at the ceremony including my mother, my daughter Margaret, Cousin John C. Calhoun; Mrs. Sylvester W. Beach, Princess Ghika, Inez Austin, Hart O. Berg of Paris; Una Fairweather, an English girl with a beautiful voice who sang an obligato while the ceremony was performed and the friends Mr. Calhoun had brought from Washington. Among them were the Reverend J. Henning Nelms, Justice J. C. McReynolds of the United States Supreme Court, and Mr. J. C. W. Beckham, United States Senator from Kentucky.

After the ceremony, we sat down to a dinner of fourteen at which healths and toasts in verse were drunk in bumpers of champagne sent by one of the "Richmonds" who was not present, but to whom a Round Robin of thanks was sent afterwards.

The following day Mr. Calhoun and I motored from

Princeton to Blue Ridge Summit, going on later to the White Sulphur Springs where we found many of my Southern friends of other days.

We were fortunate in securing quarters at the old Greenbrier Hotel, the scene of so many of my youthful triumphs. It seemed to breathe a spell of bygone times, with its immensely wide piazzas where we could weave a chain of handshaking among the guests in their comfortable "rockin' chairs." The spacious parlors with their high ceilings and crystal chandeliers had been the scene of the gatherings of the aristocracy of the South since the days of George Washington. Here, still, the company promenaded before dinner and entertainments, the ladies displaying their fine feathers and the gentlemen their fine manners.

The enormous old dining room, in which I used to know the personnel of nearly every table, remained as of yore; also the private dining room where so many famous dinners had taken place, notably those of the Irish Club when Hal Dulaney was in his prime and champagne was quaffed from ladies' slippers!

The whole place was redolent of Southern society at its gayest and its best, from the earliest days down to 1919, the following year, when, with the fall of the old hotel, the life of the past became but a memory.

At the White, among the number of my old friends I found Mrs. Amory Lawrence of Boston, *née* Laura Amory, one of the bridesmaids of my first wedding. She gave us an elaborate dinner in the private dining room of the New Greenbrier, which had recently been erected.

Mr. George W. Stevens, president of the C. & O. Railroad, whom I had known well in the days gone by, sat with me at one end of the long table, my husband and Laura Amory at the other. During the dinner Mr. Stevens asked me how Mr. Calhoun had succeeded in winning me. "He didn't," I

replied. Mr. Stevens was intrigued. "I mean," I laughed, "that I liked him first and marked him for my own."

"Oh, ho!" roared Mr. Stevens, for the benefit of the table, "she marked him for her own. After that he had as much chance as a snowball in h——." The table joined in the laughter.

When our stay at the White was over we went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Nixon at Staten Island, where they had an old fashioned Colonial home overlooking the harbor. They at once adopted Mr. Calhoun as "Cousin C. C."

At the dinner given in our honor the evening of our arrival, Mr. Nixon made us one of the most graceful, polished speeches I have ever heard, to which Mr. Calhoun made an equally felicitous reply.

From now on in my memoirs I shall frequently refer to Mr. Calhoun as "C. C.," a name by which all our intimate friends have come to call him.

The summer over, we opened the "Might" as C. C. now called our home on New Hampshire Avenue, instead of the "Widow's Mite," as he had previously named it.

Shortly after we were in residence, on November eleventh, the Armistice was signed and we commenced our life together in Washington under what I called "the most peaceful auspices."

After my home was settled, I gave myself up somewhat to the whirl of Washington society, which I found extremely diverting at the time. It took me some while to realize that, like all great Capitals, society in Washington is infested with social climbers. I believe nowhere in the world is this true to the extent that has become the case in Washington.

First of all, I suppose, it is because there is such an enormous back country to draw from. The good families of England, France and of other countries are well known in their Capitals, and even throughout the United States in the older communities people have established backgrounds and

there is no such golden opportunity for climbers as in Washington. A person may come from anywhere, or nowhere in particular, be possessed of no background and no breeding and, with the ease of social conditions in Washington, "crash the gates."

A rich man may have left his own country—

"Be it understood,
Not for his own
But for his country's good"—

come to Washington and here build, purchase or rent a fine house. Then his wife and daughters may call, *uninvited*, on the wives of any of the officials of the Government or those of any of the Diplomats. It is social etiquette for all such visits to be immediately returned. If the host and hostess be sufficiently acceptable no other credentials are necessary. There call having been returned, the newcomers are at liberty to invite the Diplomatic or official family to their home and, an open date being obtained, they may even give an entertainment in honor of the said Diplomat or official. The Society Notes of the Washington press will then chronicle that Mr. and Mrs. Gush gave a dinner of thirty (or whatever the number) in honor, for instance of the new Minister of and Madame——, as the "*first of a series.*"

Then the climbers who have preceded Mr. and Mrs. Gush in the Capital will immediately call, hoping to be invited to one of "the series." Or, Mr. and Mrs. Gush may be chronicled as giving a dinner in the Presidential suite at one of the leading hotels followed by a box party for one of the charity balls and, whoop la!—Mr. and Mrs. Gush have arrived.

It is nothing that Mrs. G. will tell you the price of her latest car, of her last gown from Paris, with the name of the maker, even of her table linen. That is all considered a part

of the game. If she is talking to a foreigner he will simply with a shrug, put it down as an "Americanism."

It is nothing, either if Mr. G. murders "the King's English" and is a rank outsider, if his dinners and wines are good. As I say in the lines of one of my plays, "*The Marriageable Mother*," it matters not in the least if his manners or his morals are bad so long as his parties are good. He is a diamond in the rough, perhaps, but a good one "for a' that." This play, which I had written shortly after my marriage to Mr. Calhoun, was a good-natured satire on Washington society. The rôle of the hero, Judge Temple, was built around the qualities of my husband who acted the part with such sincerity and earnestness as to win the applause of the public and of the critics.

I took the part of the "Marriageable Mother" myself and the cast was made up of other society people of Washington and some professional players. We had splendid criticisms and audiences for the three nights of the performance at the Belasco theater and were urged again and again to repeat the play for charity. Finally, a few years later, I revamped it and produced it with a cast of Provincetown players except for the title rôle and the part of Judge Temple and one other rôle which I got a Washingtonian to portray—a most amusing type of gossip whom I named "Ivy Harpy." This play ran a week at the Shubert-Garrick. Personally I did not like it as much as the first production for the satire had become a little too stinging and I had some pangs of remorse, as when Ivy became "poison ivy" for the rôle ran a little too true to form.

Another social spectacle, amusing if not edifying, is the "open season for hunters" in the way of public teas—teas which anybody may attend; and how they do attend them! Those given by the wives of Senators, Congressmen and Diplomats, and a number of ladies of hospitable intent who simply announce through the society notes of the daily papers that they will be "At Home" on a certain day, "No Cards,"

meaning, of course, that they are at home to their friends and acquaintances. One could scarcely believe that people who have never met the hostesses of private homes would avail themselves of these opportunities, but they do!

And yet, even, though Washington is the easiest of places in the world, socially, there is here as elsewhere an exclusive set on whom the stranger or interloper may not break in; a set which arrogates to itself the privilege of calling first on new comers and choosing its own acquaintances. This is the established residential set with its various subdivisions.

First come the "cave dwellers," Washington's real aristocracy, many of them living now in Georgetown or in the suburbs. There are those also who have come from other cities who are regarded as established because the cave dwellers and older Washingtonians have accepted them.

The subdivision common to every city today are the plutocrats, with no social claim other than their money, backed perhaps by a sense of fitness. Of this class there is an inner circle of the more elegant factions.

There is, besides, a distinct set of bridge players, women who make bridge a business and seem to have no other reason for existence. They commence their active day with bridge luncheons, playing all the afternoon, stopping only in time to dress for dinner and playing again after dinner far into the night, often until morning. Of course, they play for large stakes and the game itself seems to have taken on an object in life. Now that "contract" has come in, the game is even more absorbing and more hazardous. It has to a great extent superseded calling, walking, driving, music, or any of the higher forms of intellectual diversion. The game seems almost to have likewise superseded the art of conversation other than for those who gossip over the tea cups at its close.

Apart from these several social classes there are, of course, the intellectuals who are found in all the different groups; diplomatic, official and residential. These are the com-

pensations for the hodge-podge of hangers-on who form the aggregate of society. Life in Washington is full of compensations.

When I first set up my residence in Washington, the mere physical beauty of the place was almost enough for me. The magnificence of its buildings, the beauty of its parks and broad, leafy avenues, and the finished look of the whole city was a perpetual joy.

Washington affords, however, a far greater gratification than its physical beauty. One must not forget its cultural advantages; the Library of Congress; the Capitol with its open galleries for visitors, where one can hear debates on the vital questions of the hour; the activities of the Government departments; the Museums; the Smithsonian Institute and Art galleries, supplemented by great loan collections of pictures and art objects which are constantly being brought to the city; also the fine concerts of the world's best music. In fact, apart from the social life of the Capital, there is every variety of intellectual and artistic enjoyment.

In the spring, with the lure of the open country, the country clubs and tea houses for motorists; the environments are also unusually delightful, while Rock Creek Park is today perhaps the most beautiful natural park in the world.

Washington being only an hour away from Baltimore and at the foot almost of the Blue Ridge Mountains, with the broad, rolling highways of Maryland and Virginia stretching around it and the picturesque Potomac flowing down to Chesapeake Bay, is ideally located in every respect. More and more are people from the rest of the world appreciating this fact.

All the historic places around the city, the homes of notables connected with the history of the surrounding estates, are being rapidly secured by people who glimpse a view of their charm and realize what the environment of a Capital

like this means now and also what it will continue to mean more and more in the future.

In my own case, added to the variety of pleasure afforded, in deciding to make Washington my home I was influenced by the many friends I had made during my school days and other friends I had acquired during frequent visits.

My home was just off Dupont Circle and it became the center of a well-selected group. After my marriage to C. C. this group was enlarged by his friends from Kentucky and by other Southerners. For his sake and Margaret's, who was to make her debut that winter, I commenced a system of intensive calling, returning promptly all my first visits and then, according to the order of the city, going on Mondays to the Judiciary, on Tuesdays to the wives of the Congressmen, on Wednesdays to the wives of the Cabinet Officers (for they were then at home every Wednesday), on Thursdays to the Senatorial households, on Fridays to the Diplomats and on Saturdays to the homes of the residential set. On Sundays I myself was at home. Heavens! What a season of strenuous activity, "shoveling pasteboards" every afternoon from four to six-thirty. I felt as one sentenced to hard labor. I did this only one season and I never will do it again. But it had many amusing features. If you call on people, you are on their lists, and many of the hostesses are distinctly worth while and their parties delightful.

During that period we entertained a great deal, with little dinners of from ten to eighteen people—the latter being the limit of comfort in my dining room. It is said that ten is the ideal number for a dinner, that neither the guests nor the number of dishes should exceed the number of the Muses by more than one; in that case a real feast of reason and a flow of soul may be expected as general conversation may be enjoyed—which is not possible at a larger dinner.

Mr. Wilson was President of the United States at this time and, being Democrats, we knew all of the members of the

Cabinet. Both C. C. and I had a special admiration for Mr. David Houston of Texas, Secretary of Agriculture, and his intellectual wife, who was a cousin of my dear Betty (Mrs. Tay Pay) O'Connor. The Texas contingent, I fancy, were mostly suggestions of Colonel House, himself a Texan.

A Cabinet officer for whom both my husband and I had a sincere affection was the Secretary of the Interior, Judge John Barton Payne. At a dinner we gave in his honor an illustration was afforded of the way some of the officials set store by the order of precedence. Our invitations had gone out in honor of the Secretary of the Interior. When dinner was announced, as the Secretary had no wife, my husband took out the wife of the Postmaster General. The Secretary of Interior, who was the guest of honor, having been told that he was to take me out to dinner came up to offer me his arm. But he reckoned without the guest who was also a Cabinet officer, who, leaving the lady to whom he had been assigned, swept up to me before I could take the Secretary's arm and told me that as he outranked the Secretary I should go out with him. While I stood aghast, Judge Payne, with the most courtly manner, bowing, said, "I am honored to sit in any place at my hostess' table" and made way for the other Cabinet officer.

In the matter of absolute precedence, the Cabinet officer in question was right, and in the matter of social etiquette I cannot help feeling that Judge Payne set the high mark of courtesy.

One of the Texas officials had a wife who was not always fortunate in social emergencies. She had a set of copybook axioms which she applied indiscriminately to any occasion. At a dinner given by my husband and me just after our marriage, he introduced me as his "bride." "Please don't say *"bride,"*" I begged, "at my age I'd so much rather you'd just say *wife.*"

"Well," droned the lady in a sing-song tone, "there's no fool like an *old fool!*"

Seeing her husband's embarrassment, I said, "true, and it isn't the first time I've committed this folly."

"Well," she again said in her sing-song tone, swaying from side to side "practice makes perfect!" Her axioms were her stock in trade and I must say she sometimes hit the nail on the head.



CHAPTER XXXII

My Daughter's Debut and My Mother's Last Visit

AT THANKSGIVING time, 1918, Margaret made her debut at a reception in our home. My dear mother was with us and she, Margaret and I received near the door of the drawing room. As my mother was not strong, I had her seated in a throne-like chair and in her brocade and point lace she looked like a queen.

I wore white lace, and the debutante wore rose tulle, with a prim, old-fashioned bouquet of rosebuds. The drawing room was lined with pink roses.

I don't know which filled my eyes with more gratification, my lovely debutante daughter who was making her bow to the world which was to treat her so kindly in the first flush of her success, or my beautiful mother, who, though I did not know it then, was bowing her farewell.

Margaret was tremendously admired and had as good a time as a girl can have in Washington, but she never liked the social treadmill and the honors which came to her seemed only to embarrass her.

In the spring of the year after Margaret came out I gave an entertainment at the Wardman Park Hotel, featuring all of the debutantes of the season and the sub-debs who were to come out the following year. For this I revised the "Masque of Fashion" which I had given in New Jersey as the feature of the program, which proved a tremendous success.

From the Indian maid of the Pocahontas period down to 1918, the prevailing fashions were shown. The group of 1860 recalls to my memory Juliet Crosby and Mona Blodgett in full ruffled skirts, long pantalettes, and ringlets tied with bows over their ears. They danced in to the tune of "Dixie"

while Mr. Calhoun recited the verses. They were so quaint and charming they received a wild ovation.

Two other girls I still see, of the 1880 period, when women's costumes were perhaps at their prettiest; slender waists, long full skirts and bouffant sleeves, making them look like inverted lilies.

The group of girls of the current period included Mildred Bromwell, Louise Littauer, Anna Hamlin and Margaret. They wore velvet gowns and carried large muffs filled with snow balls of cotton covered with mica, which bore the date of the year and with which they pelted the audience.

After this, the same season, I gave an entertainment for Noel House. This was an Advertisement Ball. The different firms of Washington, New York and Philadelphia were invited to advertise and pay for the privilege, with girls and women of society wearing the gowns of the firms and displaying their products. The details were all unusual, one of them being in the form of forty Aladdin jars, provided by the different florists and decorated by them as their contribution. These jars were placed in front of the boxes and concealed debutantes who themselves dressed like flowers, apparently bloomed out of the vases, and danced a polonaise down the ball room. It was a beautiful affair and is an excellent and remunerative thing to copy for charitable benefits.

Shortly after the debutante party, my dear mother, wishing to leave me free to devote myself to Margaret and the gayeties of the season, went South for the winter but returned to us during Lent. She was lovelier than ever but seemed more frail, and spent most of her time on her couch reading. C. C. found one of his chief diversions in literary and political discussions with her every afternoon. He was, always, from the first, her ardent admirer, and I am grateful for the happiness he brought her in her last days on earth.

After her birthday, in March, she expressed a wish to see a priest and to join the Catholic Church in order that she

might rest beside her husband in Louisiana. She received the Last Sacrament of the Church and on March 19, 1919, closed her luminous eyes that seemed, at this time, filled with an unearthly knowledge. She passed away in a gentle sleep from which I know she awakened, as she said she would, in a more radiant sphere. She was happy in the assurance that her only child was well protected by one she both loved and trusted. Indeed the perfect understanding and sympathy between my mother and my husband was one of the most satisfying things of my life.

We took my mother's mortal remains back to Louisiana, where through the friendship and foresight of Walter Denègre, every arrangement had been made for easy transport across the City of New Orleans and back to Lafayette. There she lies beside him with whom she passed forty years of true companionship under the old oaks of his native State, in the enclosure of the imposing parish Church of Lafayette where she had been known for many full and happy years as the "Lady Bountiful" of the parish and where she gave to its agricultural college, in the name of her husband, Gustave A. Breaux, the fine library it now owns.

As my husband said of her, "to have known her was a liberal education and her memory a benediction." Her passing was as beautiful as her life had been. With her brilliant mind and boundless information she was yet gentle and unassuming, caring nothing for the admiration of the throng, but only for those toward whom she felt a sense of love and duty. Fitted as she was for the world, she would have become a recluse had she followed her own inclinations. She always predicted that, in spite of my apparent love for worldly pleasures, some day I would come to prize seclusion and quiet, above all things.

And she was right. In my forest home I now enjoy most the quiet hours when I can walk, read and write, in compara-

tive freedom from intrusion, although I am sure I should never wish

“To dwell alone in this salubrious spot
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!”



CHAPTER XXXIII

A Visit from the Prince of Wales

IN THE autumn of 1919, while I was in mourning for my mother, the Prince of Wales paid his first visit to the United States and came to Washington. At a Tea Dance at the home of Mrs. Joseph Leiter, whose house was just opposite ours, Margaret met him the day after his arrival and danced with him several times. Sir Lionel Halsey, his Chief of Staff, brought her home. I was having tea with a few friends before the open fire and Sir Lionel joined us for a pleasant half hour. He saw some photographs, among them one of Lord Garioch and some others of my Scotch kindred and friends whom he knew and it made a common bond.

As he was leaving I told him I regretted that I probably would not have the pleasure of meeting the Prince as I was not going out on account of my mourning. Sir Lionel replied, "I am sure H. R. H. would like to call upon you and to see Miss Simonds again."

I told him how honored we would be, and the next morning by nine o'clock Sir Lionel telephoned to say that the Prince and his Suite would call on us by noon, as he had a luncheon engagement at half-past one.

We immediately got busy, filling the house with red roses and arranging a Zakouska party with appetizers, like those in Russia. We invited no outsiders except two of Margaret's friends; Miss Elizabeth Howe, now Signora Gonzales de Prada of Peru, and Miss Elizabeth Walmsley, now wife of Lieutenant George Price of the United States Navy.

A little before noon my old friend, General John Biddle, in charge of arrangements for the Prince in America,

came ahead of the party to tell me that I must be at the front door to receive His Royal Highness.

The red carpet had been laid from the door to the street and I went down to welcome the Prince and the three members of his suite who accompanied him. As he greeted me, the Prince apologized for being a few minutes late as he said the official who detained him had consumed unnecessary time telling him facts about his "mother" and "father" which he knew far better "than the old boy who was talking." "They are just as tiresome over here as at home," he muttered.

Our house being of the English basement type, I stepped aside when we reached the foot of the stairs leading to the second landing, to allow the Prince to precede me. But he would not have it. "Not in America," he said, waving me to go ahead. Reminded of Mrs. Cleveland in Atlanta, I replied, "Princes and Presidents always go first."

"Not this time," said the Prince gaily but firmly. So I preceded His Royal Highness and his Suite up the stairs to the drawing room, where I made the presentation of the two young girls he had not yet met.

As a surprise for the Prince and his party. I had urged Mr. Calhoun to don his Indian costume, a superb outfit made for him by the Sioux Indians for whom he is counsel and by whom he was given the name of Chief High Eagle. I told the Prince that as real Americans the head of our family was an Indian Chief, which he seemed in this particular instance, to take as a matter of course. Just before the trays of refreshment were brought in, C. C. glided into the room from behind the portieres of the main entrance; then, bowing low, offered with the grace and dignity of the tribe he represents, "a welcome to our wigwam and to the hospitalities of our village."

The Prince was evidently completely taken in for a time, and then very much amused. He, himself, had been made Chief Morning Star by a tribe of Indians in Canada and he

tremendously admired C. C.'s costume, saying he wished he had one just like it and that one of his greatest desires was to visit the Sioux tribe.

He was so pleased to find that C. C. knew our then Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Mr. John W. Davis, and said that his "father" and "mother," as he always spoke to us of the King and Queen, had an especial admiration and affection for our Ambassador. Sir Lionel then told my husband that it was largely on the advice of Mr. Davis that the Prince had been permitted to make his first visit to the United States.

The Prince was, at the time, just a frank, delightful, rosy-cheeked youth, but with a perfect *savoir faire* that made him "adapt himself to his surroundings everywhere." He was, however, boyishly shy and had a way, when embarrassed, of putting his hand up to his cravat and nervously fussing with it, a habit which was rather engaging.

But with all his nervousness he never missed a word nor an opportunity. Sir Lionel was telling my husband, aside, of the absolute want of any sense of fear in the make-up of his Prince. To demonstrate it he recited the incident of how, during the World War, the Prince deeply resented the precautions taken by his staff to protect him and finally turned with wrath upon one of the minor officers who was set to act as a special bodyguard and threatened to beat him if he persisted in his efforts of protection.

After this he was more or less allowed to use his own discretion but one afternoon when the shot and shrapnel were flying thickly in the air and all the English regiments were ordered to seek cover, some of the Prince's regiment, to their horror, between the screaming of the shells, heard outside the dugout of the Prince's staff, a wild burst of laughter, unmistakably that of H. R. H.

Two of the staff rushed out to drag him in and found him doubled up with laughter in front of a poster of the King and Queen on which some wag had written beneath the

picture of the King, "George the Fifth," and beneath that of the Queen, "The other four-fifths." The Prince overheard Sir Lionel in the last part of the story and burst out laughing again, saying, "It *was* funny, you know, and lots of truth in it too!"

I suppose King George himself with his well-known chivalry for women, might, like most husbands, acquiesce in this statement. My husband, since then, calls me his "better nine-tenths!"

The Prince was much interested in an emblazoned Coat of Arms over one of my book shelves and recognized it as that of the Earl of Mar whom he knew. He also knew the Earl of Mar and Kellie and all about the long disagreement of the two bearers of these titles. He seemed to be thoroughly conversant with the history of his people and we had so much to talk about the time fairly flew. Finally, when H. R. H. took Margaret into the embrasure of the front bay window for a quiet chat, he forgot the time altogether and his Suite were on pins and needles on account of his luncheon engagement.

At last Sir Lionel approached the Prince with his watch open. With a sigh of rebellion, His Royal Highness said, "I live by the second-hand of that wretched little disk since I have been in America. I wish there were not such things as official engagements." And then he made his reluctant adieux, but I fear he was very late for his luncheon.

Our servants were West Indians, therefore English subjects. They lined up in the hall as the Prince was leaving and he shook hands with them, so he made everybody happy.

After that Margaret met him at all of the dances and he was especially polite and attentive.

Not long after the visit of the Prince of Wales, Lord Garioch, with whom I had been in constant correspondence from the time we met, showed great interest in the affair and planned a delightful surprise for me as a souvenir of it.

He went to the Museum of Albert and Victoria, where



Stirling
17th Nov 1820
My dear son

It was a great pleasure to get your letter of 24th in your expression how from the North of Scotland and to hear all your news. I was in Kent last week and then wrote Mr. Dundas who was with you when you took the Claymore from the blacksmith, which interested me very much. I gather that it is held in America at about 1000 guineas - a very different price to what we pay for any thing as his time is very high. It is worth 10 times more than your claymore. I am very glad you have it in your dear hand and may it be a token to you of the love and affection of all those who are united in wishing you are successful in your efforts to do your duty in the future.

Love to you and bid you
to Mr. Calhoun
Yours affectionately
Garioch

To Julie Caroline (Daughter) Calhoun,
one of the descendants on her mother's
side of the House of Mar, & The Lord
Garioch, only son of the Thirtieth
Earl of Mar, Premier Earl of Scotland,
present this Claymore which was bequeathed
to "Prince Charles", in view of the fact
that it was for their loyalty and
adherence to the Stuart Cause
that the Lords of Mar suffered so greatly
in their Estates and fortunes, that some
of the Family is still away at 25 years
in America, where they have ever
maintained their high standards of
honour, for which their Forebears
were so justly famed.

Garioch 1920

A PAINTING OF LORD GARIOCH

By Hal Hurst, which he presented to me to hang by the sword of Bonnie Prince Charlie. Reproductions of his letters concerning the gift of the sword

he had placed a loan collection of famous relics. He took from it the most noted relic of them all, the veritable sword, or claymore, of the Bonnie Prince, Charles Edward Stuart. This sword had been given to the Prince just before the battle of Culloden, in the year 1745, at his Palace of Holyrood, all of the facts of which are engraved on one side of the scabbard. On the other side, carved in high relief, are beautifully wrought Scotch thistles. It is of exquisite workmanship with the hilt entirely hand-carved and terminating with a heavy thistle enclosing an amethyst seal with the initials "C. E. S."

The hilt bears the Coat of Arms of the Lord McDonald of the Isles and Chief McKenzie of the day, who presented the sword to the Prince as he first set foot on Scottish soil. There are also two eagles wrought in the hilt illustrating the legend of the "King of Birds that flew out to meet the future King of Scotland."

The sword was accompanied by letters showing its successive ownership since the days of Charles Edward Stuart and telling how it was finally presented to Lord Garioch on his twenty-first birthday as the descendant of the Earl of Mar who had been Regent of Scotland during the minority of the Stuarts. These were sent to me through the British Embassy, together with a letter of presentation to me.

It was a wonderful thing for Lord Garioch to do and again illustrates the clannish spirit of the Scots, "with hearts sae leal and true." It was his idea of showing I was entitled to honors through "the House of Mar."

The reception of this sword and its presentation was given considerable newspaper publicity and many Scots wrote to me from all over the country wishing to contribute other Scotch relics to my collection.

Mr. John Henderson Geddes, not, however, of the same family as Sir Auckland Geddes, but of Scotch descent, sent

me a complete collection of the old Jacobite songs, with the music. Inspired by the possession of the sword and these songs, I sat down one night after dinner with a pot of black coffee on the hearth and told C. C. I was going to let the midnight muse help me to weave the songs and the story of Bonnie Prince Charlie's escape from Scotland into a fantasy or play that might be acted.

An uncanny, subconscious feeling took possession of me. Old Scotch words and phrases that I was not aware I had ever heard came trooping through my mind. I wrote rapidly, in what was really verse with Gaelic phrases, the complete story as I felt it of the Bonnie Prince and Flora McDonald, interwoven with songs.

There was an extraordinarily handsome young tenor in Washington by the name of Louis W. Thompson whom I engaged to play the part of the Prince. The rest of the cast I filled in with singers from the Washington Opera Company, trained by Edouard Albion of this city.

Mr. Walter Scott of New York, sent me down the Royal Scotch Bagpipers who had won the prizes at all of the annual games in Scotland and Canada and they brought with them the kilts of the respective Clans represented by our different players.

I staged this play in the ballroom of the Willard Hotel, one of the largest in the country, for the benefit of the Southern Industrial Association, which is so closely allied with the welfare work in behalf of descendants of former followers of the Bonnie Prince who are isolated in the Southern mountains.

C. C. recited the prologue in the kilt of his Clan and I the epilogue, wearing the plaid of the Stuarts over my white evening gown. The play had much success.

I was urged to send it out over the country for the benefit of Scotch societies. This was not then practical as

Mr. Thompson and others of the cast could not leave Washington. However, it is destined to be revived, as I have recently been asked to expand the play for presentation on the screen as a sound-picture, with the songs rendered by noted singers.

Those old Jacobite songs sing themselves in one's memory and the stage picture of the Bonnie Prince leaving for his perilous journey while his attendants sang—

“Bonnie Charlie's noo awa'
To sail over the friendly main,
Many a heart will break in twa
Should he no come back again.”

with its tender pathos, left a tear in the eye or a lump in the throat, even with those who had no Scotch traditions.

As an aftermath of the visit of the Prince of Wales, I was apprised by letter from Garioch of his prospective gift of the famous sword. I have told how it came about through a sense of Scotch loyalty and chivalry.

A delicious postscript to the gift of the sword and the wonderful Burnet Peerage was in the form of an answer to my letter asking Garioch if there was anything in my power I could send him in return. The following is an excerpt from his reply.

* * * * *

“You will see the engravings of the coats of arms at the end (of the book) and very good they are. If you should be so kind as to *wish* to give me a little return present, I should like to have as a very keen naturalist a good specimen (either cabinet skin or stuffed) of one of your American Passenger Pigeons. I expect there are a few skins about as they were so common thirty years ago.”

I was amazed and amused by the apparent modesty of this request—"only a little pigeon skin," I told C. C., "in return for such a glorious gift!" I thought it would be so easy to grant such a request which I considered on a par with that of the lovely daughter in "Beauty and the Beast" when, in contrast to the demands of her avaricious sisters, she asked her father to simply bring her a rose.

What was my chagrin to find that it was next to impossible to get any specimen of the Passenger Pigeon at all, as it had become so long extinct and that if one were obtainable, it would cost many thousands of dollars. I heard of one which had recently brought \$10,000 as a fine specimen for a museum and that the greatest naturalists were paying any price for them. Of course, Garioch was as innocent of all this as I was and imagined that in this wide land, the former home of countless millions of such birds, that it would be easy to find skins of them in almost any museum. But after hearing of their rarity and their value, nothing daunted, I set out on my quest.

I went to different museums. I wrote to naturalists all over the country and dropped my inquiries wherever I thought the soil might be fruitful. Finally, one day, I was rewarded. A friend of a friend of mine knew a Scotch naturalist who had a fine specimen of the Passenger Pigeon which he felt the naturalist might, being a Scotchman, gladly give in such a case. This turned out for me to be a rapturous fact. The bird proved to be a beautiful one of the female species of the tribe. I took her to the noted naturalists, Mr. William Schaus and Mr. James Barnes, friends of mine at the Smithsonian Institute, who kindly prepared and packed the bird so beautifully that Garioch wrote me she had arrived in England in a perfect state of virtue without turning a hair and without the rumpling of a feather!

Later I saw the lady bird among Garioch's other interesting specimens of birds and butterflies when Lelia (C. C.'s sister,

Mrs. Leidinger) and I, visited him in 1924 at Starborough, Yatley, Hants. Thus my quest which came so near to being a heart-breaking disappointment resulted in a delightful victory.



CHAPTER XXXIV

Margaret's Marriage and Its Denouement

I HAVE spoken of Margaret's romance and also of the fact that I did not know of it until later. As I had frequently told her that I would not consent to her marrying until she was at least twenty-one and knew something of the world, she dreaded to tell me of her love affair with a Washington boy.

I arranged to send her traveling with one of the French teachers of the School of Four Seasons. I could not go with her myself as I had promised my husband to go West with him, but I thought I had made a very fortunate arrangement for my child.

She was to spend some time in Paris where I had written my cousin, Mrs. Thayer, also other friends there, of her coming and all arrangements had been made for her entertainment, both in Paris and in London. Mrs. Tay Pay O'Connor had promised to look after her in London and through Page Royall in Virginia she was invited by Lady Astor to visit Clivedon.

Mr. Calhoun had written his friend, Hon. John W. Davis, at the time our Ambassador there, and through him we expected to have Margaret presented at an autumn drawing-room, for which event I hoped to go over.

But the best laid plans "aft gang alee." Margaret had other ideas and when she had been but a short time in Paris, I received a cable from her saying she was ill, wanted to return and had engaged her passage home on the next steamer.

Alarmed and disturbed I went to New York expecting to see a wraith of a child instead of the blooming girl I beheld coming down the gang plank. A good-looking blonde youth

whom I scarcely knew was there to meet her. I began to suspect something then and later discovered that if she had been ill it was only because she was love-sick.

My friend Mrs. Emerson Howe, had an apartment on Park Avenue which she had asked me to make use of and it was there I took Margaret, who made her excuse for returning by saying she was homesick. She said she could not think of doing the social things in Paris and London without me. Knowing her to be really shy I sympathized with her and forgave her.

Just at this time I was called to the sick bed of my aunt in Harrisburg. One of C. C.'s sisters who was visiting us in Princeton, came up to New York to chaperone Margaret in my absence. Just after my departure the Washington youth persuaded Margaret to marry him forthwith, without the knowledge of the chaperone.

I received a telegram in Harrisburg apprising me of the fact that they had been married the night before and were then in Atlantic City.

Mothers who have planned and dreamed for their daughters may have some idea of how I felt. I had never been consulted in the matter of her marriage and knew nothing more of the young man than his prepossessing appearance. But I accepted the situation and made the best of it and I can conscientiously say that I did everything, from the start, to make the young people happy, furnishing their nest for them and adding to their pleasure and comfort in every possible way.

Margaret said afterwards that she would much rather have had my "sweet forgiveness" than my "cross unwilling consent," as she felt that I would have lived up to my word and opposed her marriage until she was twenty-one. That this marriage subsequently turned out badly was even a keener disappointment, for I had grown fond of Arthur Drury, an extremely handsome and engaging youth.

I found that he was the son of one of the most prominent bankers of Washington and had been born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth. In his boyhood and youth, from all I could hear, he had been denied nothing, his father apparently gratifying every possible wish of his four sons, of whom Arthur was the eldest.

After his marriage, suddenly faced with the responsibilities of life and of a family, Arthur, as might have been expected from his lack of experience, did not seem fitted for the business. That, in the earliest stages of his new responsibilities, he should "come a cropper"—as the English say—was not surprising. Though a position was made for him by his father, it was but natural that he should need time to readjust himself from a pleasure loving youth to a sedate business career.

Although I did everything in my power to smooth out the difficulties from the pathway of the young couple, I had many misgivings as to the result of the hasty marriage of two people who were both of them still children. These misgivings were unfortunately borne out by future developments.

During the summer of 1920 while Margaret was abroad, C. C. and I had gone to attend the Democratic National Convention held in San Francisco.

While we were there we paid a visit to San Rafael. Two of Pat Calhoun's daughters were married into the Foster family there. One of them, Margaret, I hear, made a remark while I was there as pungent and spicy as the odors of the air. One of the denizens of the fashionable suburb of Burlingame asked Margaret how she could stay in San Rafael where existence was *so dead and alive*.

Margaret replied, "I would rather dwell among the decent dead than share the pleasures of the rotten living."

The lady from Burlingame enjoyed the *bon mot* as much as any one and the remark flew all over San Francisco.

At the time of the San Francisco Convention I was rather an unreconstructed Southerner and not by any means an ardent advocate of suffrage, as the "White Women's Burden" was a serious consideration owing to the large preponderance of negro population in nearly every town in the South. Besides I had the feeling that the toast in the Navy, "here's to woman, once our superior, now our equal," would be a lamentable fact after women entered the political arena with man.

Great was my surprise, therefore, to find in the convention hall such a large percentage of women delegates and the men treating them with more consideration and respect than ever before. They seemed now not only objects of admiration but of added deference, since they had the vote.

I was amazed to hear the splendid public speeches that were made by the women who put in nomination or made seconding speeches for the different candidates. One speech especially, by Izetta Jewell Brown, seconding the nomination of John W. Davis, was a masterpiece of oratory.

While I had always believed in woman's political power behind the throne I came away from the Convention a thorough convert to her new place in the world, not only for equal rights in politics and business, but as a public speaker.

En route back to Washington we discussed the Convention with several United States Senators who were on the train. I spoke of my convictions of the new place in the world for what my husband called the "dynamic woman power." It was through him, on that journey that the spark was lighted which inspired me to try to form a centralization point at the Nation's Capital for focusing that power.

I was imbued with this idea when shortly after our return from the Convention, some of the leaders of the Southern Commercial Congress knowing the part I had played in South

Carolina, asked me if I would head the Woman's Auxiliary of that body. At first I declined but Mr. Calhoun persuaded me to accept for, as he said, it would be a means of bringing the women leaders of the sixteen Southern States together in Washington and starting the great idea.



CHAPTER XXXV

Formation of the Woman's National Foundation

IN ORDER to gratify my husband's wishes and to carry out his vision I started the movement outlined in the previous Chapter. I gave a breakfast for some of the prominent Southern women in Washington and proposed my plan. They all seized upon it enthusiastically. Some of them suggested that it was too good a plan in its details to be used exclusively for the women of the South and proposed that the women from all sections of the country should be asked to co-operate.

I therefore resigned as head of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Southern Commercial Congress and with a small nucleus in my drawing room at 1519 New Hampshire Avenue, we started the Woman's National Foundation. Mrs. Rafael R. Govin, wife of the great philanthropist and publisher of Cuba, immediately contributed \$2,000 for publicity. Mrs. James McDonald, then the widow of one of the Standard Oil magnates of Ohio and I each pledged \$1,000.

Miss Janet Richards, the well-known lecturer, became interested in the movement and urged that, as our first civic action, we purchase one of the greatest sites in Washington, the old Dean estate, comprising approximately ten acres of wooded hills and dales which had remained intact in the very heart of one of the best residential and most central sections of the city, in every way desirable for our centralization point. It possessed, moreover, a fine residence for immediate use as a club until the completion of our own buildings.

It was necessary to take quick action in the matter as the property was on the market and was about to be sold for apartment houses. This would have ruined one of the beauty spots of Washington and sacrificed the majestic and historic

trees, one of them known as "Treaty Oak" under which a famous treaty with the Indians is reputed to have been signed.

Mrs. Govin, Mrs. McDonald and I went to see the agent of the property, Mr. Dean Caldwell, and paid down the first money, a deposit of three thousand dollars, to hold a temporary option on the property for the organization then in the course of formation. Each one of us made a personal contribution of one thousand dollars for the purpose.

Following immediately upon this action we had a luncheon at Mrs. Govin's house on Massachusetts Avenue, where every woman present consented to become a member of the movement, pledging the Founder's fee of one thousand dollars each, thus insuring the sum of \$20,000 required to extend the option for a longer period.

The total purchase price of the property was fixed at \$850,000 but, because of the nature of the enterprise, my husband and Mrs. McDonald, together, succeeded in securing a reduction of \$50,000. The transaction was consummated and we agreed to pay six per cent interest with certain curtailments at specified periods. We made the Riggs National Bank our depository and I personally underwrote \$9,000 for such of the women as were not quite ready to take up their pledges.

I did not feel daunted in the least by the magnitude of this project. Before we had completed arrangements for the option, I had received a tentative offer of a bonus, if we would give up the property, of \$50,000 above the price at which it was offered to us. I felt assured, therefore, with the rapid advance in the price of real estate in that section that the tract was worth at least \$100,000 more than we agreed to pay for it. This assurance proved, in the end, entirely correct.

Meanwhile the organization plans were completed, incorporation papers were filed and thus was launched the Woman's National Foundation with a Board of Forty Governors, each of whom were Founder members. The official

positions were filled by women among the most prominent in Washington and there was a general enthusiasm for the whole idea.

I thought each of the Founders had caught the entire vision of the lofty purposes and objects of the organization, among which were headquarters at the Nation's Capital for all women's organizations who wished to avail themselves of them, with a club and quarters for out of town guests; classes for civic and political education of women who were then just beginning to enjoy the privilege of their franchise and needed to know what it entailed and an opera house and theater which we hoped to make National—one of the Capital's needs. In short, an Acropolis to Womanhood.

The Foundation was thoroughly non-partisan and really non-political and was to have afforded to the women of all parties the means of acquiring knowledge which would be of value to them and was also to have furnished, through an open forum for the women of all creeds and races—information relating to mothers and child welfare. There were well thought-out plans for different departments of welfare work and for a memorial to the great women of the past and to the women of the future who might render signal service to humanity, also for a memorial to the mothers of great men and women and to the individual mothers of us all.

A poem came to me just after the formation of the Foundation which I felt was inspired by the spirit of my own mother.

Wishing to get the idea over in some concrete and acceptable form, I thought over various plans of presenting it as it was urged that I should go out on speaking tours, first to interest the women of the adjacent States and later farther afield.

Coming home from Baltimore on the train one afternoon, with my husband, who was absorbed in a legal brief, I asked him to lend me a sheet of paper and a pencil that I might

jot down my ideas for a speech. Suddenly I seemed to feel a warm current flowing from my brain to my pencil and I commenced to write.

The next day I had the result typed in the rough in order to scan it and gave it to my husband to read. He was so moved by it, he felt, with me, that it must have been a direct inspiration. I never recited it without getting a warm and instantaneous result.

This is the poem as it came to me then, expanded only to include a stanza which I wrote later when we introduced the loan fund for the impoverished child of genius:

I, Temple of Triumph to Womanhood, Motherhood,
Send out a clarion call to the world!
Here she may speak and be understood,
Here is her banner of freedom unfurled.
Great women of the old world and the new,
I am a lasting monument to you.
Down through the ages side by side with man
Woman ever walks to cheer and comfort him,
To hold aloft the lovelight on his path
So that he may not fall "nor dash his foot
Against a stone" nor hopeless lose his way.
Oh mothers, wives and sisters of the race,
Lightkeepers of the world, keep it today!

Help me to set that light upon a hill
So all may see. Here in your Capital
My shining walls shall rise and symbol bear
Of the true vessel of creative life
Enthroned upon my highest pinnacle.
There in her right hand she shall hold on high
A torch, while with her left she shall extend
The scroll of knowledge; teacher to the end
Teaching anew God's original plan,
The natural head of the family is man
Woman his comrade, homemaker and mate;
His comrade now on equal terms. The fate
Of nations breathless hangs upon the way
She uses the new power, hers today.

To aid her here my stately walls shall house
 The fanes of science, industry and art;
 Science of government, the better part
 Of civic lore. The thinkers of the world
 Shall help my daughters learn, and they in turn
 Shall teach, and teaching live the truths they preach.
 Welded in unenvious unity,
 With patriotic purpose sternly meant,
 They'll banish anarchy and discontent,
 Showing to malcontents the high reward
 For service that all grateful countries grant
 To those who rightly seek it at their hand,
 Patriotism in the highest sense
 Shall be the only guerdon they demand.

The gifts I bear in my left hand
 For the underprivileged of the land
 Are loan funds, for all tested talent free,
 In trust for children of ability.
The assets of tomorrow
Are the children of today;
 What from my wealth they borrow
 Through their learning they'll repay.
 Independent citizens,
 Not mere pensioners, are they.

And 'neath my storied wings shall be
 Halls of fame and memory.
 The names of those who generously did rear
 These marble halls shall be recorded here,
 While books of memory for each state
 Shall fittingly commemorate
 The names of mothers who have borne
 Great sons or daughters, or adorn
 Our history's page as pioneers,
 I'll keep their record through the years:
 And carved upon my noble shafts of stone
 The greatest names on record shall be shown,
 So pilgrims from afar may see
 Their chosen names of history.

But my whole outward form shall be
 The symbol of maternity,

Full of tender service, pulsing life,
And light that should forever banish strife.
I invoke the women of each nation
To share the fruits of my Foundation
That each may feel high priestess of a cause
And through my Forum help uphold the laws.
My walls now to the four winds I turn
Lights like jewels on my brow shall burn,
Ever reflecting from on high
The star-hung promise of the sky.

This poem was incorporated in an artistic booklet gotten out for us by James William Bryan, a Washington publisher. It was one of the most beautiful pieces of organization literature imaginable. An engrossed copy was made for each of the members of our Board, all of whom professed themselves as delighted with it. Nearly every one of these Board members had joined at my personal invitation and we were a harmonious, or I might say, homogeneous, group.

Included in our literature were illustrations from the architectural drawings of Messrs. Burrall and Murray Hoffman, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burrall Hoffman of New York, who were old friends of mine from New Orleans days. The Messrs. Hoffman were architects of renowned ability and we were fortunate in having their co-operation. Because of their mother's interest in me and in the movement which I was sponsoring, of which she had become a Founder and a member of the Board of Governors, and because they considered it a truly great opportunity for themselves they prepared tentative plans for use in our literature as their contribution to the cause. The only expense incurred by the organization in this connection was the actual cost of survey and the services of draughtsmen.

While the plans for the building were going forward I was pursuing my own organization work which was most arduous. During the first months of the work and throughout the heat of the summer, I remained in Washington to go every

day to the Capitol where Congress was in session. The Senators and Representatives all seemed to have caught the idea of the service such an organization would be to the country. Without a *single exception* they lent their most generous co-operation and assisted us especially in securing the names and addresses of important women in their communities to serve as organization chairmen.

We had divided the entire country into 3800 zones and enlisted newspapers of each section. Through the club and society editors of these papers we were reaching out and interesting other women in their localities. By means of these different channels we had been most successful in selecting and securing a gratifying number of organization Chairmen of the Centers, as we called the local units. It was the duty of these chairmen to invite from ten to fifty women to become Builder Members, and to call a meeting of this group to be held on the Nation-wide organization day, when each Center was to hold its initial meeting and send in to the National Treasury their Builder Membership fee of ten dollars each.

Supplementing the organization work we had engaged a publicity agent. The proposition of the agent was submitted to our advisory board, headed by the late Mr. Milton E. Ailes, then president of the Riggs National Bank, which was our depository. This committee included also Mr. Charles J. Bell, president of the American Security and Trust Company; Mr. William D. Hoover, president of the National Savings and Trust Company; Mr. E. C. Graham, president of the City Club; Mr. Joseph Thorpe, retired capitalist, and others; all men of the highest position. Upon their approval of the agent and that of our executive committee his services were engaged.

The first thing he did was to prepare and send out syndicate articles and mats. And thereby hangs a tale.

Up to this time, everything had been going forward with remarkable smoothness and harmony, so much so that "har-

monious service" became my watchword. The proposed Woman's Acropolis or Capitol would undoubtedly have been a concrete reality today, a lasting benefit to humanity and an honor to all concerned as well as one of the greatest ornaments to the Capital, had not the whole plan been disrupted. Just how has no particular place in this chronicle as I do not wish to perpetuate what afterwards turned out to be a blessing in disguise.

Before the Messrs. Hoffman had commenced their architectural plans I had suggested to them the idea and the design of the proposed group of buildings which I considered especially adapted to fit the site and yet to be in keeping with the architecture of Washington and the general plan of the city laid out by L'Enfant. The Memorial Building, crowned with a glorious figure of "Womanhood" was designed for an eminence which would have made "Our Light Upon a Hill" visible from all points and from every approach to the city. The Auditorium was so arranged that the great bronze doors at the back of the stage would have given a *coup d'oeil* of the Capitol, the Washington monument and other landmarks of the city.

That this building, monumental as it was, was also thoroughly practical and realizable is demonstrated by the fact that later the identical organizer, the same organization plans and the same general plan of literature financed completely the building of the Congressional Country Club of Maryland and the Croatan Club of Virginia, within the time limit set for the completion of the structure of the Woman's National Foundation, and these others without the incentive and the enthusiasm which our plans had everywhere evoked. Subsequently the completion of organization plans of the same organizer were followed in the erection of the great National Press Building in Washington at a cost of approximately ten millions of dollars. This successful promoter has frequently assured me that he had never undertaken any movement or

plan in which he had more confidence than in ours, nor one so easily financed because of its deep sentiment and wide appeal to all classes. Its frustration, therefore, in the mid-stream of its success, was nothing short of a national calamity.



CHAPTER XXXVI

The Fall of the Foundation

AFTER all of our Foundation work and high hopes, coupled with the harmony and enthusiasm of the early stages of our organization and its amazing strides toward success, its downfall seemed so wantonly unnecessary as to be almost a crime, due to two causes only, jealousy and lack of understanding.

The ugly head of jealousy first showed itself when the publicity inevitably gave me credit for the idea of the organization. It would seem incredible, particularly to men who are accustomed to organization work and who realize the fact that the head of any movement has to be, for a time, the peg on which publicity is hung, that women are so frequently resentful when the leaders of their organizations get what they consider undue credit and wide publicity. Many women are so constituted that they cannot bear to see one of their sisters, who has been on a par with them, suddenly elevated to a position of authority over them. This seems to be more of a failing along the social walks of life than among business and professional women who have gained a broader outlook.

As soon as I sensed the trouble I sent for our publicity agent and told him to throw the spotlight as quickly as possible on the other members of the Board and particularly to play up the disaffected member. This he protested against as his whole campaign had been most carefully planned to feature those whose names would carry weight, but finally he acceded to my wishes.

I went off on a speaking and organizing tour on behalf of the Foundation and when I returned to Washington, bearing with me a sheaf of thousand-dollar checks and pledges from

new Founder members and asked to have cards engraved for the heads of our New York Chapters and those throughout the country, I found that the Foundation work of the structure had been undermined, our organization plans discarded, our valuable literature on which the whole work was founded, confiscated—abandoned in midstream and *nothing planned to take its place*. I was aghast, as I knew this spelled ruin for the whole thing. I also found there was an undercurrent of sentiment directed toward getting me out of office in order that the property might be sold and the money of the incorporators refunded.

My husband told me at this time that there was more wisdom in a well thought-out retreat than in trying to hold an untenable position and my one hope was to save the property at all hazards for the sake of the women of small means who had, at my invitation, taken out memorial memberships in honor of their mothers. I was therefore placed on the horns of a dilemma. Should I, or should I not resign? If I resigned, how could I be sure that those who had invested their money in the project would have it refunded? And could I justify my action to myself—always my most unsparing critic? The answer came that I must sacrifice myself for the sake of the women who had trusted me, but to take every precaution to see that they suffered no financial loss.

My resignation, of course, would mean that the property would have to be sold but out of the proceeds I knew that not only the incorporators would be repaid and could be evoked the smallest donor would get back his or her gift. So I resigned but with an anguish of soul for the ruin of my beloved project.

In order to take title to the property (for which ample funds would have been available had not the disruption occurred before our organization day, when our chairmen all over the country had been prepared to send in their funds) I had evolved a plan of underwriting which was at first set

aside but was later carried out by my successors. This enabled them to take title themselves and to negotiate a sale of the property, which brought the exact profit I had predicted.

My heart-rending decision was later justified when all contributions were refunded with interest on the larger amounts paid in by Founders and life members. Of course those who had paid small yearly memberships had received their *quid pro quo* in the form of club-house privileges.

Ironical as it may appear, my husband and I were the only financial losers, as my own expenses for traveling and upbuilding of the organization were never refunded.

As in all such matters two camps were formed. I had great difficulty in keeping mine inactive. My friends brought us constant reports of the various wild statements and mis-statements that were being made. They urged me to take the matter into court and some went so far as to make their depositions in writing and were willing and even eager to act as witnesses. High among those was the widow of a prominent Admiral not a member of the Board, but one of the cave dwellers a valiant soul with the respect of all who knew her. But I steadily refused to bring suit. The damage was done; the vision, with all its potentialities for service was lost or submerged and I did not wish to involve innocent women who had been misled.

Therefore, I told my legal advisers that I would be contented if they obtained written retractions of the various mis-statements.

They did obtain disclaimers or denials of the lurid tales over the signature of the source to which they were traced but these disclaimers were wrapped in such phraseology of "privileged personal opinion" about my administration as to be laughable from the fact that they more clearly betrayed the venom which had actuated the perpetrator. The only letter I valued was one which was obtained by some of my friends from my successor in office, a woman with a fine

sense of justice under whose administration the Foundation was dissolved. This letter stated that its affairs had been as carefully audited under my administration as under her own, that all funds had been handled by a bonded officer and had been *found at all points straight and correct*. I was therefore reassured and felt the Foundation would wind up its affairs with an absolutely clean slate.

My husband said he thought the whole débacle could be epitomized in the analogy of Nero, who gaily played his fiddle while the fire he had started consumed Rome and the women who so nonchalantly played bridge while the fire they had started reduced to metaphorical ashes what would have been a monument to the city, to the Nation and to the generation that erected it.

I am happy that I now have the opportunity of paying tribute to the loyal women of the Board who bravely stood by the cause and were not misled nor intimidated by the fears or inhibitions that were let loose among them. Foremost among these was our first vice-president, who now wears an ancient Scottish title. When presiding in my absence she did not hesitate to openly state her opinion of the methods being employed to get me out of office. When I told her I would not have her imperil her own interests by her stand for me she smilingly replied that she had no fear whatever for her position, that she was not afraid of anybody and was only standing by the right as she knew it.

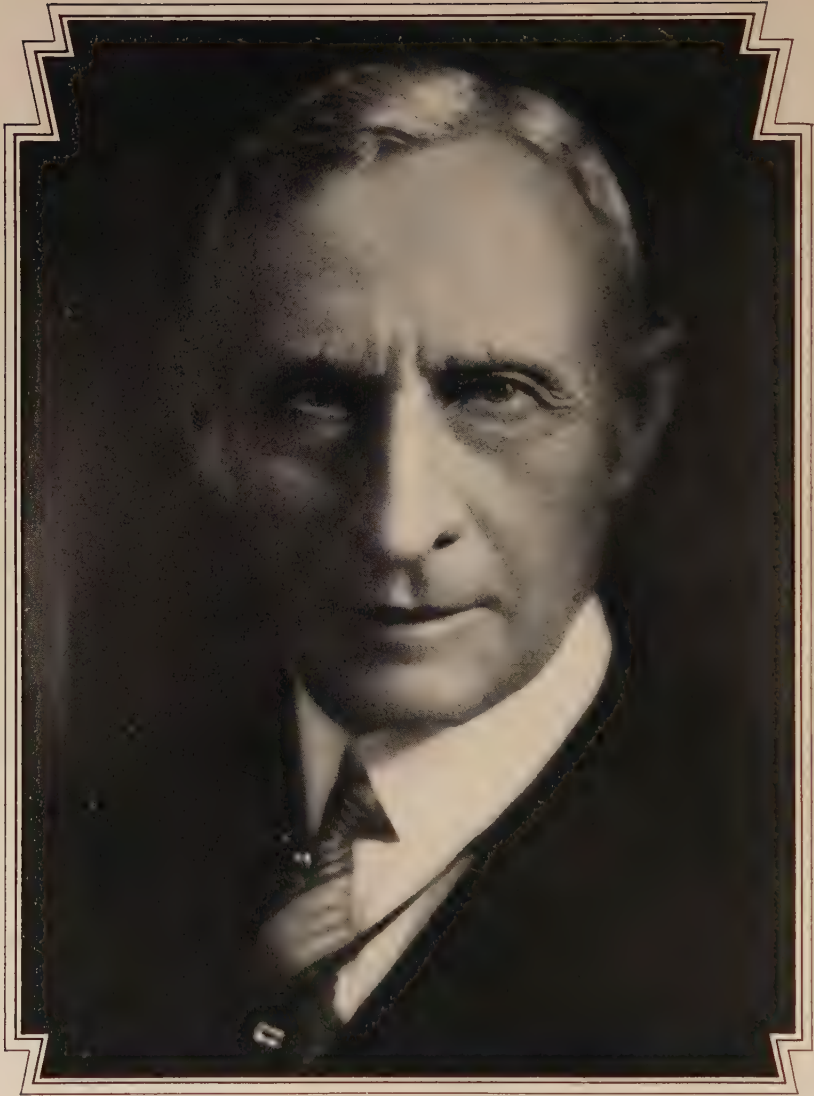
An intrepid and splendid Washington dowager who had shown her faith in the vision by being one of its largest financial donors had headed my first paper for underwriting to take title with a subscription of \$5,000 in addition to her outright donations of an equal sum. She could never be misled under any circumstances and refused forthright to participate in the movement to take the organization from my control. A member of her family told me later of her indignant amazement at such proceedings.

The wife of a distinguished Congressman from Virginia, young and gentle and with a sweet nature, was firm in her stand for me, against all argument. Among others who could not be influenced were two Southern sisters, well known for their hospitality and popularity.

The majority of my Board, twenty-one of the women whose names I valued most and who stand highest in the social annals of the country were utterly uninfluenced by the propaganda. Practically all the chairmen of the local Chapters, as well as the general membership, also testified as to their loyalty.

In spite of these consoling facts I am sure it is not to be wondered at that I was a bit leery of the "Dynamic Power of Womanhood!" I had found it too closely resembled dynamite! My one desire was to have obstructionists brushed from my pathway. I felt like paraphrasing the verse on Queen Caroline, written by a well-known wit of her time and say to the offending ladies—

"Gracious ladies, we implore,
Go away and sin no more—
But if that effort be too great,
Please go away at any rate."



CLARENCE CRITTENDEN CALHOUN, TODAY

CHAPTER XXXVII

Carrying the Torch to a Higher Hill

ALTHOUGH my husband tried to restore my faith in the ultimate outcome of our ideals for a time I was frankly discouraged. He used to commence the day for me with the English Army slogan, "Are we downhearted, No!" and he filled me with an ambition to rebuild on a firm foundation of rock, instead of sand; this time slowly and patiently and with a desire to aim at something higher than before. In answer to my doubts of my ability to rebuild, he reminded me that I had never undertaken anything that I had not carried through to successful completion. He recited what he knew of the confidence reposed in me by other communities where I had lived and asked me to recall how the Contemporary Club of New Jersey altered its by-laws so that I might succeed myself as president, in order to complete my plans. And moreover, he assured me he considered the Woman's National Foundation had been functioning successfully so long as I was not interfered with, that I was the same woman at its close that I had been at the outset when I had invited the initial Founders and had obtained their enthusiastic support, and he uplifted me by the thought that if the National movement had not been destroyed, a more important universal one could not be brought into being.

And so, during the winding up of the affairs of the Woman's National Foundation, the idea of the Woman's Universal Alliance emerged, with all of the ideals of the former organization but with a world-wide, instead of a national scope and with men as well as women on the governing board.

It has always been my belief that men and women should work together in harmony. That in every plan of life as

well as of nature God in his infinite wisdom had put a pair, both male and female, at the head. Not only of the family but of all orders of his creation. And I have come to feel that every social, civic and even political movement would be the better if both men and women had equal opportunities in the work. This would do away with the absurd theory of sex antagonism and that more tiresome thing, sex assertiveness.

I feel, moreover, that the day is fast dawning—with the part women are playing in politics now—when men will not only accept women's aid but will seek their advice in National affairs.

On several occasions groups of friends and former members of the Woman's National Foundation held informal meetings at my home and in February, 1923, a preliminary meeting was called to consider organization plans with several United States Senators and Representatives and their wives present as well as some of the members of the former organization and of its advisory board.

The organizers of the Woman's Universal Alliance wished to elect me to the office of president for life. I declined the honor but consented to serve for a term of six years, with power to succeed myself if the organization so desired. Later, when the dissolution of the Woman's National Foundation had been completed, the Woman's Universal Alliance was incorporated with both men and women as incorporators and on the Board. Still later we decided to amend our charter and to call the organization "The Universal Alliance" with equal membership privileges for both men and women but designed chiefly to help women and children.

Gradually the work of the Alliance and plans for the Mothers' Memorial have superseded my other interests. I have come to have less time and inclination than ever before for the social pleasures of Washington until I am now giving

practically all of my time to what I consider the cause to which I have dedicated my life and for which I have to a certain extent neglected my friends and my own personal advantages.

One day at a crowded diplomatic tea—at the time when all women were commencing to look alike with the little felt extinguishers they call hats—drawn down over their ears—I learned from a conversation which I could not help overhearing, though I edged away, that I was considered a woman with a mission and ran the risk of being a social bore.

I determined from that time on to be gay with the gay and serious with the serious and never to take my mission with me into society and certainly never again to try to get my friends to help my cause. From them, I felt, the advance should come.

This was during the Harding administration.

It is with pleasure that I recount my own impressions of President Harding. I recall the first time I saw him after he took office was at the "Hobby" meeting of the National Press Club when he said in his ringing and rarely melodious voice that his own hobby was helping others to achieve theirs. There was a note of sincerity and sweetness which gave me an impression of the man's character and this impression has never changed. I think his wish to help others to achieve their wishes was his final undoing. He was too anxious to serve his friends and in the end some of his friends most illy served him. This is frequently the case, as I know to my sorrow.

My own experience made me feel a deeper sympathy and liking for the President. I think, like many noble natures, he was inclined to trust others too much and judge them from his own standards. He had the face of a Roman senator and a manner that endeared him to all. On one occasion I

went to the White House as a spectator of a children's festival, the President, because of the rain, had all of the children brought into the great East Room. Two of the wet little urchins crowded up against the President and insisted upon getting on his lap. He took them on his knee, and Mrs. Harding also welcomed a wet little girl who crowded on the same chair with her.

At something said by one of the entertainers all of the children laughed in unison. The President, in his kindly voice, said that to him the sweetest music in the world was the laughter of children. It was a spontaneous remark and one which again illustrated the loveliness of his character.

On another occasion, at the conclusion of a lawn party at the White House the band played as it generally did for President and Mrs. Harding, at such a time, "The End of a Perfect Day." They stood at one side with hands clasped smiling at each other and I never forgot the picture. Afterwards we all went up to the White House and there was informal dancing, the President leading off with Mrs. Harding.

At an official reception to the Judiciary I was especially struck with the very real and spontaneous cordiality with which the President shook hands. He seemed to enjoy the process instead of shoving you along, as so many Presidents do.

I cannot help feeling that such a man was the victim not only of circumstances but of false friends and that history ought to give him the real niche which he won in the hearts of the people.

It has been a consolation to discover that I have won a little place in the hearts of so many of those who were most closely associated with me in my work at a time when I became a victim of circumstances and to find that those associates were instantly ready and willing to rally to my support. It has often been a tremendous help to find that the work

which was so eagerly done with a desire to destroy my prestige in Washington and to deprive me of my friends resulted only in a number of cases in making friends where before I had had but acquaintances. No sooner had the news of the new organization gone forth than I learned of the confidence reposed in me particularly by those who had been connected with the upbuilding of the original movement in a business way.

At this time there was brought to my attention an estate of forty-seven acres on Massachusetts Avenue, known as Clifton, located near the Naval Observatory.

To secure an option on Clifton I personally advanced \$30,000 out of my private funds, and turned the option over to the organization as their property.

Mr. Dean Caldwell, who had kept faith with me and in me and who had never lost sight of the vision and the possibilities of its realization, handled the business details in connection with this option as he had done on the previous occasion in the purchase of the Dean estate.

I quite understood that Mr. Caldwell was acting always in my interests as well as those who had succeeded me. I rejoiced that through the resale of Temple Heights the trees which we had protected would be saved, the land kept intact and that a Temple, though not the one I had planned, would eventually be erected there.

After I had paid my \$30,000 for the option on Clifton and had turned it over to the Executive Committee, a plan was developed and arrangements perfected for Mr. Caldwell to act as broker and sell off some of the land along the lower level of the estate in small tracts. If the plan had been carried out, it would have insured to the organization the required acreage free of cost, allowing us to keep for our club house and memorial structures the hill tops which were

even higher than those of Temple Heights. This would also have insured the refunding of the initial money I had personally advanced for the option.

While the property was being surveyed and platted and the arrangements completed for disposing of small tracts, there was little headway to be made in local work. I was delegated by our executive committee to carry a message from our organization into South America as there was a great Pan-American movement among the women of that country at the time. However, as our organization was then struggling into a larger life, both my husband and I felt that it should not be burdened with the expense of this journey so I not only bore all of my own expenses but those of the secretary of the Alliance, Mrs. Lydia S. Draper, who accompanied me.

While we were at the conference in Rio de Janeiro as representatives of the Alliance the Brazilian Exposition was also going on there and proved a very interesting experience. Rio is called "the City of Light." It should also be called the city of beauty. Owing to the immense water power, electricity is so cheap everything is practically outlined with light.

The opera was in full blast, as well as the Exposition, and there were so many temptations offered us as to make it difficult to stick strictly to the purpose of our visit. I need not go into a discussion of what is considered the most beautiful harbor in the world or of the gorgeous setting of Rio. Only the architecture is so fantastic that it made me smile.

It was our summer, but their winter, while we were there. I can hardly imagine how the flowers could be any more gorgeous in their summer season.

I took letters from the Department of State to Mr. Edwin V. Morgan, who was then our Minister to Brazil. Through him we met Madame Mesquitas, daughter of the Baroness de

Bonfin, the title being a creation of Don Pedro. Madame Mesquitas was the head of various welfare movements in Rio and I, being able to speak French and understanding in a degree both Portugese and Spanish, was enabled more easily to obtain the interest and co-operation of many of the leaders among the South American women.

Madame Pessoa, wife of the then President of Brazil, was herself deeply interested in the welfare of her people and had personally done much for the establishment of tubercular hospitals and other welfare enterprises. She took a very great interest in the constructive benefits of our work and we were invited to the Palace, not only for her entertainments but for private interviews in regard to the plans of the Alliance. Thus we were aided in forming a strong committee of South American women whose names counted on the rolls of honor in their country.

I returned to Washington very much encouraged and with renewed enthusiasm and found things moving along satisfactorily, though slowly and quietly as we thought it best to avoid too much publicity until we were firmly entrenched.

In order to make a club house for the organization and afford hospitality to the local members I left my own comfortable home on New Hampshire Avenue and moved out bodily to the commodious but somewhat primitive residence on the Clifton site, foregoing for a time the convenience of electric lights, modern plumbing and other needed improvements. There, at my own expense, I again established a center for all the local members, most of whom had formerly been members of the Woman's National Foundation.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

World Welfare Conference and Mothers' Memorial

IN THE spring of 1923, just after we took possession of Clifton, we held our first World Welfare Conference of the Alliance and entertained at Clifton for all of the delegates. The scope of this first conference, the subjects covered by the speakers of National and International renown and its far-reaching results were realized from the subsequent developments. The address of Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, on "*The School that Trains for Life*" was an inspiration to the entire delegation.

Messages from many lands were brought by specialists in welfare work. Miss Sophie Irene Loeb came from New York and gave a wonderful talk on *Child Welfare*, depicting the conditions she had found in her trip around the world at the expense of the State of New York, to study this subject. The best conditions, she said, were in Scotland and told us why.

Countess Ethel Lerchenfeld, wife of a former Governor of Barvaria, spoke on *Women's Welfare Work in Germany*. Although the antagonism in the room was clearly felt when the Countess commenced to speak about the young Germans and their needs, when she finished people voluntarily came up and placed offerings for the children on the table in front of her, which, under the circumstances, was a remarkable triumph. She spoke so touchingly of the conditions of the German children as to prove the incentive for a drive which was afterwards made in their behalf and in which General Henry T. Allen performed such heroic service for the children of the people over whom he had so recently ruled as head of the Army of Occupation of the Rhine, that he

gathered some millions of dollars from our country for these children.

The Narcotic Drug Habit was discussed by the Hon. Sarah Graham Mulhall and Surgeon General Hugh S. Cummings, Director of Public Health. Other speakers on related subjects, featuring public health work, were Senator Royal S. Copeland, Dr. Mary Gage Day, Dr. Alfredo Warsaw, and Dr. M. Lapinska.

Countess Irene de Robilant spoke on *The Fascisti Movement in Italy*, Marquise Alice deCarriere told of *The Awakening of the New Russia*, and many other countries were represented by able speakers, including Turkey, Czechoslovakia, China and Japan, and particularly our South American countries. Mr. Calhoun made a notable speech outlining the whole construction plan for the Mothers' Memorial.

We still receive letters from delegates who attended this conference which show that they look back upon it as not only a pleasure but a source of enlightenment and profit.

During the summer following the conference I remained in Washington and we entertained at Clifton every Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the women employés of the Government departments with teas and talks and various forms of amusement. We also had Sunday evening *salons* which were entirely intellectual affairs with different noted speakers of Church and State.

Representatives of the different Embassies and Legations who were spending the summer in Washington entertained at Clifton with *al fresco* dinners as did also many of the officials of the Army and Navy. The proceeds from these entertainments helped to augment the funds of the club and to pay, in part, its clerical expenses.

This encouraged us to open a regular tea room which not only carried its own expenses but contributed a certain amount toward the running expenses of the organization and, what

was of more importance, served as a means of letting our friends know we were still carrying on.

In the autumn, after President Coolidge had succeeded Mr. Harding, and Mr. Bascom Slemph had been made the President's Secretary, I gave a dinner for Mr. Slemph at Clifton in my own name however, and not officially as president of the Alliance. Among the notable guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury of Philadelphia, Mrs. Horace Dodge (as she was then), Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hertle, Mr. and Mrs. John Temple Graves, Representative and Mrs. Yates, Senator Shortridge, also the Persian Minister and others of rank and renown. Following this I gave several of these social affairs in a purely personal capacity, principally to put Clifton on the map.

While at no time has there been an entire cessation of activity on my part in behalf of the Alliance, there has been a lull now and then. During one of these interludes, my husband and I had the pleasure of entertaining The Cameron of Lochiel and his wife, Lady Hermione, who is the daughter of the Duke of Montrose of Scotland and whose place is just opposite the estates of my husband's connections, the Colquhouns, on Loch Lomond.

The Cameron of Lochiel and his party were en route to Redbank, North Carolina, for a gathering of the Scots of that and other Southern States at Flora McDonald College. We had received a request from the president of the College, Dr. Vardel, to bring down our famous relic, the Stuart Claymore, and we invited him and a number of other prominent Scots of our acquaintance to come to Washington to meet The Cameron of Lochiel and Lady Hermione at a dinner we gave for them at Clifton. Following the dinner we all went down to Redbank together.

It was a wonderful thing, in that amphitheater of native pine trees, to hear The Lochiel, lineal descendant of one who had been the inspiration of the poems—"Lochiel, Lochiel,

Beware the Day" and "The Campbells are Coming,"—speaking so simply and earnestly to the loyal Scots of this country who feel the call of the blood more warmly and more patriotically, perhaps, than do their kinsmen in Scotland itself.

The Lochiel is probably one of the greatest heroes of the World War and yet nothing could induce him to talk of his exploits. He simply referred to the incidents for which he has received so much acclaim and so many medals as having been due entirely to the bravery of his men.

When the sword of the Bonnie Prince was drawn from its sheath, flashing in the sunlight as a symbol of the cause for which so many of the Scots who settled in this country had left their native land, their reverence and enthusiasm could not have been excelled. After the ceremonies were over, they came up and touched the sword with reverent hands, the men uncovered their heads. It was a beautiful tribute to their own loyalty and to the qualities of their ancestors which have made them such good Americans. The exhibition of the sword was almost like an exhibition of the Ex Calibur, the sword of King Arthur. It gave an example of the deep underlying sentiment of the Scotch nature.

It is said that a Scotchman is only ashamed of one thing and that is of an exhibition of his sentiment. Scots, as a rule, are so reserved and averse to anything like display that I suppose they are afraid their sentiment might run away with them and carry them unwittingly into some extravagance! But on this occasion they felt too deeply to realize their display of emotion. Personally, I cannot see why a Scotchman should wish to conceal his sentiment because, as some one has said, like his sense of humor it costs him nothing! Being half Scotch myself I can appreciate, as do most of the race, good jokes at the expense of Scotch qualities.

Meanwhile the Hoffman brothers who had prepared architectural plans for the original organization, showed their faith in the ultimate outcome of the enterprise and again prepared

tentative plans for the proposed buildings, especially adapted for the new site. Mr. James W. Bryan, who had handled the production of the beautiful Foundation literature, which as I have recounted was confiscated and destroyed, had kept the vision and prepared a booklet for the Alliance featuring the Mothers' Memorial, which was always the apex of our idealistic plan.

This brochure carried an invitation to charter members throughout the country to send in the names of their mothers to be recorded in the Book of Memory for their native State and to contribute the charter membership fee to the extension work of the organization. The results were all that could have been expected during the preliminary stage. While we met with flattering success and realized sufficient funds to extend the ideas of the proposed Mothers' Memorial we had no margin for our other welfare work.

The booklet issued in 1923 carried as its center piece a beautifully illuminated drawing of a "Book of Memory" but in accordance with the open letter written for this same booklet by the late Edward Bok saying in his opinion the country had grown tired of empty shrines, and that our idea of a building of service to mothers "ought to make a strong and true appeal to every one."

It was thought by our committee it might be wise to illustrate some new literature with a tentative architectural or sculptural design. A certain such design (though not a building) was just at this time brought to our attention. We thought it might possibly be converted into some practical use. Our Executive Committee therefore accepted it in "general outline only and for purposes of illustration." A new booklet carrying all of our ideals as previously outlined was then arranged for.

Having completed my arrangement for carrying the new campaign I departed on my journey abroad, accompanied

by my husband's sister, Mrs. Leila Calhoun Leidinger, and had the opportunity personally of carrying the work of the Alliance into England, Scotland and France, and indirectly into Spain.

Aided by a letter from Mr. John W. Davis, president of the English-Speaking Union and former Ambassador to Great Britain, I was able to interest some of the most important women in England. While in Scotland, through the co-operation of the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, I interested a number of noteworthy women there.

In France, with a letter from Mrs. F. Burrall Hoffman to Loie Fuller, who was a friend of many of the Royalties of Europe, notably the Queen of Roumania, as well as of the leading women of France, I formed an extraordinarily fine committee including the Countess de Greffuhl who is head of the *Societie des Mères de la France*. She became enthusiastic over the idea of the Mothers' Memorial in this country as a means of co-operating with her work for the Mothers of France. The Countess de Greffuhl, who was the Princess Chimey, is one of the greatest ladies of Europe. It is she who entertains the members of the Royal families of England and Belgium when they are in France. Her sister was then First Lady in Waiting to the Queen of the Belgians.

Major Cassajus, Military Attaché of the Spanish Embassy in Washington, a great friend of the King of Spain, acted as the personal envoy from the Alliance to the Court of his Country. Through him I received a letter from their Spanish Majesties expressing a wish to be present when the cornerstone of the Mothers' Memorial is laid. Through this contact I was enabled to interest many Spanish women without personally going to Spain at the time.

Thus the work of the Alliance was being gradually and widely extended and I came home to go on more actively with the construction work in this country.

As a digression here for awhile, as my readers may be tired of organization activities, which I feel it necessary to detail because it is now the most important part of my life's work, I will go back to England and Scotland and take my readers with me on the journey, which grew interesting from so many standpoints.

On the steamer going over we met the famous Branches of Richmond, Virginia, who had the Kaiser's suite on the *Majestic*; also many other friends of olden days.

When we reached London, Mrs. Leidinger and I decided we would not go to one of the stereotyped hotels but would live in English fashion. We took lodgings on Curzon Street, had an English maid, and found this a very delightful way to domicile ourselves.

The Secretary of State, Mr. Kellogg, was then our Ambassador in London, and no sooner had we left cards at the Embassy than we were invited for a tea the following day. From that moment our stay in London was a round of pleasure.

Lord Garioch came down from his place at Yateley and invited us up to visit him. While there he presented me with his full length portrait by Hal Hurst to hang by the sword of Bonnie Prince Charlie, also with charter of the family with pendant seal of the Earls of Mar. Nothing could have exceeded his kindness or hospitality. He had written a letter to his friend, Lady Aberdeen, telling her of our proposed visit to Scotland and I had written to Mr. Calhoun's kinsman, Sir Iain Colquhoun, that we were to make the trip through the Trossachs and would like to stop off to see Rosdhu, the home of the head of the Colquhoun Clan, from whom the American Calhouns traced their descent. We received by return mail a most cordial invitation to do so.

The present Rosdhu House is a beautiful Georgian structure, on Loch Lomond, with a large picture gallery or main

hall in which the Laird of Luss, as the incumbent of the title is always called, has the feudal right of settling the affairs of the county. This hall is lined with pictures of the family—among them two beautiful portraits of the two daughters of the Dukes of Montrose who married members of the Colquhoun family.

When we reached Aberdeen the Marchioness of Huntley, who will be remembered as Mrs. James McDonald, first vice-president of the Woman's National Foundation who had so staunchly stood by me, came to the hotel where we were stopping and invited us to Aboyne for the games there and for a luncheon which she and the Marquis were giving just before the big meet. It was all most interesting to me especially as I witnessed what I had longed to see and hear most in Scotland on my previous visit; the Kilties in their own regalia and playing their native airs.

We were favored by good weather and saw the games from an unequalled vantage point just off the velvet green in front of the Huntley Arms, with the hills rising around them, the Castle of Aboyne on one side and the whole thing looking like a romantic tourney of the middle ages.

Lord Huntley, leading the procession of his Clan around the enclosure before the opening of the games was "a bra' sight."

The day after the Aboyne games, we drove over to Braemar, part of the estates of my Scotch ancestors. The hills, clad with purple heather, rising up to the purplish sky with its fleecy clouds; the heather fields on the roadsides and the never-ending procession of motor cars all going in one direction, so aroused my feelings I wanted to shout—instead I took a large white pocket handkerchief and waved it at the people who lined the roadsides to see the procession of cars going by. They all waved back and we exchanged many gay salutations.

I had heard that the Scotch were dour and sad. I saw none of it. They all seemed gay and glad, but it might have been because this was the day of their games, and the weather was so fine.

At Braemar we were to take luncheon at the Inn with Lord and Lady Aberdeen and a party of American friends who were their hosts, and to which luncheon they had us invited as we were to return with them to Cromar House as their guests. We were therefore included also in the Royal enclosure and had a splendid view of the King and Queen and the Royal family as they drove with their old fashioned C-spring landaus drawn by four white horses, with outriders and footmen in scarlet coats. Bugles were sounded as they entered and I felt the excitement that I suppose all the Scotch feel each time they see this imposing sight.

Queen Mary looked very handsome and very up-to-date in a well-tailored light-cloth costume, her turban drawn down over her head instead of high on top of her hair as she used to wear it.

King George was wearing the Stuart kilt, which only the Royal Family and the family of the Earls of Mar, outside of the Stuarts, have the right to wear.

Lord Aberdeen, as Lord Lieutenant of the county, had the privilege of introducing to their Majesties all the Americans present and the notables who had arranged for such introductions. Among them was an Indian lady, head of a school in Calcutta, who was one of the members of the International Council of Women and a guest of Lady Aberdeen. She held the King for a long while in a close and animated conversation. The problems of India seem always to be the chief concern of the heads of the Empire.

Sir Harry Lauder was there and was presented to their Majesties and, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Walter Scott of New York and his daughter, Mrs. William Russell Magna,

were also presented. Mr. Scott had sent over a number of Scotch Americans at his own expense, to see the games. He is, perhaps, the greatest promoter of Scotch sport in America today. It was he, as I have before recited, who procured for me the Royal Bagpipers when I gave the Bonnie Prince Charlie play in Washington and he, later, was appointed to represent the president of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia on a special occasion to receive the Stuart sword when I presented it at a gathering of Scots, to be placed in a temporary loan collection of historic relics.

Colonel Scott in the name of Mr. Joseph Wilson, director of exhibits, made a very charming speech in accepting the sword for the exhibit.

After the games in Scotland we were entertained over the week end by Lord and Lady Aberdeen at Cromar House and were delighted with their cordiality. Needless to say, we enjoyed every moment of our stay.

Leaving Scotland and tarrying only a short time in London we went over to Paris where we again met a number of our American friends. We found everything so crowded as to make Paris almost uncomfortable. Dinner at the Ritz in the evening was like being back home at the Mayflower in Washington or at the Chevy Chase Club, there were so many Washingtonians there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilmer Biddle, who were staying at a hotel just off the Champs Elysées entertained us delightfully at the Circle International, the former home of the Baron de Rothschild. The beautiful Elizabeth Biddle is said to "look like a queen," though I doubt if any queen were ever more lovely. She created a sensation in Paris wherever she appeared.

We dined with our friends at Ciro's, at the Café de Paris—at all the places where Americans foregather.

The high light of my stay however was my visit,, through

Loie Fuller, to the Countess de Greffuhl at her magnificent estate near Paris where we saw her great collection of works of art, the famous *Diana* by Houdon—among them, the new Little Theater which the Countess had just had completed and from the stage of which I recited for her and her friends, by request, the poem I had written on the Temple of Triumph to Womanhood. After its recital she came up and kissed me, French fashion, on both cheeks and said what a great thing it would be for our two societies to co-operate. That is one of the ideals toward which I am still working.

This brings me back again to the work which is always foremost in my mind and to our return to Clifton. My life had become like a loom, always picking up the interwoven threads.

When I returned from Europe I found the booklet issued just before my departure appealing as was its text had not met the popular desires.

Then commenced a season of hard and fruitless work trying to have it adapted to practical uses. This proved a disastrous failure, and in the end this booklet brought us only a heavy deficit—which I met from my personal resources as I felt responsible for having suggested it, and thus (I thought) ended another lesson.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Co-operation of Congressmen and Royal Patronage

WHILE I had been occupied in the forming of committees in other lands, ready to be called into action as occasion arose, the plans for disposing of the acreage in excess of the needs of the Alliance were interrupted, this was owing to the fact that so much interest had been aroused as a result of our Sunday salons and Open Forum meetings at Clifton, together with the development of plans for the Mothers' Memorial, that it was thought feasible to ask the United States Congress to co-operate with the Alliance in acquiring this tract, which bordered on Rock Creek Park, with a view to preserving, as a part of the parking system of the District of Columbia, that portion of the site not required for the proposed memorial and buildings of service.

Accordingly, joint resolutions were introduced in both the House and the Senate—Representative Purnell of Indiana sponsoring the former and Senator McMaster of South Dakota the latter. While we were awaiting the action of Congress the time limit of my option expired. While I was endeavoring to have this renewed the owner had been approached by a private individual who wished to acquire the property for spot cash.

Thus Clifton, to which, as I heard, attention had been attracted by our activities, became very much in demand. The death of our broker, Dean Caldwell, at this time, left our interests somewhat unprotected. Our good friend, Harry Wardman, the outstanding constructive genius of Washington, tried to save my option by making an offer to take over the entire tract, a part of which he wished to acquire as a

site for the British Embassy for which a new location was then being sought. Mr. Wardman offered a generous advance over the cash price but to no avail for, much to our amazement, the owner, Colonel Elverson of Philadelphia, accepted the all-cash offer, giving us no quarter, though it was through our agent, Mr. Caldwell, that the cash purchaser was brought into the transaction and, had Mr. Caldwell lived, the deal could have been consummated in such a way as to save the money I had advanced.

As it was, the British Embassy lost the finest site it could have had, the city lost a desirable addition to its parking system, the Alliance lost its hill top and I lost \$30,000 that I had personally paid to secure the option as well as the added expenditures I had put into improvements and development work.

Once more the nucleus of what was and is destined to be a great organization was homeless but, believing in the strength of the adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again," and not downed by these various disappointments I went on planning and building for the future.

We moreover met with a series of other disappointments, as do most organizations, through professional fund raisers. Our experiences were similar to those described in a series of articles in recent editions of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

One of these plans was to arrange to have the National Vaudeville Association of America combine with the Alliance in giving entertainments in different parts of the country, the proceeds from which were to be divided between their chief charity, the Disabled and Aged Actors Fund, and our own Mothers' Memorial Fund.

Plans were soon under way for the first program to be given in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York—and thereby hangs the story of the entertainment to which the

Queen of Roumania gave her patronage and her presence and which caused an international sensation.

Under the original plan the National Vaudeville Association of America, through one of its officers, Mr. Sullivan of New York, was to furnish the talent for an all-star entertainment at the Metropolitan Opera House in October. Some of the best known actors and singers had pledged their gratuitous service. Everything was practically arranged and our organization had made the preliminary deposit to the management of the Metropolitan Opera House to hold the only open date, which was October 24, 1926.

About this time Loie Fuller cabled me from Paris that she was coming to America at an early date and wished to see me. She named the steamer and the time of her arrival and I met her in New York. When she expressed a wish that I should assist her in putting on a series of performances I told her of our plans for the National Vaudeville engagement and of the women who were sponsoring it. Immediately she begged me to postpone the program we had planned and allow her to produce the artistic representation "*Le Lys de la Vie*," which she said had been composed on a theme of Queen Marie of Roumania and had met with a great success in Europe. She assured me that for this occasion we could have both the presence and the patronage of Queen Marie who was to arrive in New York shortly before the date for which we had engaged the opera house.

There was no open date at the Metropolitan Opera House which Miss Fuller could obtain and, feeling that it was due her that I reciprocate in any way possible the kindness she had shown me in Paris and also thinking it sounded like a charming idea, I raced back to Washington and laid the proposed change in the program before the executive committee of the Alliance. They were equally pleased, and with their

approval I went to see Mr. Sullivan to tell him of the proposed change, subject of course to mutual approval.

Mr. Sullivan also thought it was a great idea to give Miss Fuller's performance of the "Lily of Life" in the presence of the Queen of Roumania. He very kindly arranged for the National Vaudeville Association to withdraw saying they would give their performance at some later date, to be mutually agreed upon.

It can therefore be seen that the whole plan was brought to us without our solicitation. Little did we guess what it would entail. Had we abided by our original idea, we would have had the undoubted success which had already been forecast, and no trouble whatever.

I asked Mrs. Oliver Harriman, one of the best beloved and deservedly popular women in New York to become chairman of our entertainment committee. She accepted. Invitations were sent out to a carefully chosen group of representative women to serve as patronesses and from them we received immediate and gratifying responses. This list was almost a social roster of New York—like an *Almanach de Gotha*—commencing with Mrs. Astor in the A's down through the alphabet to Mrs. Vanderbilt in the V's.

Not being a New Yorker myself, I was glad to have the point of contact through Mrs. Harriman and for our organization to have such points of contact, or key-women, in virtually every city of the United States, where we intended to form similar committees for the other entertainments being planned in the different cities.

It was because of the prestige of our organization that Miss Fuller wished to enroll under our banner.

Copies of cablegrams from Queen Marie to me, as president of the Woman's Universal Alliance, giving her patronage for Miss Fuller's performance, and of a similar cable to the Roumanian Legation were no sooner published than

one of the New York dailies brought its heaviest guns into action.

Miss Fuller was the real target, but we were made the buffers. If the entertainment could be prevented, even by the most unfair attacks, and if our organization had to be sacrificed it was all in the game.

They reckoned without her Majesty, the Queen of Roumania. She showed superb scorn for such methods and stood like an impregnable wall in the midst of it all. Many untrue and unjust statements were published, which were afterwards retracted by the very agencies which had printed them.

We had a plan of granting the women who subscribed one thousand dollars, a Founder membership in the organization with the bonus of a box in the horse shoe. A New York daily immediately came out with headlines ridiculing American women who would "pay a thousand dollars to look at a Queen." Our subscriptions promptly dropped. Women who were expecting to take Founder memberships and occupy boxes said that while they would attend the performance they preferred to sit in the parquet and would not become Founder members at that time.

Every agency that could be used and every wire that could be pulled was commandeered to break up our entertainment, the avowed purpose being to sever Loie Fuller's relations with her Majesty, the Queen, at whatever cost.

From Sophia Irene Loeb, who had become a power in child welfare work in New York and who had served as chairman of the Child Welfare Department for the Alliance, I learned that efforts had been made to divert the Queen's patronage to another child welfare benefit, presumably a Roumanian one. The absurdity of this effort may be imagined as the programs for our performance with all of the purposes of the Alliance, the names of the officers and the heads of departments (among which Miss Loeb's name appeared) had

already been seen and approved by her Majesty, *and were then in print*. I apparently submitted to the plans of the opposition, knowing perfectly well all the time how unavailing they were.

All of the different moves in the game were brought to me as soon as they were made. I sat by with feelings of alternate disdain and amusement but at no time with any feeling of apprehension that her Majesty would do anything else but stand by her promise. However, for the dignity of Mr. Calhoun's name and my own I would have withdrawn from the *melée* with a public manifesto of my reasons for so doing had it not been that I considered it a mark of cowardice to run under fire. Moreover, my fighting blood was up and I felt that if I stood firm the victory was ours, though it was hardly worth the powder of the machine guns bombarding us.



CHAPTER XL

Real and Synthetic Royalty

MY SENSE of humor also stood me in good stead during those trying days while preparations for our entertainment in New York were in progress. Miss Fuller was a most unique person, unquestionably a genius in her art—no longer dancing but directing.

She had grown very stout and had a severe cold when she reached New York, which caused her to wear a little white mask over her face. This, with the floating white head veil and bandeau over her forehead and around her chin, which she always wore, together with a sort of voluminous habit, gave her the appearance of a nun. Over her fat little body she wore, at times, a large embroidered Roumanian coat. Garbed in this fashion, she would sit cross-legged in the center of her bed, for all the world like a feminine Buddha.

Everybody who came to see her would make obeisance at her shrine. From this vantage point she would issue majestic and mandatory orders, exactly as though she were in truth a deity or, at least, a royalty. Nobody was allowed to approach within a distance of six feet for fear, she said, she might give them an infection from her cold. But in reality, it seemed, she wished to keep people at a respectful distance.

Miss Fuller had a pretty mouth, and I frequently used to catch its fleeting smile of amusement. Her pose was delightfully funny when one considered her humble beginning. She was the daughter of a poor fiddler who lived in the vicinity of Chicago and who was sometimes engaged to play for dancing classes and for the cheaper forms of entertainment. As a child she joined an itinerant troupe that was playing Uncle Tom's Cabin through the country, in which she had the role of little Eva.

As is so often the case with barnstormers, the troupe would frequently have to walk to the next town. At one time they were stranded in Australia but Loie Fuller finally worked her way to Paris where she danced in the Folies Bergères for the most meagre pittance of a salary, hardly enough to keep soul and body together. One night a bright idea struck her of extending her draperies with long poles and having prismatic lights played upon them: thus she created the famous butterfly dance and, on iridescent wings, flew into fame and fortune.

The French, always enthusiastic over any novelty, clamored for her number on the program and in a week's time she virtually commanded her own salary. Her fame extended to other countries and she was invited to dance before most of the crowned heads of Europe, who showered her with gifts and favors. Within a short time she was enabled to form her own company, with which she toured the Eastern hemisphere.

Noted men of affairs were among her callers during this New York visit. There were also heads of various societies of New York who were anxious to curry favor and tradesmen of every variety eager to obtain royal patronage—for a price.

Besides her theatrical agent, our theatrical agent, a bluff Australian, and the publicity experts were always chasing themselves in and out of the rooms.

One secretary spoke very little English but, when she became excited, was most voluble in French. I would see much waving of arms and hear wild and explosive sentences which neither theatrical agent could understand. Our agent, an enormous man with a childish grin, would fatuously inform me after these arguments, "I won!" Then I would have to wade in and find out what it was all about and try to placate everybody. It was very tiresome, yet so exciting that I hated to leave for fear I might miss something.

She was regarded as a patron of the arts and artists in Paris

and was treated with a sort of reverential awe by the Parisians. It was she who induced the directors of the Louvre to take over their famous loan collection to the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco, which she had been instrumental in inducing Mrs. Adolph Spreckles to build. She also, for years, discovered art treasures for the Mary Hill Museum of the Honorable Samuel Hill, who was also a personal friend of her Majesty's and she it was who organized her famous trips across the Continent to Mr. Hill's unfinished museum.

As I have a feeling that brains and ability are an aristocracy in themselves, I thought Loie Fuller had a right to all the fun she could get out of "playing Royalty."

Later, I understood some of the motives behind what seemed to me at the time an incomprehensible cabal. The Roumanians were anxious to shield their Queen not only from the connection with Loie Fuller's performance but also from any commercial exploitation.

The intrigue grew thicker and thicker and it seemed to be touch and go as to what moment the whole thing would blow up. In the midst of the *melée* Mrs. Oliver Harriman and Mrs. Edward House went as my special envoys for a private audience with Queen Marie. Mrs. Harriman afterwards assured me, as had every one else connected with the enterprise, that nothing in the world would induce her Majesty to withdraw her support from our entertainment. I consider this an evidence of the Queen's faithful loyalty and appreciation of what Miss Fuller had been able to do for her and for Roumania during the war.

Finally, the day of the performance arrived. That night Mrs. Harriman's entertainment committee gave a dinner in honor of the Queen in the artistic apartment of Mrs. Harry Black at the Plaza. While I was dressing for this dinner the telephone rang and an unknown voice said, "Is this Mrs. Calhoun?" On my replying "Yes," there came this threat:

"Well, Madame, the performance at the Opera House will take place but it will not be of the sort that you expect."

I asked, "What do you mean?"

Then came the reply: "When the Queen reaches there the whole place will be bombed and you, yourself, will be blown sky high and land in the gutter where some one would like to see you."

I actually had the strength to laugh and say, "I hope I may perform that acrobatic feat gracefully." And I hung up the receiver, but I must confess that at that moment my knees would not have been equal to any graceful performance whatever.

While I was drawing on my gloves to go up to the dinner, which was to be on the top floor, the telephone rang again. With a trembling hand I unhooked the receiver. What was my relief to hear my husband's voice, though his words were not reassuring. He said that the performance was scheduled to begin in an hour and a half and that the Metropolitan orchestra, having been intimidated into thinking they would not be paid, refused to play unless they had cash in hand in advance. Then my knees did get weak in earnest. I had to drag a chair to the telephone in order to get myself together.

Taking counsel with my husband I learned that the \$5,000, which he had deposited with Loie Fuller's agent to pay the orchestra and other expenses, had been attached on a trumped up claim. As it was Sunday night no banks were open but he told me he had been able to raise \$1,500 and asked me if I could get \$1,000 at the hotel. I replied that I would see what I could do at the cashier's desk and call him back.

Instead of going up to the dinner, I went *down* to the cashier of the Plaza and asked as calmly as I could, "Can you cash my check for a thousand dollars?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Calhoun," he replied, "Is that all you want?"

With a feeling of relief such as I have seldom experienced I immediately telephoned to my husband, who meanwhile had gotten in touch by telephone with one of my friends who was staying at another hotel and she had promptly offered to pledge her jewels with the cashier there to help us out in this emergency. So the necessary cash advance was assured and while Mr. Calhoun took a taxi and raced to the different hotels to get the money and take it to the orchestra, I at last, went up to the dinner feeling that the orchestra, at least, would have no excuse not to appear.

With my chin up and smiling I entered the drawing room where the guests were waiting for Her Majesty. As the dinner progressed I heard Queen Marie suggest that it be somewhat curtailed at the end. I held my breath, not knowing what was coming. But I was quickly reassured for she turned to me with one of her radiant smiles and continued, "Because I want to be in my box when the curtain goes up!" She furthermore said that she never sat through a whole performance but for this one she wished to be there not only when the curtain rose but remain until it descended.

With a warm surge of blood to my heart I felt that the battle was won.

Because of the determined efforts that had been made to break up the performance every precaution had been taken to avoid mob violence. At the Metropolitan Opera House, instead of being admitted through the front entrance which had been beautifully decorated with palms and where the crowds were awaiting Her Majesty, we were spirited around to a side entrance where a double cordon of police reached from the steps of the automobiles up to the boxes which the members of the royal party were to occupy. There were police all around the Opera House, outside and in, plain clothes men were stationed everywhere through the audience on account of the well established fear of an outbreak.

It had been arranged that the Queen would come out of her box to allow members of the different business women's organizations and the committees of women from various parts of the United States to be presented to her. This was also accomplished with the utmost precaution.

When the curtain rose it was on a brilliant house with all of the boxes in the great parterre filled with a glittering array of society. The performance was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen in any part of the world. When I remarked to Her Majesty that Loie Fuller was a great artist she said with brimming eyes, "the greatest of her kind in the world." The fairy-like forms of the dancers with the magic coloring thrown upon their draperies as they danced to the divine harmonies rendered by the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera were like music made manifest.

All our previous troubles were forgotten and I swam in the sensuous delight of sound and color during the whole time the performance was in progress. At its close Queen Marie rose to take the plaudits of the audience. I was sitting at the back of her box and she beckoned me to come forward, telling her first Lady in Waiting to allow me to place her wrap around her shoulders. As I did so she patted my hand and then, after bowing to the applauding crowds, she turned and bowed to me again, with her sweet smile, as if to say, "this is the one to whom you owe your pleasure." It was a dramatic triumph from every point of view and a dramatic moment for me, though I had been through too much fully to appreciate it.

Our financial returns were not what we had anticipated, for as I have shown, many who had subscribed for Founder memberships and were to occupy Founder boxes as their perquisites, recalled their membership subscriptions because of the sinister attacks upon the organization as well as upon the performance. All the boxes and parquet seats were bril-

liantly filled, but only at the usual prices, the cheaper seats were not fully occupied as even the elements were against us and a severe storm was raging.

Our overhead expenses were, of course, enormous, having been materially increased by the difficulties we had encountered. We had to pay the rental of the Opera House, the orchestra, the publicity and for the souvenir programs, out of our fifty per cent of the gross proceeds, while Loie Fuller, out of the fifty per cent gross turned over to her also had extremely heavy expenses, as she had to defray the cost of bringing her entire troupe from Europe and their maintenance while here. Of course, if she had been able to carry out her intention of having them play in other cities she would have been, in the end, more than repaid.

I cannot adequately express my appreciation for the splendid attitude of Mrs. Oliver Harriman, who is from the same State as my husband, Kentucky. She has the high courage of her race and stood by me with the loyalty that I might have expected from an own sister.



CHAPTER XLI

Second World Welfare Conference and a New Hope

IT IS a truism that any woman who holds personal popularity or social prestige as desirable should "Stop, Look and Listen" before entering a movement involving social problems. To establish a mere club is a different proposition. That is understood. She will not be looked upon as doing "something different" or as "setting herself up" as a leader for the betterment of her kind.

In the latter case, whatever her motives, they will be impugned. The one thing women will not stand for in other women is a sense of difference; a real or a supposed superiority. Like the strange fowl in the barnyard she will be set upon at once and if possible picked to death.

Boys have a game called "Pulling the High Man Down," which they pursue from childhood and which should be abolished from among their sports. It is a fact borne out by the experience of humanity that anyone who sets himself above his fellows, or is suddenly set up by circumstances, must be prepared for punishment and unless he is strong enough to resist and overcome persecution he will be destroyed.

Take, for instance, any of the religious leaders or the women who have seen visions and tried to lead others. See what they did to Joan of Arc, and what they have done to the founders of various patriotic societies and other national and political movements. Indeed, the pioneers in anything have usually met a sad fate. Sympathy, understanding and support for the cause they espouse come as a rule only after martyrdom has been suffered. It goes to prove that a cause is worth while only if some one is willing to pay the price.

In my own case, I had become so impregnated with the feeling that there was something more serious for me to do in life than to devote myself to frivolity, that the idea was always uppermost in my mind that fate was guiding me through successive trying experiences in order to test me out and make me stronger for the great work which I would ultimately accomplish.

Not realizing what was in store for the idea, which was ever beckoning us onward, a magnificent tract of land of approximately one hundred acres was brought to our attention. I at once became enraptured with the superb trees and the beauty of the contours of the place. When C. C. and I went over the ground together, as we stood on the top of one of the highest hills we looked at each other filled with a simultaneous inspiration.

C. C. exclaimed, "the best site yet for the Memorial, higher than any other and, with our aid, protected by nature's bulwarks and her trees from any encroachment of commerce."

With a song in my soul and the thought of being perhaps enabled, ourselves, to give the site for the great ideal as a free gift to the world, without further comment to each other but with a knowledge that each cherished the same hope, we went ahead with the purchase and development of the property.

C. C. himself, utilizing his natural engineering talent and the woodsman's lore which he had acquired in his early youth, laid out the roads preserving all the beauties of the place.

We selected for our home a beautiful site overlooking Rock Creek Park and, knowing that I had planned every home that had been built for me, my husband asked if I was familiar with Scotch architecture. I told him that I had not studied it as thoroughly as I had other types but that I felt it intuitively.

One day, after a long talk with my husband, I grasped all of his ideas and drew a plan of Scotch Baronial type which exactly suited him. Strangely enough this design had many of the features of one of the homes of his forebears in Scotland, the original "Rossdhu," which neither of us had ever seen, as it had been replaced some centuries ago by a much more modern structure, from a comparative standpoint. Later we discovered some illustrations of the original "Rossdhu" and, largely because of the resemblance in the design, we selected that as the name of our new home.

To the land we gave the name of "Braemar Forest" in honor of the former holdings of the Scotch side of my family.

While the preliminary development of the property was under way our time was largely occupied, Mr. Calhoun's in building the roads and mine in supervising and directing the building contractors and landscapers. Yet, in spite of our interest in our new home, at no time did we neglect the work of the Alliance.

One of my friends, a man for whom I have the greatest regard, asked me at this time if I were really going to be foolish enough, as he put it, to go on trying to put over our "impossible dream," saying that he was disappointed in me if I was, for he had thought me more sensible.

I replied that the world was beautified by *dreams* solidified in stone or marble, that there would be no monuments and no memorials but for the so-called visionaries or idealists; something I added with a meaning smile, that materialists could not understand.

"Granted," he returned, "but you and 'C. C.' are just a precious pair of idiots—if you persist."

Notwithstanding our experience in New York we determined to "carry on." I therefore called the second world welfare conference of the Alliance the very spring following our New York entertainment.

The conference was held in the Carlton Hotel in Washington and I must here recite the marvelous generosity of every one who was in any way asked to co-operate with us and of those who voluntarily offered to help. It was as if people everywhere were at last anxious to show their friendliness.

Mr. Harry Wardman, owner and proprietor of the Carlton Hotel, wrote us a note saying that we might have offices at the Carlton entirely free of all cost to the organization until our own buildings were erected. He also gave us free use of beautiful committee rooms, the patio and its adjoining rooms for our conference and exhibits, also a large storage room in the basement for assembling and unpacking the exhibits which were shipped from various sections of the country. No one could have been more kind and public-spirited than he. Indeed the services rendered by the entire staff of the hotel during the whole week of our conference could not have been surpassed.

For one of our meetings, which overtaxed the seating capacity of the patio at the Carlton, the Department of Interior loaned us its auditorium. The Navy Department and the Pan-American Union loaned us large flags so that all nations participating in the conference might be properly represented by their own colors. The Smithsonian Institute loaned glass cases for the protection of some of the priceless exhibits of fine and industrial art in which women have achieved success. Among the latter was an exceptional collection of pottery sent from North Carolina through the courtesy of Mrs. William Johnstone Andrews, official delegate appointed by the Governor to represent that State. At the close of the conference the artistic vases comprising the exhibit were distributed by Mrs. Andrews among the delegates. One of them, which I most highly prize, now stands on a window ledge in my dining room, carrying out the exact color scheme of the decorations.

A notable loan exhibit, sent to Washington especially for the conference by a member of the organization, was a collection of Turner water colors valued at \$500,000.

Mrs. Franklin Barber Clark, wife of the artist who recently painted my full length portrait, was chairman of the art committee and Mrs. William Fitch Kelley was chairman of the sculpture exhibit. The musicians of Washington were most generous in their contribution of talent and the programs which they rendered were exceptionally fine. We also had three singers from New York, sent to us through the courtesy of Mr. Richard Copley, a New York impressario, at no expense to the organization except their traveling expenses. This trio included Mr. Raoul Vidas, a violin virtuoso who, I predict, will become one of the best known in the world; Mr. Vernon Williams, a leading tenor, and Miss Lorraine Foster, a new soprano of great promise.

At this conference twenty-one nations were represented through their Ambassadors, Ministers, Chargés d'Affaires and First Secretaries. We also had among the speakers many famous women at the head of welfare and civic organizations of this country.

One of the outstanding features of the conference was a program by Mrs. Frank B. Freyer, who had done such constructive work in Peru for women and children and particularly for released prisoners in finding them useful occupations. Mrs. Freyer, whose husband was stationed in Peru as head of the United States Naval commission, appeared in the costume of a high-class Peruvian lady and thoroughly looked the part, as she is descended from a noble family of Spain. She had with her a group of girls in costumes of the different ranks of Peruvian society. At her home on Massachusetts Avenue where she has a fine collection of Peruvian art, she had a tea at the close of the program for all the members of the conference.

We also gave two Diplomatic teas during the conference week, for the Diplomats who spoke for us, and many special courtesies were extended to our members by the different Embassies and Legations. In every way the conference was an intellectual, artistic and social success. The chief appeal to me, however, was in that it brought out the generous spirit of which I have spoken and the co-operation of our friends in Washington and elsewhere. A fresh impetus was given to the work, not only to the Memorial itself but to that of the Alliance, in bringing the women of the world together at stated intervals in this, the greatest Capital of the globe.

One of the speakers at the conference, Miss Vera Bloom, who is the daughter of a popular Congressman in New York, spoke on "Women of Washington." In the course of her remarks she mentioned the First Lady of the Land, saying that Mrs. Coolidge was worth a million dollars a year to the Republican party. This brought forth prolonged applause and considerable newspaper comment of a complimentary nature.

For Mrs. Coolidge I share the admiration in which she is held by the general public. Her nobility and courage in subduing her private griefs, on account of the duties of her public position; her cordial manner and her sweet smile, which have never failed her or others, are all most admirable qualities.

But to return to the conference, it served its purpose and proved an incentive for the future for international gatherings of women of all professions, industries and arts.

The result is summed up in a resolution which was adopted at its close which reads as follows:

WHEREAS, it is the sense of the Second World Welfare Conference of the Woman's Universal Alliance, held in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, May 3 to May 8, 1927, that the purposes of the Alliance are of such magnitude and of such universal interest and importance that

the Alliance should seek the official cooperation of the governing bodies of all nations, therefore, be it

Resolved That the Executive Board of the Woman's Universal Alliance be requested to take such steps as it may deem necessary to invite the governing bodies of each nation to share in the worthy purposes of the Alliance as set forth in its Charter, especially to the end that ways and means be provided for the building and maintaining in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, U. S. A., the capital of the country of all races, an acropolis to womanhood of all lands, as a tribute to the great women of the past and to the motherhood of the world, and as an educational inspiration to the women of the present and the future, and be it further

Resolved That immediate steps be taken by the Executive Committee of the Woman's Universal Alliance and by the delegates here assembled to establish scholarship funds to be administered under the direction of National Trustees, for the purpose of encouraging and assisting in the work of character development and education of children and young people, and thus engendering in their minds and hearts a spirit of neighborly love and fraternity towards the children of all nations; and be it further

Resolved That the Conference go on record as standing for World Amity through a better understanding by the bringing together of women of all nations for discussion in open forum of conditions affecting motherhood, home and proper character development and education of children and through the holding in Washington of periodical World Welfare Conferences, at which articles will be exhibited showing the achievement of women in art, industry, science and professional activities; and that the Executive Committee of the Woman's Universal Alliance be requested to take such steps as it may deem advisable to bring about such periodical meetings and exhibits.





ROSSDHU IN BRAEMAR FOREST
Upper inset: Portcullis and Lodge used as guest house

CHAPTER XLII

Building of Rossdhu and Margaret's New Marriage

AFTER the close of the Second World Welfare Conference I became for a time absorbed in the completion of Rossdhu and used to be on the ground by seven-thirty in the morning actually supervising the work, until the house was sufficiently advanced for us to occupy a portion of it and move the workmen out in front of us. By this means we accomplished what would otherwise have taken us double the length of time to do.

I cannot better describe our new home than to quote from an article published in *The Washingtonian* under the title of "A Bit of Old Scotland in an American Setting":

"That the United States, after having created for itself a new and revolutionary architectural style in the form of towering urban skyscrapers, is now turning its eyes to the Old World for inspiration in the matter of domestic architecture is becoming increasingly evident. Italian villas, French chateaux, Spanish mansions and English manor houses are being more and more adapted, wholly or in part, to modern American life, and are offering an almost unlimited variety of architectural forms to the builder of homes in town or country. It is seldom, however, that a Scotch castle is to be seen on these shores, a fact which gives added interest to the newly-erected country home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Crittenden Calhoun, in Chevy Chase on the outskirts of Washington.

"This estate, which bears the picturesque name of Rossdhu in the forest of Braemar, is in reality a bit of Scotland set down in the Maryland countryside. In building their home it was natural that Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun should select a Scottish prototype, for not only are they both descended from

famous Scottish families—both curiously, tracing their ancestry back to Scotland's great hero, Robert the Bruce—but contrary to the habit of most Americans they have kept in close touch with their relatives in the old country. The name Rossdhu, which distinguishes the house from the estate, is taken from the castle of Rossdhu in Scotland, the home of the Colquhoun clan. Set in the lintel above the great entrance doors of the Maryland estate is a capstone sent to Mr. Calhoun by Sir Iaan Colquhoun, the present head of the family in Scotland, with the message that it was "from the old Rossdhu for the new Rossdhu," and was taken from an ancient tower built before the year 1200.

"Braemar Forest, on the other hand, is derived from Mrs. Calhoun's side of the family, being the name of the ancient estate of the Earls of Mar, in the Scottish Highlands, and the gateway of the Lodge, an interesting feature of the place, bears another memento of Scottish derivation in the form of a stone sent to Mrs. Calhoun by Lord Garioch, son of the Earl of Mar, and taken from the castle of Robert Bruce, the first wearer of the title which has come to Lord Garioch in direct succession through twenty-three generations. An interesting fact about the old Braemar Forest is that it is near Balmoral, the summer place of the Royal Family, and since the days of Queen Victoria the British sovereigns have frequented the neighborhood, attending each year the great annual event at Braemar, the Scottish games, which always takes place on the fifth of October.

"The American Braemar Forest comprises an estate of approximately one hundred acres, much of which is rolling woodland, with the house set in the midst of an almost primeval forest. When the site was selected less than two years ago, there was not a road leading into it from any direction and it was necessary to lay temporary road beds in order to give entrance to the building materials. The present driveway winding through the forest, carefully following the

natural contours and preserving the hills and ravines, was built after the erection of the house. This driveway enters through the Lodge gate, a broad-stone arch set with the traditional portcullis, passes the lodge house, which is in reality a most completely equipped guest house, and sweeps up to the great stone residence, beautifully situated on an eminence overlooking Rock Creek Park.

"The plans for the house were originated by Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun and were carried out under their supervision. It is built of natural grey-stone and is patterned after the medieval Scotch Baronial type, with early Norman towers, both round and square, mullioned windows and massive double entrance doors leading into the "great hall," a room of magnificent proportions occupying the centre of the house and extending to the roof. With its stone walls and columns, its black and white flagged marble floor, massive carved black oak beams, and white marble staircase with wrought iron railing it forms a most effective and appropriate introduction to Rossdhu house. To give warmth and color to this modern adaptation of the medieval background, the hangings and the upholstery of the black oak chairs are of red velvet. An example of the perfection of detail which makes this house notable is to be found in the metal work, the grill of the stair rail, the radiator enclosures, the wall brackets and lighting fixtures, even the curtain rods supporting the draperies, all being carried out in a delicate Scotch thistle motif designed by Mrs. Calhoun herself.

"Facing the entrance the great hall is extended into a sun-room and semi-conservatory, containing a charming rock fountain in which many varieties of rock plants grow. To the left of the hall is the living room, notable for its fine collection of furniture and for its effective use of color. The walls are of verd antique, the silver-powdered Mediterranean blue of which is delicately contrasted with the soft blue-green of the woodwork forming wainscoting, panels and graceful

Tudor arches surmounting the doorways and built-in bookcases. Over the great white-stone mantel hangs a beautiful panel by Galvani. Among the rare pieces of furniture in the room are piecrust tables, Vernie Martin settees and Hoppelwhite chairs—all family possessions. It is an interesting fact that little was purchased for this house by Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun, most of their furniture being family pieces of authentic antiquity. Although Mrs. Calhoun is herself a well-known decorator, she does not care for the limitation of period furnishings, and her house throughout bears the imprint of that gradual accumulation of beautiful objects, of different periods and nationalities, which comes only with time, travel and a discerning taste.

"The grounds surrounding Rossdhu have needed little landscaping, the natural beauties of the place forming an effective and appropriate background for the turreted and battlemented structure, from almost every window of which open up lovely views of the magnificent forest or the hills and valleys of the countryside. At one side of the house lies a smooth green stretch of turf, designed for use as a bowling green. Now covered with sod which will later be replaced by turf from the Firth of Forth, a sort of sea grass particularly appropriate for bowling greens which, it is planned, will be encased in oilskin bags and sent to Mrs. Calhoun by a Scotch kinsman.

"Below the bowling green a slope of hillside leading to the lower terrace, now covered with natural forest growth, will later be planted with heather from Scotland, and stretching away from the lower terrace, now covered with natural forest growth, is a most charming little lake, Rossdhu's 'Wee Loch Lomond,' the shores of which are covered with willow, laurel and other blooming shrubs. The waters of the lake almost lap the base of the lodge house, creating the impression of a miniature moated castle with its turreted tower and arched gateway reflected on the smooth surface of the 'wee

loch.' In its splendid forest setting, with its ravines and lake and heather-covered slopes, this grey-stone castle will give off the very breath of the Scotch Highlands."

For New Year's Eve, 1927, I sent out invitations with the following verses:

The while Rossdhu was "still to do"
 Our Christmas greetings went to you
 With hopes that in the coming year
 You would partake of its good cheer.

Now the completed structure stands.
 Within its walls, with outstretched hands
 Of welcome, we await our friends
 On New Year's Eve, when Yuletide lends
 The Spirit of the Old and New—
 We hope to see you at Rossdhu.

We'll be at home from nine to one
 To see the New Year well begun.
 Perhaps a touch of real romance
 Your visit here will much enhance.

The walls are buildded far from thin
 To keep foes out and hold friends in:
 Portcullis now is lifted high
 To let our chosen guests pass by
 To wish us joy—please answer soon
 Your friends,
 C. C. and D. Calhoun

Up to eight o'clock on New Year's Eve a number of my close friends were working with me to get the house in order and the workmen were still finishing the great hall. But at nine o'clock I was standing with my husband, fresh and smiling, to receive the guests who all came, bringing their friends with them.

We had the jolliest sort of housewarming, with twice the number that were expected, but this I considered a compli-

ment and it added to the gayety. The orchestra played until three in the morning and then a band of Scotch minstrels appeared and with their bagpipes gave us a delightful serenade.

After this occasion commenced the really serious ordering of the house. It had been made ready only on the surface and we had to "settle in." Though I went about a little and did some informal entertaining, I found I had lost much of my taste for what I call the purely social game and had gotten to the point where I really enjoyed only our chosen friends around us. When the spring came and all the woods were green our forest became a veritable paradise. But it seems that no earthly paradise can for long endure unspoiled.

While we were building Rossdhu, I had had a serious pre-occupation due to the fact that the marriage of my daughter was in troubled waters. In spite of her brave efforts to save the situation, she had finally felt obliged to procure a divorce and in the fall of 1927, having taken up her residence at Rosedale, then my Princeton home, she procured a divorce in New Jersey with the right to resume her maiden name and the custody of her children.

When we first moved into Rossdhu, in its unfinished condition, I did not think it safe for the little boys and so Margaret went down with them to Charleston, South Carolina, returning to me for the housewarming.

Margaret, who is generally considered a beautiful girl, though still young, had become more mature through trying experiences which had given her a sad and almost a tragic expression. But when she came back to me from Charleston she had regained the radiance of her girlhood and I happily guessed the reason why. I found I was to have, at last, the pleasure of giving her a real wedding.

April 30th, the anniversary of my marriage to her father, was the day she chose for her marriage to Charles Witte

Waring of Charleston, a brilliant young lawyer of a most distinguished South Carolina family. He is immensely popular socially. He had been the Commodore of the Yacht Club, is now vice-president of the Country Club, president of the cotillion and one of the managers of the St. Cecelia. But in spite of his genial nature he is a man of absolutely impeccable habits. I was very happy indeed in the thought that Margaret would be, at last, in safe harbor among her own and her husband's people, in dear old Charleston, the home of her childhood. For the wedding she wore a gown of chiffon, shading from flame at the feet to flesh at the throat and made with full petaled skirts like a flower. She carried a shower bouquet of spring blossoms and, herself like one of them, floated around the balcony of the great hall and down the marble stairs to strains of soft music, ideal in her loveliness.

I had preceded her by a few moments with the little boys dressed in white and looking like cherubs on either side of me.

She was married in front of an improvised altar made of the refectory table against the big mullioned window in the great hall, built high with apple blossoms, white lilies and white candles.

The Reverend Doctor Hollister of Chevy Chase, performed the brief service and C. C., in his courtly fashion, gave the bride away. Then came an old-fashioned wedding supper and dancing at which only the two immediate families, a few of our close friends and of Margaret's were invited.

After a wedding journey in the North, Margaret returned to her home at 53 East Bay, Charleston, which was turned over to her when she came of age, where, like the ending of a fairy story I hope she may "live happily ever after."

As the summer progressed nothing could lure me away from my home and, though people complained of the heat in the city, we never had a warm night at Rossdhu. We did

not even have to screen the house, as, in spite of the trees and the water we were entirely untroubled by the pests of the insect world. We are in what is called the cool belt of the park and as I was so comfortable and happy I settled down to write my memoirs.

During the summer while I was so engaged I was of course vitally interested in the coming national convention of both the Republican and the Democratic party as there is always much concern as to who will be the respective standard bearers.

Those who were sponsoring Major General Henry T. Allen for second place on the Democratic ticket, wanted C. C. as a fellow Kentuckian, to nominate him but as this was rendered impossible by my husband's duties to his clients the honor of making the nomination was assigned to Alabama and I was prevailed upon to go to Houston to make the seconding speech. On account of the landslide for Mr. Robinson, however, there was absolutely no use to make a seconding speech for anybody else. I took council with General Allen and his supporters and we decided not even to try to stem the current.

In the early autumn, while the campaign was at its height, the charming Mrs. Edward Gann, or "Dolly Gann" as she is called by her intimates, paid me a visit one day with my friend Mrs. Emerson Howe, I thought then what an ornament she would be to the administration as hostess for the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency should Senator Curtis be elected. She is a second "Dolly Madison" in her grace and charm.

Later on I went to New York to hear the election returns with my good friends the Lewis Nixons, who had a dinner that night for a group of their friends among the Democratic circle. Although having been all my life a Southern sympathizer and loyal to the Democratic party, when the

returns were in and we learned that Herbert Hoover had been the successful candidate I could not help feeling that the country had a chance for having just the kind of President it most needs. A man who is a true American and yet has a wide international experience which would help him to solve the greatest of problems, the problem of our foreign relations; at the same time his experience in the Department of Commerce should help him to build up and make stronger all of our commercial relations, not only in South America, to which he has made his inspired journey of good will, but with the rest of the world as well. His efficiency and strength seem to leave nothing to be desired.

His choice of a life companion could certainly not have been wiser for in every respect Mrs. Hoover makes a "First Lady" of whom the nation may well be proud. Most beautiful, highly cultured and gracious, with an absolute understanding of the duties that devolve upon her. What could the country desire more? In fact, both Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Gann are representative of the best this country has to afford in every sense of the term.

And who could more efficiently preside over the Senate than Senator Curtis, with his experience and his position as a leading light for so many years. In fact, as a nation, I think we are to be congratulated on what I call our sheer good luck in all of our "high contracting parties" of the Government.

And now, having reached the present moment, I will take up my story in the form of a chronicle of present day events.

CHAPTER XLIII

Recapturing Youth

THERE is a brief breathing spell in my work for the Alliance and I am going to give myself a real holiday in the South, the first in years, with no other object than that of enjoyment.

Like Conrad in search of his youth, I am going down to visit the home of my own youth and try to capture that intangible spirit of joy which it alone is supposed to bring. The result we shall see.

I am going to New Orleans, to the Carnival, to gather flowers from my garden of girlhood friends and transplant them in my new garden at Rossthdu where I hope to lure them to bloom from season to season on annual visits to me here!

I think I have a wonderful idea for my Rossthdu garden, which is to be on a southern plateau with a wide view up and down the valley. We have been so busy landscaping and thinning the forest to open up vistas that we have only now arrived at the making of the garden. When I return from Louisiana it will be just the time to lay it out, which I intend to do, something after the pattern of the Rosedale garden I designed at Princeton.

Instead of the central motif of the fountain, as we have "Wee Loch Lomond" for a water view here, I will use the sun-dial I brought with me from Princeton. This dial is most unusual. It is of marble carved in the form of a daisy with the hours of the day in bronze on its petals and a bronze butterfly that has lit on its rim, throwing a shadow on the hours. Around the rim these lines are carved:

"I am the 'day's eye'—or eye of day—
I mark but sunny hours alway,
If you, like me, would face the sun
Your shadows far behind would run."

This sun-dial is the symbol of the romance of what I suppose might be called the autumn of life, but which I prefer to name the vintage. It was at this sun-dial that C. C. proposed to me in the moonlight and it was there my fifth incarnation really commenced. In this incarnation I have found myself and found the real wine of the spirit.

Although it is somewhat early to talk of sunsets or autumn I have a theory that they should be, by rights, if well lived, the most beautiful part of our lives for, as in the autumn, all the varied colors of summer are painted on the leaves. So it should be with life and the ripeness of the season be found in the sweetness of its fruits.

Tears in the eyes, like moisture in the clouds, produce the most beautiful coloring of the sunset and so, as the sun passes the meridian and as the seasons change, life itself should give its richest and its best to its possessor.

Man is only old by the limitations he places on himself. Childhood and age are the two most beautiful periods of life for in age one may again find the heart of the child.

I will now return to my garden and will picture the plan. At either side I will place semi-circular benches under overhanging screens of roses. The embowered entrance will be opposite a tea house I have planned, but the chief interest will be the planting. I shall gather rare specimens from my friends when possible and when not I shall name the flowers for them.

From New Orleans I shall gather sweet olives and roses, named for all the dear old girls. From Charleston, azaleas and Confederate jessamine—for they grow splendidly here. From Chicago, St. Louis and St. Paul I shall gather their

rarest specimens and name them for my friends in these sections.

As outposts I shall bring from my mother's girlhood home the Canadian maple. At the entrance also will be two columns of Irish yew and a group of Scotch fir, also English beach, while the banks of the lake will be covered with Scotch broom and heather.

At the entrance to the rose garden I will plant two glorious standard roses, named "The Nixons," for my New York friends who have filled so many of my years with the perfume of their kindness, while against the wall back of the garden will be blue gentians, named for Alice, another friend in New York.

A stately lily from Philadelphia will bear the name of Elizabeth and for a group of Bessies I will have a bed of pansies—"That's for thoughts."

A bed of New Jersey peonies and dahlias—gorgeous they are, too, for my Princeton friends, and hardy perennials for my Washington girls who are with me yearly; and daisies too, a bed of Shastas for which already three Margarets, or Marguerites, have promised a collection.

A day lily for Edith, with her ever blooming sweetness, the sensitive anemone or wind flower for Natalie, the compensating chrysanthemum for Lottie, the blue bell for Agnes with her blue eyes; for Minnie the mignonette with its graceful daintiness, and so on, not forgetting the snow drops and tulips, first flowers of the spring, for my friends of the younger set; and the lilies of the valley and the violets for those who wish to sit in the shade.

Around my sun-dial I shall plant Boston ivy for Laura Amory and Edith Walcott of Boston and the whole thing will be enclosed by swinging garlands of climbing roses with here and there the sturdy Oregon grape with its holly-like

foliage, a tribute to a friend who hails from Oregon's rose city.

But for the orchard, there C. C. must take charge, planting it deep with Kentucky blue grass and pressing his men friends into service for the trees. The idea for this was given to us by Colonel Miller Kenyon who has contributed the first fruit trees.

While the orchard will be for the men I shall have for them also a choice plot of bachelor buttons, sweet william and the like; also a bed of old-fashioned sweet smelling herbs—a mint bed from Virginia which I shall have Milton Elliott plant; then there will be a bed of cactus for the friends one has but may not touch. But I shall take great care to keep out the poison ivy!

Apropos of gardens, the other day my one and only aunt—asked me why I wished to open the gates of the private garden of my life for the public to trample through. This gave me pause for I had not looked at my memoirs in exactly that way. But seeing the look of haughty interrogation in my aunt's eyes I began to question myself more intimately about my real motives in writing this book.

I said that I felt it was a duty I owed to my posterity, also that I had written it to gratify the wishes of my friends and to give pleasure to myself. Then I suddenly realized there was another motive which I had not quite fully taken into account. It had been borne in upon me that, as the scenes of my life had changed so often, some there were who had made a sort of mystery of my previous states of existence, therefore I thought by throwing open the gates I might let all comers see that there were no skeletons hidden in my garden, no broken laws, no noisome nightshade, and that the pitfalls were all carefully marked.

So I gleefully told my aunt that the price of my book like the fee of admission into some famous gardens, if the people

were willing to pay it, would prove whether it was worth while to meet all of the pleasant people to be found within its confines. Moreover it would let in the light of truth for the sake of my family and would also clear away the clouds of misunderstanding about the cause which is so dear to me.

"Well," sighed my aunt, "perhaps so, but remember the critics and what Job says in the thirty-fifth verse of the thirty-first chapter—'Oh that mine adversary had written a book'."

"I am not afraid of the critics any more," I laughingly replied, "they have done their worst for me already. You know our family motto, and besides," I added, "the more criticism my book arouses the better will be its sale."

"Ah," she said, "you are right in that, but I cannot help wishing that it were to be published after this generation shall have passed away."

I smiled and closed the argument with a kiss.

The time has come for our departure for New Orleans and I am about to start off on my de Leon-like adventure. C. C., again on account of his duty to his clients, cannot accompany me, so I am to have as my traveling companion dear Edith Turner whose friendship has been a boon to me here. She also is a New Orleans girl, the daughter of Dr. William Hamilton Watkins who rendered invaluable service not only for New Orleans but for the State of Louisiana in his scientific research and in the system of sanitation adopted for the State, which thereby owes him a debt it never can repay.

Edith married James Huntington Turner and now lives in Washington but she has never lost touch with the New Orleans people, as I have, for she constantly returns to her native city. I always call her my *trait d'union* as she invariably invites me to meet at her delightful little dinners and luncheons the New Orleans people who pass through the Capital. Pleasant as these reunions are, after all they encompass only a few of the old friends I want to see again.

I have determined to keep the record of my New Orleans visit in the form of a diary and I shall commence it on the train so as to keep some of the happenings of the journey intact as a means of accurately giving my own impressions of the present day city and the Carnival. The latter, I think, has never been adequately described.

EN ROUTE FOR NEW ORLEANS

It is the sixth day of February (1929) and Edith and I, are off for the gay Carnival!

We left Washington last night, with C. C. and several of our friends to see us off and bid us God-speed. We have been traveling for twenty-four hours and will arrive at our destination tomorrow morning. How good it has been to reminisce with such a congenial companion!

The day has flown by on wings and I am writing in my berth before I close my eyes, to open them on the approach of my beloved city. We have wired our friends not to meet us, as we arrive so early in the morning and will drive straight to the Orleans Club on St. Charles Avenue where, through the courtesy of members, quarters have been engaged for us during the period of our stay.

Thursday, February seventh.

We have breakfasted and as we glide slowly into the city I transcribe my impressions. My first thrill, as I look out of the window, comes in seeing the expanse of Lake Pontchartrain. I feel I am really crossing the Rubicon and replunging myself in the past.

Once more I see the familiar little French houses on the outskirts with their green batten shutters and now we are coming to the old French market with its stone supports and

piles of vegetables far out on the *banquette* exactly the same since the days of Louis Phillipe except that the farm vehicles that surround it are not now drawn by mules and horses but are the sturdy Fords nosing into the curb.

In the distance rise the spires of the Cathedral of Saint Louis, where I was first married, opposite the *Place d'Armes*, and on the right rolls the mighty river, held in bounds by the tall levees on the top of which negroes are singing a rhythmic song as they pile up cotton bales and roll the sugar hogsheads, of which I sniff the aroma dear to my nostrils. Already my heart leaps with exultation. Once more, after so many years, I am *back home!*

Later Thursday, Orleans Club.

As we drove from the station across Canal Street, which divides the city into two parts—the French from the American portions—we saw the flags of the Carnival; purple, green and gold—Rex's royal colors, draping the fronts of the buildings not only on wide Canal street but on all the side streets leading into it.

The drive up St. Charles Avenue with its spacious houses and semi-tropical gardens showed the beloved old city looking just the same to me as when I saw it last though I hear there are vast improvements everywhere, which I will see later.

When we arrived at the club this morning—an imposing mansion I remembered as belonging to a private family—we found the gracious hostess, Madame Landry, in the hall with a smile of cordiality and welcome. Her first words made me feel at home. "So this is Mrs. Calhoun! I have heard of you all my life as Daisy Breaux, and I am so glad at last to meet you." Edith she had met before and was as charmed to see her as is everybody wherever she goes.

Almost as soon as we were in our rooms Miss Sadie McIlhenney, who acted as quasi-hostess and made all the arrangements for our coming, telephoned us saying she would be right over with a list of our engagements. Edith's friend, Mrs. Preston Breckenridge (Ethel) also telephoned that she would be here immediately; so our rooms were soon filled with lively chatter, rivaling that of the birds outside.



CHAPTER XLIV

The New Orleans Carnival Today

Thursday, continued

TONIGHT is the parade of Momus and his ball. We missed the Atlanteans which was night before last but we are to have lunch in the club today and then go to Mrs. Perkins' house on St. Charles Avenue, which has a double flight of stairs and balcony overlooking the whole vista of the avenue. This gives us the advantage of a private box from which to view the parade. The procession goes up on one side of the street, turns just a little above Mrs. Perkins' house and comes down opposite our balcony.

Lyle Saxon in his charming book *Fabulous New Orleans*, describes his ecstasy as a small boy when he sees the lights of his first Carnival procession in the distance, from the vantage point of Lee's statue on St. Charles Avenue, and I am looking eagerly forward to the renewed thrill which I know will be mine tonight.

Friday, February eighth

Lyle Saxon's ecstasy could not have exceeded my own last night when I saw the sky reddening in the distance, heard the confused tones of the bands approaching and glimpsed the great swaying floats with the lights playing upon them, rising like mysterious moving castles in the darkness of the night. As they made the curve on the Avenue we had the panorama of the moving procession on both sides of it at once.

The processions are for the general public and the visitors who have come to New Orleans especially for the Carnival.

A careful canvass of the city is always made in order to send to as many of the thousands of strangers as possible invitations to the Rex ball; but with the other balls, and the invitations to the clubs it is quite a different matter.

The stranger, however, may enjoy the whole Carnival spirit, the gay crowds on the streets, the reunions in the hotel, the theaters, the shops, the races, and the sights; but unless he is especially sponsored he never gets a glimpse of the beauty of the special balls and the hospitalities incident to the festivities generally. No invitation of any kind for the balls can be bought, each member of the Carnival organization has a limited number of tickets to issue and none may be obtained otherwise for love or money. This is perhaps the only thing of its kind anywhere that is truly non-commercial.

Besides the list of social engagements arranged for us, which Miss McIlhenney bore when she arrived on the scene at the Orleans Club yesterday morning, there was a pile of invitations awaiting us on our desk for all the balls, including "call out cards." These cards always set the hearts of the girls and maidens to palpitating as they mean the reserved seating space at the balls and the privilege of dancing with the masquers and receiving from them beautiful favors which are always a part of the ceremony.

After the parade of Momus Mr. Prevost Breckinridge, his wife and Lena Warren, Edith and I were transported to the ball from the Perkins' gallery. I feared there was going to be a note of disappointment for me in seeing the ball of Momus at the Atheneum instead of at the old French Opera House where all the Carnival balls I remembered had been given but which, alas, had been burned in 1920 and which has left a gap not only in the old French city but in the social life of New Orleans that never can be filled. I have described this side of the opera in my second incarnation.

The opera house itself was the earliest in this country and in its way the most beautiful in the world, with several horseshoe tiers of boxes the lower ones being *loges-grillés*, or boxes with grills before them for people in mourning whose love of music was their consolation, or for people who for special reasons did not wish to be seen. These *loges grilleés* have been the scenes of many secret romances, a story of which I may some day write.

With the passing of the French opera has passed a phase of life which gave New Orleans a *cachet* that no other American city had. Some one has remarked that New Orleans had been a city of culture when the rest of the country was absorbed by agriculture! Opera was heard here as early as 1790, the days of George Washington, and continued through the years until the burning of this shrine of music. The rebuilding of the opera house in the old French quarter became a mooted question on account of the narrowness of the streets and the necessity for parking space. I am told, however, that during the course of my visit the new auditorium back of Beauregard Square will be commenced and with its completion grand opera will again be given.

My fears of disappointment were abated when we arrived at the Atheneum. The whole interior of the hall had been transformed by painted canvas representing the characters from the floats. The entire roof with its twinkling lights looked like the phantasy of a Christmas tree. I felt consoled for they never decorated the French opera house, using all the decoration for the huge stage itself which, when the curtain rolled up, allowed one to see into a veritable fairyland. Here, we were in its midst before the curtain arose and I liked the effect better. After it arose the masquers covered the floor and led out beautiful girls in exquisite gowns. I was amazed by the sight of so much beauty at once. I have never seen it equalled anywhere.

A furry Jack Rabbit claimed my hand and I danced with him in the shadow of his huge ears lined with pink plush. I felt all the bubbling gayety of a girl in her teens and when my partner produced from a fold in his fur a string of beads as a trophy of the ball I fairly "gurgled" with pleasure.

Happy and a little sleepy we went home before the masquers left to give place to the black coats. I could not help thinking it might have been a little dull for the men who were not members of the organization and who had to wait so long for their dances.

Today (Friday), I am to see an innovation since I was here, in the Patio on Royal Street, which used to be an old Spanish Bank. It has a beautiful courtyard in the rear which has been arranged, by the genius of Marie Jeanne Castellanos, as a restaurant in the old Spanish style. The rooms in the front, under low arches, with beautiful grill work and everything in keeping, open into the Patio with its tropical plants, arranged around a central court for dancing, which is used for *al fresco* parties.

Here, today, Miss Sadie McIlhenney is giving me a luncheon with some of my old friends, among them Madame Chafraix, now almost a New Orleans institution. She is proud of her great age, is full of youthful vitality and is called the belle of the city. Her goings and comings from New Orleans to her chateau in France, with gardens laid out by Le Notre, are always the signals for a round of entertainments. Her sayings were *bon mots* in my girlhood days and are still so today.

This luncheon is the first of a series of entertainments to be given for us. It is so delightful to meet so many of my friends and to have them call me by the name of my girlhood. It makes me feel as if I were in the bosom of a large and happy family.

Saturday morning, February ninth

I did not have time last evening to write up my diary as the program mapped out for us was so over-full. After Miss McIlhenney's luncheon Edith went off with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. George Hawley. Madam Chaffraix took Mrs. William Matthews, Sadie McIlhenney and me all over the city, down to the Canal which connects Lake Pontchartrain with the river, past many new schools and public buildings, parks and new museums—notably one built by my old friend Madame Delgado who was always a figure in society and at the opera in my day. Her fortune has brought a great gift to New Orleans.

We drove back through Carrolton, which has also become a creation since I knew the city and which is lined with palm trees and beautiful homes—a great change from the bogs which preceded it. In fact the whole of St. Charles Avenue and Audubon Park, above Napoleon Avenue, has been a growth and a beautiful addition to New Orleans since I was last here.

Loyola University is an architectural triumph and is next in importance to Tulane University which is the greatest in the South and which has the best department of Central American research in the world. They have recently found Mayan hieroglyphics and data which open up the whole history of the earliest civilization of this country.

I was amazed to find the extensive improvements in the city, the splendid new Metairie Ridge Club, the new race courses and all the artistic and educational centers which are the growth of recent years. New Orleans is really now the metropolis of the southern section of the United States, although it has not reached the topnotch of prosperity which I had hoped for from the opening of the Panama Canal, which puts it in direct communication with everything on the western Pacific coast and the Orient.

After our long tour of the city under Madame Chaffraix's clever guidance I came back to the Orleans Club to rest for a while then went to dine with a group of friends at the Café Louisianne.

Today, Saturday, there is another large luncheon at the Patio, that of the English-Speaking Union, in honor of the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, brought here for the Carnival by Isabel Spellman Devereux who met her in New York at the time of the visit of the Queen of Roumania when she became deeply interested in the mission of the Duchess against vivisection.

The Duchess is a fine earnest woman and I should like to hear what she has to say on the subject. I regret that I shall not have the opportunity to hear her lecture on account of our own numerous engagements for the afternoon.

Sunday, February eleventh

Last night was the night of the most gorgeous ball of the Carnival, the Mystics, an organization started in 1923 by the married people of New Orleans. The other Carnival balls have been, to a great extent, for the younger set with young girls as Queens but a married woman is always Queen of the Mystics and she has married women for all the ladies of her court.

The Mystics have no parade and the ample funds of the organization are spent on the pageant preceding the ball and on the ball itself. No expense was spared in decoration of the hall. It was amazing to find the Atheneum, which on Thursday evening had been the background for the Sandman Stories, now converted into a magnificent representation of—a great ball room in the Archbishop's palace at Paris.

The pageant represented the marriage of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, to the Dauphin of France in the private

chapel of the Archbishop's palace and in the presence of Catherine de Medici and the robust Henry II, her royal spouse.

As their Majesties were seated the skirl of bagpipes sounded and the royal musicians of the Stuarts led "the Peers of Scotland" into the palace, the Highlanders stepping as only Highlanders can to the martial music of their pipes. In their plaid, kilt and scarf, with their bonnets cocked and bearded sporan, they lent a strange and savage dignity to the polished and courtly company.

In this group there were represented the Earl of Cassillas, from whom I count descent; also John Erskine of Dun, Provost of Montrose, another of my line. I could hardly sit in my seat I was so elated and I imagine the Duchess of Hamilton who sat not far away must have shared my enthusiasm.

When the royal couple had greeted the assembled peers the deep notes of an organ succeeded the orchestral music, and the Prince Dauphin, later known as the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, entered the hall accompanied by the Chief Justice of Scotland and followed by the Archbishop of Paris and a choir of thirty white-robed monks. The choristers, marked with the holy cross in red on the front of their cassocks and on the back, were chanting no dirge but singing lustily the cadenced measures of the wedding anthem.

This imposing procession continued to the foot of the grand staircase, passing between a double line of Scotchmen in their kilts.

Summoned by Her Majesty, the captain of the Scottish Guard escorted into her presence a chosen maiden called "Princess of Beauty" who is always voted on as the popular debutante of the year. This young lady became, later, the Queen of the Comus ball.

Following the pageant when a Scotchman in his kilt led

me on the floor to dance I felt I was truly back in the Middle Ages among my own people.

The trophies of this ball were solid silver cups engraved with a Scotch thistle and other elaborate favors. After the ball the whole Court and their guests went to the Roosevelt Hotel where a magnificent supper was served.

The plans and designs for the entire affair emanated largely from the brain of Pierce Walmsley who is a son of one of my bridesmaids, Myra Semmes, so I felt a sort of proprietary pride in him. I am sure he could make fame and a great fortune for himself designing pageantry in Hollywood, but residents of New Orleans think there is no place to equal their own city and they would rather enjoy the lesser emoluments from the gifts the gods have given them than to have greater returns in some other environment.

I came home from the ball tired but happy and while dozing off to sleep I reviewed my impressions of the spirit of New Orleans. I think the sweet, kindly nature of the people is one of its most outstanding characteristics and must be inbred in them from the sweet and kindly elements of their climate. As the beautiful women passed us in the procession at close range I heard nothing but murmurs of delight from their sisters on the side lines; not criticism, no "buts" from the horned goats of jealousy, no phrases such as, "she looks lovely tonight but you should see her in the morning without her make-up"—no so-called "catty" remarks nor scratching.

I must dress now for our Sunday luncheon which Mrs. William H. Matthews is giving for us. After that we go to the home of Dr. Erasmus (Raz) Fenner, one of the finest homes on St. Charles Avenue. He has, in recent years, married Mrs. McDonald who is a sister of Mrs. Downman, both figures in the life of the present day New Orleans, Mrs. Downman was a former Queen of the Mystics.

Though in mourning they are both entertaining for us quietly as they wish in some way to add to our pleasure not alone because of warm personal friendship but because of the close association and law partnership of Papa Breaux and Judge Fenner who is the father of Raz and his sister Gladys. I shall be so glad to see beautiful Gladys Fenner again. She is now the wife of Ex-United States Senator Gay of Louisiana and I have not seen her since they left Washington at the close of the Wilson administration.

At Doctor Fenner's Laura Penrose will call for me and take me to the new Country Club where a tea is being given for Edith and me by her old friend, Mrs. Omère Villeré. Then another supper and our Carnival Sunday will have closed.

Monday, February eleventh

What was my amazement, when I was asked to pour tea yesterday at the Country Club, to find myself seated between Mr. and Mrs. Gus Denis. Gus Denis had been one of my beau ideals. I first saw him at Pass Christian when I was sixteen, where he arrived as a yachtsman, just returning from his studies in Paris. He was a true Beau Brummel and captured my youthful imagination. He later married Marrietta Osunna, the widow of a Spanish Grandee, who as a girl, had been a DeMarigny. Many of her family are buried in the aisles of the old Saint Louis Cathedral and the slabs still bear the almost obliterated crests of this noble house.

I was certainly glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Denis again and expect to see them many times before my visit closes. Mr. Denis, on account of his liberal education, is a connoisseur in everything pertaining to art. He has promised to take me through the curio shops of New Orleans, on Royal Street, and is one person who can be absolutely relied upon to know the authentic and detect the spurious. I look forward to some rare pleasure in company with the Denis'.

CHAPTER XLV

The Rule of Rex

Monday, continued

TODAY, the Monday before Shrove Tuesday—the Mardi Gras—Rex arrives at the foot of Canal Street from one of the river steamers which he boards far up the stream and which is fitted like a royal barge. He is surrounded by his courtiers and, as he lands at the dock, he is met by bands and a welcoming procession. He always comes up Canal, through the crowded streets to the City Hall and is there presented with its keys. From that moment Rex rules.

In his royal train on his arrival is the *Boeuf Gras* or fatted beef, wreathed with roses like Europa's bull. He is the symbol of the flesh of Shrove Tuesday, or Mardi Gras—Fat Tuesday. The Carnival (formerly spelled *Carnivale*) derives its name from *carnis* (flesh) and *vale* (farewell).

After Rex takes possession of the city on Monday, he goes into seclusion until his triumphal parade on Tuesday, as the Proteus procession and ball always takes place on Monday night and Rex does not appear at any ball until the popular ball which he gives on Tuesday, following his own procession Tuesday afternoon.

Comus also gives his ball on Tuesday night so that the two balls, the popular ball of Rex and the private ball of Comus, are going on simultaneously and Rex winds up the Carnival festivities by leaving his own ball at midnight and going with his Queen and Court to the King and Queen of Comus and their Court.

Tuesday, February twelfth

For the Proteus procession last night we went to Miss Farwell's house, which occupies the whole front of the square on St. Charles Avenue and is a replica of a French Chateau. The gardens are filled with every variety of beautiful things, especially orange trees, roses and palms. She had seats arranged for her guests and I was so absorbed in the number of friends who surrounded me that I did not give Proteus the close attention I had given the Momus parade, though it was equally commanding in interest.

The procession represented the adventures of Hajii Baba and was a series of pictures of Oriental splendor.

We did not go to the Proteus Ball, but to a reception at the Boston Club. There we met the Norvin Harrisses, Mrs. John P. Richardson and many other friends whom I was delighted to see again. Then we went down to the little supper arranged by Mr. Breckinridge, after which we danced. It was all so informal and gay and I enjoyed it more, I think, than I would have enjoyed the crowded ball room as I have not yet recaptured enough of youth to keep up with all the paces.

Yesterday was delightful but today is the great day of the Carnival—Mardi Gras proper—the last day for the length of lent in this Catholic country one may eat fish and meat at the same meal; a day of perpetual feasting before Lent begins.

Today is bright and sunshiny but very cold for New Orleans. I must wear my heaviest furs and we must be ready by ten this morning so as to get as good seats as possible. The procession passes before the Boston Club about noon but one has to be there early to get any seats at all. Each member of the club has but two tickets so it is always an eagerly sought honor for strangers visiting in New Orleans to be

included in the gallery. There one not only sees the most important strangers but it is the fashion for Society to gather at the Boston Club, where special galleries are built out over the wide pavements from which to see the day-time procession of Rex and the night parade of Comus.

The Queen of the Carnival, surrounded by her Court always sits in state on the gallery of the Boston Club and as the car of Rex, with its gilded throne, comes opposite the gallery the president of the club receives from the King a bouquet of violets, jonquils and mignonette—the purple, gold and green of his colors, which he presents to the Carnival Queen. The King then drinks to her from a golden goblet which he then passes to her.

After the passing of the procession a buffet luncheon is served within doors at the Boston Club to all of the guests. In fact, all up and down St. Charles Avenue the people keep open house on Mardi Gras day as they do also at the Country Club. It is a toss up today whether we shall stay at the Boston Club for the buffet luncheon or go on to the Country Club where it is also to be very gay. But we must conserve our energies somewhat and I favor remaining at the Boston Club until time for the crowds to break up.

The former kings of the Carnival have delightful parties during the Rex parade and also serve elaborate buffet lunches. Most of them live along the line of march on St. Charles Avenue and have out their own Rex flags which are saluted by the reigning monarch of the hour who, as he passes in front of their domiciles, quaffs to them from the golden goblet which he later presents to the Queen.

The Queens of the Carnival balls are the high lights of the entertainments. They are always chosen for their beauty and popularity but they generally must have private means as well for the costumes cost enormously. One of the Queens of the Carnival I remember paid five-thousand dollars for

her coronation robes, besides having to entertain elaborately all of her maids of honor and her court, quite apart from the ball itself. The Queens of the former Carnivals, like the kings, are also especially honored each year and are always mentioned in the programs of the balls, so that their fame never dies.

The Carnival proper in New Orleans commences on Twelfth Night—the twelfth night after Christmas, just after the New Year and the balls continue through the season until the last mad rush of the ten days preceding Lent, which are generally considered by strangers to mean the Carnival. During this period, between Twelfth Night and the Atlanteans, the masqued balls of New Orleans touch every phase of society. They have the masqued ball of Nippon, the ball of Oberon, and so on. Besides, in still another phase of life, the famous Octoroon ball, which needs no description here. But the colored people add the final touch of comicality to the Carnival. They have their own Zulu King who arrives on Tuesday on his royal barge from the Basin at the end of the Canal and drives in state on a bullock cart through the French part of the city and the negro quarter with many ridiculous floats behind him and on Tuesday night, at the Zulu King's ball they have high jinks indeed.

The regular Carnival processions begin with the Atlanteans a week before Mardi Gras and end with Rex and Comus parades on Shrove Tuesday. During this entire final day the young people in and out of society wear masques and start out at ten o'clock in the morning on foot or on floats of their own, many of the floats having pianos or bands and a supply of refreshments. They dance and make merry in the open air all day long, not having to unmask until six o'clock, after which hour nobody is allowed to appear on the streets of New Orleans with their faces covered.

There is a set who call themselves "The Bounders," made

up of the flower of New Orleans' youth and it is as difficult to get space on their floats as it is for a girl to be admitted to the Junior League. They sometimes have several floats following in procession with an orchestra of their own. They have delightful lunches and a succession of good times during the Carnival.

The crowds are one of the sights of the city and they are always so jolly and good tempered it is inspiring to move among them.

Wednesday, February thirteenth

It is Ash Wednesday and I suppose, to carry out the program, I should go to Mass and have some ashes sprinkled on my brow, which is not repentant but jubilant over our good times.

Last night was the gayest night of all. Following the buffet luncheon and reception at the Boston Club yesterday we went back to our quarters in Lena Warren's car, ate a hasty dinner at the Orleans Club and dressed so that our friends who came for us to take us to the Orpheum for the Comus ball would not have to wait. In spite of having call out cards we had to be there early as usual.

We did not see the procession of Comus but the display was said to be unusually fine and the crowds, as usual, filled every inch of Canal Street and along the route of march from curb to curb, always a great sight.

Lovely May Peuch, with her Titian hair as bright and beautiful as it was when we were both debutantes, came to take me to the Comus ball. Her maiden name was May Warner and she married James Amedee Peuch, one of the old time French regimé. May Peuch is an incentive for any one to return to New Orleans to recapture youth, for she has never lost it.

On this last night of the Carnival I was thrilled to the

marrow by my call outs. I had five of them! The floor committee called for "Miss Daisy Breaux" or Mrs. Daisy Breaux Calhoun," so there could be no mistake in my identity.

One of the masquers put his helmet on my head and I wore it the rest of the evening. Others decorated me with parts of their costumes and hung me with trophies, so that I felt like a belle of the good old days with much, much more pleasure, for then I took everything as my due and as a matter of course. Now the favors seemed favors indeed, and I was proportionately grateful.

When the captain of Comus, in his white satin Court costume, called for me to walk around the floor with him I felt as proud as a Queen. He took me up and gravely presented the four beautiful pages who were standing around the throne and whispered in my ear they were his grandsons. Then I recognized his identity as the beautiful boys were not masqued. Besides I found everybody in New Orleans is now aware who the captain of Comus is so that it is no longer a secret as it used to be.

Mr. Sylvester Walmsley is such a feature of the New Orleans Carnival that, as he has recently become a little crippled, he rides in a gilded chariot at the head of the procession of Comus and no matter who the king of the ball may be he is always royalty. It is his son, Pierce Walmsley, as I have said, who is such a genius in designing the spectacles for the Mystic each year.

The costume of the Queen of Comus, while not like the medieval costumes of the two Queens of the Mystic ball, was magnificent in the extreme.

The whole spirit of the Carnival is medieval and supplies a part of the Romance of New Orleans. There is no comparison between the carnival of Rome, the Rose carnival at Nice and the different carnivals in other cities with that of New Orleans, where the first carnival parade as distinguished

from Mardi Gras was held in 1827 by art students recently returned from Paris. Ten years later came the first processions with floats; the regular annual pageants almost uninterrupted save during the Civil War, dates from 1857, when the Mystic Krewe of Comus, the oldest of the carnival organizations, was formed. Then came the Twelfth Knight Revelers, in 1870, followed by Rex and the Knights of Momus in 1872, when the Carnival was reviewed by the Grand Duke of Russia, Alexis. The other organizations are of later date, though the Crew of Proteus had its origin in the 80's and the Krewe of Nereus in the 90's.

It is conceded that the New Orleans carnival is the most unique, extensive and elaborate in the world.



CHAPTER XLVI

Post Carnival Days and Glimpses of Louisiana

AFTER the close of the Carnival I ceased to keep a daily record as it was the Carnival today I was anxious to describe, just as it happened. From then on the days became so crowded with purely personal entertainments and pleasures that though I kept a series of notes and have recorded all the hospitalities and kindnesses in my memory book it would make this chapter far too voluminous to include a detailed account herein.

One agreeable feature of the hospitality shown us was that during the crowded carnival time every morning our friends rang us up to ask what our engagements were, and what we were doing, and we were always called for in their motors and transported to the different entertainments. Not once were we allowed to resort to the humbler service of the taxicab.

I am once more back at Rossdhu and recall the impressions of the New Orleans visit with a mist before my eyes through which I see again the magnified joys of youth and childhood which will forever dwell with me. I shall always remember the high lights from the notes made during the latter part of my visit, which was filled with breakfast, luncheons, teas and dinners, all especially in our honor. It was simply wonderful to find that *no one* seemed to have forgotten and everybody was anxious to make us feel welcome in our old home.

Upon reflection I realize that New Orleans is much changed from the pleasure loving city that I remember. While it is still pleasure loving it is now much more deeply engaged in intellectual pursuits and the women are also especially active in welfare and civic work.

The Quarrante Club, one of the older intellectual organizations, still carries on delightfully in the homes of the different hostesses. I went on Friday after the Carnival to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Hume, which was interesting to me from many standpoints.

There I heard John Mason Brown of Kentucky, son of an old friend of C. C.'s had just returned from Russia, give a lecture on modern conditions in that country.

John Mason Brown is a delightful lecturer, with a humorous twist and a cutting irony which makes his speeches as highly savored as the French cooking.

As I have said, the post carnival days were simply crowded with pleasures, even Ash Wednesday not having been exempt, as on that day a luncheon, two teas and a dinner were crowded in. One of the pleasantest days of the Carnival which I feel I must describe was Thursday, the fourteenth, St. Valentine's day. My eye opener was a valentine telegram from C. C. addressed to me in my maiden name at the Club. Then came some delightful valentine surprises in the way of post carnival favors and a luncheon at the home of Mrs. Walker Spencer.

Mrs. Spencer had known me in all of my incarnations and had a group of my friends for one of her renowned luncheon parties after which we sat for a time in her sun room looking out into her garden and discussing life as it is and as it had been. There we saw a picture of the interior of the old French Opera House, one of the few extant. This picture belongs to her daughter, Dorothy, who deserves mention for her own many activities in New Orleans. Among them she is Secretary of the Italian-American Society and while I was there gave a tea for the wife of the Italian Ambassador, Donna Martino; Princess Sturdza and Princess Boncompagni. The latter is a daughter of Mr. Draper, one of our former Ambassadors to Italy, whose wife was a Preston of

Kentucky, and the Princess has the elegance of all the Preston women.

After Mrs. Spencer's luncheon Laura Penrose took me down to the entertainment at the Petit Salon the program of which she had arranged, as she does for Thursday of each week, and they are always brilliant. The one I heard consisted of a suite of Beethoven, magnificently rendered at two pianos by four hands at each, also stirring recitations to music.

Laura Penrose has, since we were girls, become a moving spirit in the old Crescent city. She has been active in helping to bring to New Orleans much that is best in opera and musical art. She organized the New Orleans Chapter of the American Red Cross, is a member of the executive committee and has three times been a delegate to the conventions in Philadelphia and Washington. She is also an organizer of the Little Opera Louisianaise and one of the organizers of the Petit Salon and is vice-president of the Italian-American Society and of the English-Speaking Union.

I am proud to see that New Orleans women are, so many of them, interested along these lines. Mrs. Charles Buck is one of those who gives most of her waking hours, outside of her social pleasures, to her civic duties, and Mrs. Oscar Nixon has done so much for the intellectual and philanthropic life of the city that she has received recognition in the shape of a loving cup from the city authorities.

Thursday night Madame Chaffraix had a valentine party, an entertainment taking the form of bridge, in her ball room, with all of the usual accompaniments of Valentine's day, for which she is famous, concluding with the good night toast in the invariable *verre de champagne*.

Among Madame Chaffraix's faithful servitors is a maid, Josephine, who has been decorated by the French Government for remaining with her mistress for almost half a century. It is interesting to know that France puts a premium

on good service and in this way encourages and rewards good servants.

Another belle of the ancient régime in New Orleans is Mrs. A. Britten, who shares honors with Madame Chaffraix at all of the entertainments and who lives in a really palatial home on the corner of Fourth and Prytania which has one of the handsomest interiors I know of in any private residence. Both ladies have left their four-score milestones far behind. One can scarcely realize their real age, though they revere it.

Even in this Lenten season the days become more and more crowded for us. Edith Turner had to return to Washington on the following Tuesday for engagements she could not put off and I was looking forward to a visit to the Plantation. We wanted to give a farewell party so we announced that on Monday we would be at home to all our friends, informally, without cards, at the Orleans Club.

This gave another opportunity for our friends to show their kindness for so many flowers were sent us that not only the tea table but all the club rooms were beautified. Besides, Madame Landry had added palms in the hallways and the large drawing room.

One of the features of the party was that my step-brother, Locke Breaux, who also sent beautiful flowers, sent with them a prize packet in the shape of two journals of my girlhood kept between the years of fifteen and seventeen. Edith and I pored over them far into the night with alternate tears and laughter. They were so guileless, so amusing without meaning to be so, like the pages of *The Young Visitors* and so pathetic in their portrayal of the white soul of a girl unspotted from the world. Above all, they were a great tribute to my mother as they showed an unceasing, ardent desire to live up to her expectations and those of Papa Breaux. They are a real "Journal Intime" of the growth of a young soul. I consider them a precious heritage and thank Locke from my heart for

having preserved this record, the existence of which I had forgotten.

My reunion with my step-brother was one of the pleasantest surprises of my trip to Louisiana, as the current of our lives had drifted us far apart and I was so delighted to meet his new wife who is lovely without, and, from her expression, must be lovely within. Locke, himself, has become an important figure in New Orleans and is a worthy successor to dear Papa Breaux, having much of his bearing and dignity and also manifesting the same interest in the city.

Another pleasant incident of my stay was that my friend, Mr. Gus Denis, made a fortunate find for me in one of the curio shops in Royal Street—an exquisitely painted old Scotch print of Prince Charles Edward Stuart mounted on his charger with the famous claymore by his side, surrounded by his adoring courtiers. It is supposed to be a representation of an ovation after the victorious battle of Prestonpans. It is indeed a great find and I shall hang it over the original sword of the Prince here at Rossdhu.

On the Friday after Edith left me I went to Lafayette for the week end, to visit the old plantation and make a pious pilgrimage to the graves of my mother and Papa Breaux.

It was a sad journey to travel through the Teche country with the glory of the sugar plantation blighted and destroyed, as I learned, by the "*mosaic disease*" of the sugar cane. But an apparent evil often becomes a blessing as in the case of the bagasse or fibre of the cane after the juice is pressed from it a new building material called cello-tex is being manufactured with such success that even when cane come in again it seems that the sugar will be a by-product and the dried cane the most remunerative thing, which is extraordinary as there was absolutely nothing that could be done with this bagasse in the days gone by. It could not even be used for fuel.

The new cane they are importing is from Egypt and is said

to be immune to the disease which destroyed the old product of Louisiana. I hear they have also procured a cotton which is immune to the boll weevil. This is another blessing.

When I arrived in Lafayette I felt like Rip Van Winkle. The little French village had changed into a flourishing Southern city with wide asphalted streets, two fine hotels, splendid school and churches. The old Parish Church I had attended has been converted into a stone and brick cathedral. The parish churchyard was in beautiful order and I found traces of flowers on our tombs which I supposed Locke had placed there.

The Hotel Evangeline, where I stopped, was the last word in comfort and modern convenience. The news of my arrival was soon circulated about the parish, I suppose through Papa Breaux's kinsman, Leo Judice, and by the next morning my room was fairly filled with flowers which, with others I had ordered for the purpose, converted our plot in the cemetery into a veritable garden. After my visit there I had the satisfaction of placing it in perpetual care and then Jack Nickerson motored me out to our old plantation.

The day was one of brilliant sunshine, with flowers everywhere, and my heart so full of memories the visit seemed a dream. The old oaks were just the same; the long avenue leading up to the house and the giant oak tree in honor of which my mother had rechristened the plantation "Oak-bourne"—all just as they were. But alas for the house! It is now in the hands of tenants, as the plantation has been sold to Mr. Nickerson and Mr. Judice. I went inside in search of the pane of glass on which I had written the verse quoted in my second incarnation, and shuddered. The glass had been removed but I think it can be traced and I hope to recover it.

The change in the old house was tragic, one look was enough. I closed my eyes and fled into the garden and found my cheeks wet with tears. It has been the one disappointment of my visit.

The rich soil, the grove of fruit trees and the immense orchards of pecans which Jack Nickerson in his wisdom has set out everywhere, are truly, as he says, "like growing gold," and should become the greatest of the new industries of Louisiana. These paper-shell pecans bring from half a dollar to one dollar a pound and each tree yields hundreds of pounds each season so one can see what a grove of one hundred trees would mean. With the decline of cotton and sugar the sturdy pecan tree is coming into its own.

On our return from Oakbourne Jack Nickerson took me to see Henri Bendel. Mr. Bendel, like all successful self-made men, is proud of having started as a poor boy in a country village, Lafayette. He is now one of the great couturiers of the world, ranking with best firms in Paris, and is an acknowledged authority in everything pertaining to good taste in dress. He has a shop in New York on Fifty-seventh Street which is a real emporium and branch houses in London, Paris and Palm Beach.

Fortunately his love for Louisiana, like my own, has grown with his years and he has returned to his native town to spend there in beautifying it some of his great fortune which is variously estimated at from eighteen to twenty millions—all the result of his unaided genius. He is building now the show place of Lafayette, called The Camelias and is living in the Lodge while he transforms his grounds with camelia trees from all parts of the State. He is going to call his home proper The Cloisters.

I visited him at the Lodge, with Mr. Nickerson, and as I left he filled my arms with glorious LaFrance roses to lay upon my mother's tomb. His admiration for my mother was always a touching tribute of what she had meant to Lafayette.

On Sunday morning, the day after my visit to the plantation, Mr. Leo Judice and his wife motored me over to New Iberia where we visited Mr. Weeks Hall in the old Weeks

home which has become a rendezvous for visitors in that part of Louisiana. It was here I used to visit, as a girl, his aunt Miss Patty Weeks, now Mrs. Torion. This old plantation house on the banks of the Teche with its moss-draped giant trees and camelias is one of the best specimens of the old plantation home to be found in the State. Just recently it has been charmingly illustrated in *Town and Country*.

After our visit to Mr. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Judice gave me a luncheon at the Teche Club and I then made the train back to New Orleans without stopping at Avery's Island as I hoped to do; that will also be for next year.

From my week-end trip to Lafayette I returned in time for the first performance of the play of the month at the Little Theater. Tickets for this are always difficult to obtain but Miss McIlhenney had arranged this for me. We went in a party, enjoyed the play and afterwards a midnight reception at the Petit Salon.

The play was all that I had been led to expect, one of Quintero's and was a complete work of art. The scenery, costuming and acting were all perfect and led one back into the atmosphere of the life of Spain. It was in keeping, too, with the general atmosphere; coffee in the court in the *enter' act*, meeting with all of the audience and then, after the play, the whole company resorting to the Salon.

On Wednesday, the twentieth of February, the last day of my stay in New Orleans, I felt that the best had been saved for the last as this proved to be the most delightful of my whole visit. Added to the joy of the moment was the anticipation of getting back to Rossdhu and to my work.

After a farewell luncheon for me given by one of my friends, at the Patio, Mrs. Schurtz (Helen Pitkin) took me to her attractive old house on the Bayou St. John, with its palatial music room and gallery done in Spanish style. Afterwards she escorted me on my final visit to the historic points

of the *vieux carré* which, under her romantic guidance, gave me new thrills.

En route we paid a visit to Mesdemoiselles Mé-Mé and Pau-Pau Abadie. They are two of the characters of New Orleans today and most of the people "in the know" invariably pay them a visit. They live in a quaint little house down in the French quarter, near Esplanade Avenue. It has a long garden back of it at the end of which is a Shrine to the Virgin. This garden is filled with every variety of plants that grow in Louisiana and used to be attended solely by the two little chatelaines themselves. Now there is only one able to attend the garden as Mlle. Pau-Pau has become badly crippled with neuritis and rheumatism.

These two little ladies seem so ethereal and like "the unsubstantial essence of a dream," as it were, that I suspect them of being fed by the angels with heavenly manna. They have had many reverses, but are so proud they will not allow their friends to do anything for them though they themselves perform a great service for their friends by the beauty and gayety of their lives. They are always so cheerful and hospitable that every one enjoys a visit to them.

Before she left New Orleans Edith Turner had gone to see them, just following the visit of the Duchess Hamilton. Edith told them that she was going to bring me to see them also. They remembered me, it seems, as a girl and they had some very sweet and flattering things to say. When I went in Mlle. Pau-Pau was doubled in her chair in front of an unlighted grate, writing. Though the day was chilly their welcome was so warm that one did not notice it.

At first Mlle. Pau-Pau did not see me, as she cannot lift her head without pain, and when she heard my name as Mrs. Calhoun she did not recognize it. When I told her what a pleasant visit my friend Mrs. Turner had with her, she replied, "Mrs. Turner is a lovely lady, *mais* she have disappointed us greatly."

I said, "Why, I cannot imagine Mrs. Turner disappointing any one."

"*Mais oui*," said Mlle. Pau-Pau, "she promised to bring us Miss Daisee Breaux and she have gone away and so have Miss Daisee and now we will not see her. Another year I may not be here."

"No, no," I said, "Mrs. Turner did not disappoint you because Miss Daisy Breaux is here by your side, for I am Daisy Breaux Calhoun."

Then commenced an outcry: "Me-Me, Me-Me, come here—here is Miss Daisee Breaux." Such waving and clapping of hands and such a fuss the dear ladies made over me, I felt almost like a heroine. We reminisced for half an hour or so before Mrs. Schurtz reminded me that we must go on if we wished to see the rest of the French quarter. It is with a grateful heart that I make my obeisance to those two sisters who retain the atmosphere of their day so perfectly. Piety goes hand in hand with their gayety; that may be one reason why.

That night I dined with Locke and his lovely wife. I felt that I had not only recaptured youth but the romance of it for Locke's wife is so sweet and amiable that she did not mind hearing of our early adventures, and my whole visit ended on a high note. Ladened with parting gifts of books, flowers and sweets, Locke and his wife saw me off on the train, after which I turned my face happily homewards.

CHAPTER XLVII

The Inauguration of President Hoover

ANOTHER brief hiatus occurred after my holiday in New Orleans before I could get back to my serious work for the Alliance, for we had guests here at Rossdhu for the inaugural ceremonies of President Hoover; and I, myself, was deeply interested in the event.

We have carefully followed the speculation during the past weeks as to the personnel of his Cabinet and now that the list is completed we are all most pleased with the selections, particularly that James J. Davis is to continue as the Secretary of Labor. Ever since Secretary Davis made his splendid address at our first World Welfare Conference on "The School that Trains for Life," I have been his ardent admirer.

An interesting note in connection with the appointments is that Mr. Ernest Lee Jahncke has been selected as Under Secretary of the Navy and will therefore be in Washington with his attractive wife, whom I met during the carnival in New Orleans. Mrs. Jahncke, who was Cora Stanton and whose father, Edwin M. Stanton, was Secretary of War in Lincoln's Cabinet, was honored by the Mystics who selected her as their Queen—Mary Queen of Scots—in the beautiful pageant I have described. Both she and her husband are among the most popular people of New Orleans society and from what I heard at the Mystic Ball Mrs. Jahncke is not only popular but beloved.

C. C. secured seats for our Inaugural party in the Willard's best window and everything proved lovely but the weather—a still, cold drizzle destined to dampen the ardor of the most enthusiastic. Our windows had to remain closed and we could only very faintly hear the bands. The drums could not be

beaten anyway on account of the rain and to view miles of a military parade marching by without music, in a sodden downpour, was not enlivening.

This the third inauguration that I have seen in Washington on the fourth of March when the weather was at its worst. One was punctuated with a dust storm and wind; one was cold and bleak and snowy, and March 4, 1929, we had a down-pour rain. I predict that the date of the inauguration will be changed.

To us the Indians were the best part of the parade. They looked imperturbably used to weathering storms and one young brave, like an equestrian statue of gleaming bronze, was entirely nude except for his loin cloth. I heard he had been well anointed with bear's grease and C. C. said he ought not to be cold as he was wearing his own bear (bare) skin.

Many of the Indians call on C. C. when they visit Washington as for years he has represented the interests of various tribes. I have related how the Sioux gave him the title and honors of Chief High Eagle of their tribe. This was some time before they had induced him to take their case for recovering their colossal claim of \$700,000,000, the largest suit ever brought against Uncle Sam and in which he is very happy to have Major Ralph H. Case associated with him.

On account of the Government having assumed supervision and control over the Indians, it is against the law for anyone to undertake to represent them without the approval of the Secretary of the Interior. This resulted in something I am proud to relate: while Judge John Barton Payne, a Democrat, was Secretary of the Interior, at a public hearing, he asked C. C. to take this case. At the time, Judge Payne announced to C. C. that if he did not take the case it would probably be given to Justice Charles Evans Hughes' firm. This was shortly after Justice Hughes had resigned from the Supreme Court of the United States, but for reasons of his own, C. C. declined to take the case and it was given to Justice Hughes' firm.

After the Republicans came into office under President Harding and Justice Hughes was being considered for Secretary of State, the contract with his firm was cancelled and C. C. was again requested to take the case, under the most complimentary circumstances, this time by the Republicans. The case is now pending in the Court of Claims and involves the immensely rich territory of the Black Hills taken by the white man from the Indian who held it not only by the right of possession since before this continent was discovered by Columbus but also by the most solemn and sacred treaties with the United States Government. High authorities agree that if the whole claim is not granted justice will force a large judgment.

As I write, C. C. is in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, making an address before the Bar Association on "The American Indian's Last Stand."

We have preserved in a special reservation a few specimens of our characteristic national animal, the Buffalo, and it would seem that we might grant to our original native Indian the privilege of preserving so small a part of the rich territory which is their own, by right, for their undisturbed possession.

I feel confident that my husband will eventually see that this tardy justice is done. Their patriotism in spite of shabby treatment from our country and their stoic courage and endurance in the late World War, have aroused in me a very eager desire to see them come into their own.

It is an interesting fact that the largest percentage of any class of Americans who volunteered in the World War were Indians.

After the parade C. C. introduced to me the Indian Chief, called (most appropriately in this connection at least) "Chief Rain in the Face." I asked him how he liked the element from which he took his title and he lugubriously touched his elaborate war bonnet which looked as if it, at least, had not enjoyed the deluge.

Following the inauguration and the parade there were various receptions for the visiting Governors which were enjoyable, as was the charity ball which is called "Inaugural" on account of the crowds of people who are here at the time. It really turned out to be a sort of Inaugural ball after all for the genial Vice-President and his handsome sister, Mrs. Gann, stood on the stage at the auditorium while at least eight thousand people passed in defile and shook hands with them. We passed among the last and their cordiality seemed in no whit abated but rather to have increased under their ordeal. Certainly they are two people well fitted for the roles in which this nation has cast them for the next four years, at least.

Now that the inauguration is over I am keen to get to work but one pleasant interruption after another is holding me back. Our guests yielded to our persuasion to remain on after the festivities and now I wish to give myself the pleasure of going to Philadelphia to see Uncle Samuel S. Stryker, an uncle of Barker Gummeré's, his mother's brother in fact.

Uncle Sam is one of the oldest graduates of Princeton and C. C. (whom he has adopted as an own nephew) hopes to persuade him to return with us to Rossdhu. Although well past his eightieth year, like Gladstone and Edison he seems but to gain power with the passage of time.

It is a source of delightful self congratulation that each family into which I have married has adopted not only me but each of my successive husbands as one of themselves! The Simonds family truly loved Barker Gummeré and of course they love C. C. for himself as well as for the fact that he is connected through Mamma Simonds, who was a Calhoun; but they took him in a closer bond through me. Then the Gummerés' adopted C. C. also. So we each now feel we belong to four families; his, mine and two others. It certainly seems to demonstrate that at least I have good taste in choosing husbands!

Before I leave the subject of families-in-law, I would like to take this occasion to pay a tribute to the splendid Calhoun women who were sisters of Mama Simonds, also to her neice, Minnie Lomax Pringle, who now is the last representative of her generation of the feminine branch of the family now living in South Carolina.

Mary or "Mamie" Simonds who married Louis de Saussure Simonds, Mama's youngest son, was before her marriage, Mary Barnwell Rhett, a sister of Goodwyn Rhett, scions of South Carolina's "nobility." Mamie Simonds is a true exponent of her type. She heads the South Carolina auxiliary of the Episcopal diocese of the State and represented it last season in Washington. She is an outstanding woman in her community. To her and to my brothers-in-law, as well as to my charming nieces and nephews, I owe the pleasure of all of my recurring visits to Charleston each season and still feel that I am their "blood kin" and neither an in-law nor an out-law!

How thankful I am that my dear child lives once more among them, and I am almost convinced of the fact that they are right in their contention that there is something wrong mentally with anyone who has the privilege of living in Charleston and who chooses lives out of it.





MRS. C. C. CALHOUN

From a recent portrait by Francis Barber Clark of Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Fruition

MOTHERS' Day, 1929, has just passed. By a happy coincidence it happened also to be my birthday—a bright and beautiful Sunday—and we raised the flag of the Union (itself a donation) on a pedestal of stone (also donated) as a sample of the material of which the building will be constructed. A picked choir of Girl Scouts were there and a group of Boy Scouts formed a semi-circle of unfurled American flags, as our stars and stripes were drawn to the top of the pole. The trumpeters at the four points of the compass blew a signal which the scout-master interpreted for us as calling the mother spirit from the four corners of the earth to be present while the land was being dedicated in their honor. It was a beautiful ceremony, touching and simple.

When we stood upon the spot which my husband felt he had finally the great privilege of offering as the site of the future memorial, and I saw grouped around us the friends of the movement and ministers of every denomination, Jewish and Gentile, to dedicate the land in the name of one universal religion, the love and veneration in every man's heart for his own mother, my eyes brimmed with tears at the thought of the service and inspiration such a memorial as has been planned would have for future generations and how privileged we all were to have a part in it. When it came my turn to speak, my voice quavered and broke with emotion and I could only say what welled up in my heart—that I was grateful to God, as indeed I am!

C. C. read his letter donating the site to the Alliance for the purposes of the Mothers' Memorial in the name of his

mother and of mine. He then detailed its strategic position in regard to Washington, situated as it is on a high hill, higher than the top of the Washington Monument and overlooking the entire Capital City as well as the surrounding country. It is at the head of Rock Creek Park of which it will, if the plan is perfected, be made a part of the parking system with a Circle in front of it and a broad memorial boulevard leading from Connecticut Avenue to the front of the edifice itself. Seven roads will have their intersection in the roads immediately adjacent. It is as if the site had become a magnet, for the proposed new State highway and others roads through the park have been laid out without this objective being known to the authorities. It is only twenty minutes motor distance from the heart of the Capital and has the advantage over a site which might have been appropriated by Congress for, unlike congressional land, it can be developed so as to be self-sustaining, just as is Mount Vernon. The latter is at such a distance from Washington as to require a day or at best half a day to make the pilgrimage and yet the income from the small admission asked from tourists nets the Mount Vernon Memorial Association considerably over \$100,000 a year, showing the number of annual visitors to be rapidly approaching half a million, with the number increasing every year.

While the Mothers' Memorial, with its Court of Honor and Temple of Service offering educational features, may always be open to the public, an admission fee can be asked for the rooms containing special exhibits from the different States and countries, as well as for the theatre or opera house where exceptional talent will be presented. Income will also be derived from other features, thus providing for maintenance and augmenting the various welfare funds to which the profits will be ascribed.

Inspired by the gift of the site a group of men voluntarily expressed a desire to help and proffered us the beautiful

white stone required to construct the memorial and service buildings. Singers and artists have tendered us their gratuitous service for benefits they wish to give in this and other countries, and people in all walks of life have indicated their desire to share in the undertaking. Just recently, also, another group of men who have grasped the whole beneficent idea have arranged to perfect and put into operation a plan which will carry into every part of the country an opportunity of participating in the erection of the Memorial.

This typifies the current belief that concentration on anything worth while will attract the elements necessary to accomplish it and that they will be found ready at hand.

It seems that thoughts must really be material things or the instruments with which to build. But thought is not enough. Only concentration upon a definite purpose and *working* along with the motor power of the thought can one accomplish wonders beyond one's own conception.

The Sages of India feel that by the power of concentration, they can compel the forces of the world to work with them but in my own case, I have felt that the power of prayer and constant faith combined with work toward one end were the best means at my command to draw world interest and support.

On Mothers' Day the press throughout the country carried the news of the gift of the site and a tentative plan of the Memorial showing the Court of Honor with a column for each State and one for each country, and the proposed auditorium and open-air amphitheatre at its rear. The press also gave the names of our officers and the distinguished heads of our standing committees who are, besides myself, as follows:

Recording secretary, Mrs. William Wolff Smith; national treasurer, James Cameron of New York; auditor, Wayne Kendrick, official accountant of the District of Columbia; chairman board of legal counsel, Judge Charles Kerr; chairman of men's advisory committee on mother and child

welfare, Senator Royal S. Copeland; chairman women's committee on educational philanthropies, Mrs. Clarence M. Busch, president League of American Pen-Women; chairman national extension committee, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Commodore Ernest Lee Jahncke; chairman international extension committee, Davoud Meftah, Minister of Persia; chairman memorial medal committee, Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland; and chairman buildings and grounds, Brig. Gen. William E. Horton.

The article quotes me as saying:

"After all, mothers have been the real wonder workers of the world. Out of the plastic clay of humanity they have wrought with tears and sacrifice, with unselfish labor and devotion, with prayer and inspiration for the progress and civilization of mankind. History, on the whole, has accorded scant recognition to the mother spirit, her biography has seldom been written and the annals of time record but passing words in tribute to her potent influence. Next to religion itself, motherhood has been the greatest influence on the lives of humanity.

"The world has memorialized fighters, thinkers, monarchs, and prophets, sea kings and generals. But as yet no monument to the mother genius has been raised in imperishable stone, beautified by art and sculpture, to proclaim the debt each mortal owes to the woman who risked her own life to give life. In the Mothers' Memorial this situation will be remedied for all time. It will be a beautiful addition to the great monuments to men alone which now adorn the city, which is, in every sense of the word, a world capital."

Every man, woman and child in the country may have a share in building this, the first memorial of its kind in the world, in honor of their own dear mothers—not as an empty shrine but a temple of active service for the benefit of mothers and children, for the benefit of illiterate mothers as well as

children of outstanding ability and for that most pathetic class of all, those mothers who are old and destitute and whom nobody wants, not even their own children. One of our highest purposes is to rescue from oblivion the names of the great pioneer mothers and women, and the names of those who have rendered distinguished service to their country along any outstanding line of endeavor.

I feel that the men and women who will go on leading this movement to success must have all the credit and glory that goes with it. I am content with the pleasure of having planted the seed. I am sure, as Pharaohs were found to build the Pyramids, that a Pharaoh will rise and perfect this noble plan for world understanding through its mothers, and that this nation will erect a fitting memorial in their honor, itself an honor to the present generation.

We are happy, indeed, in the apparent success which has crowned our efforts and are grateful for many things; for the splendid public report of our auditor who is a highly respected certified accountant of the District of Columbia, which report shows that my husband and I have had the honor of giving two-thirds of the contributions to the cause of the Alliance and the Mother's Memorial; and for the solidarity of our membership which has up to the present moment remained unbroken in spite of some recent unsought nationwide publicity, which as we were upheld by law and justice, we felt obliged to stand for the good of the community as well as for our own, this has brought about astounding results in offers of support and co-operation from different parts of the country. Of course, like all movements of this sort, we have had many distressing experiences, but I am still undismayed and unafraid, and though I am able to laugh at the ludicrous points of some of the attacks made upon us, I can not help wondering—what next!

These memoirs have a peculiar advantage in that the public

will be kept in touch with what happens next, as my life has not drawn to a close and many exciting things may yet transpire! "Where there is life there is hope!" Perhaps, fortunately, the future is still behind a veil—but I may say like the epicure—

"Now, come what may,
Fate can not harm me,
I have dined today."

Life has given me a bountiful feast indeed and I have no quarrel with experience. I can not say with Rosalind—"I would rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad"—for my experience has not yet done that. On the contrary, in spite of some tragic lessons, experience has only made me merry, most often at my own expense.

Life itself is a comedy or a tragedy, just as we take it or make it; sometimes it is even a farce. The thing is to laugh it off if we can. I have found, however, that it is not wise to be too good-natured nor to let one's heart entirely rule one's head.

In this year of our Lord, 1930, both my husband and I have awakened to the fact that we must not be such visionary dreamers, as to blindly become the victims of conscienceless schemers. We are alive to the exigencies of the present and are determined to fight to the limit, for our rights or for *the Right*, as a duty to society at large. I find that I no longer dread a fight and that the Irish side of me rather revels in making a good one once I am in it, but the Scotch, or more prudent side, loves peace. I have sometimes loved it too much, as in the case of the first welfare movement I started when a good fight in the open would have entirely cleared the atmosphere. But after all, it is perhaps better to leave some things to the Homeric laughter of the Gods—

"The mills of the Gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small."

As for the instruments of that débacle, I find that I now owe them but a debt of gratitude for having inadvertently caused a national movement to expand into a unviersal one. I am therefore willing to take things as they come realizing that everything passes—sometimes, alas, too soon!

With this philosophy, I have determined not to waste what Kipling calls the “unforgiving minute,” but to make the best of every instant of life left to me. I wish I could make it all a paeon of praise to the Almighty, for I find I have so much to be thankful for—for love, for good comradeship, for superb health, for a happy resilience, for a tenacity of purpose which helps me bring to fruition all of my undertakings in spite of obstacles—*and for friends!*

Thank God for friends! They, with my flowers, will be my chief objects of cultivation during the Indian summer of life and the golden days granted me here in the forest of Braemar.

I hope in reviewing the experiences to be found in these memoirs, that the reader may discover that even the obstacles have but served as “stepping-stones to higher things.”



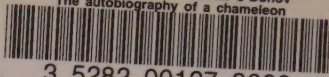
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